JOHN MARTIN'S BIG BOOK

Dear Little Playmates:

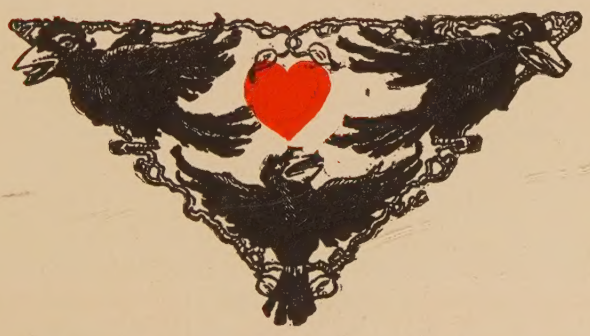
Here you are!
Another book I've made for you.
See all the pictures and the fun,
and all the stories, too.

Such lots of puzzles and the stunts;—
enough to make you almost dizzy.
Surely, this book I've made for you
will keep you good and busy.

This book is made for little tots,
and for you bigger girls and boys,
and it will last much longer than
'most any kind of toys.

So, just be happy with your book
knowing a good friend put his heart in
the many pages here for you
Be happy! Your—

John Martin



MY BOOKS

IN my Good Books I find
New friends, new things and places,
As stretched before the mind
Lie many wonder places.
My thoughts and spirit share
The lives of by-gone ages;
The strong, the brave, the fair
Rise from my Good Book's pages.
Oh, may my mind and heart
Take of their good and pleasure,
My spirit being part
Of all their endless treasure.

JOHN MARTIN'S BIG BOOK for LITTLE FOLK

P. F. Collier & Son Corporation
New York

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THE STORY of HUMPYNOSE

IN the days of old, when the world was flat and floated on the sea, there lived a great wizard whose name was Humpynose. Humpynose knew all about the world—how the works of it fitted together and kept turning the sun around and making the rain fall and the grass grow. Humpynose was a very old man.

One day when he was at work, stirring and stirring away like a washing machine and building up the fire, a piece of plaster fell from the ceiling—it was a very old house—and jarred him into losing his temper. As his eyes were weak and his joints were creaky, he did not find his temper again right away, though it was a very great temper, indeed. Then what should he do but step right on his temper—smash!—and squash all the juice out of it until his feet had temper spattered all over them, just like so much jam.

Humpynose himself now had no temper at all—he'd lost it, you see—but his feet were always full of anger, and they stamped hard against the ground and made old Humpynose step about in a very clownish way.

Humpynose knew that the only way for him to be cured was to be made young again and start living all over. With this purpose in mind, he went on a pilgrimage to the Fountain of Youth. As he went, some of the temper that was sticking to his feet trailed in the road, getting in the way of good little boys and girls who happened by, and it made them act just as Humpynose did; and boys and girls stamp their feet to this day. Horses stepped in it, too, and it made them balky.

At length, Humpynose came into a far country where the fountain was. He got some youth and put it in a large earthen bottle. He did not use it there, because if he had, you see, he might have been too little to know the way home.

As he journeyed homeward he met the King and all his court, and the Princess was with them. "What have you there, my man?" the King asked of Humpynose, seeing the great bottle.

"It is the elixir of the Fountain of Youth," replied Humpynose, and just to show the King what it was good for, he sprinkled a little of it on the Princess' cat who became a kitten, then smaller and smaller, then turned into a "meow," and then vanished.

The Princess did not like this, but Humpynose explained he had used too much by mistake. He then took an umbrella from one of the serving women and sprinkled it so that it became the daintiest little parasol the Princess ever had seen, and she was satisfied.

Now the King had a heart of gold; no evil could hurt him. But he did not get his heart of gold until he was old, and years upon years of his life had gone to no good. Now he wished to start anew, and he said,

"I am old and bald now, and my teeth are all gone, and I would gladly be a young man once more. Sprinkle me."

Whereupon the wicked Humpynose thought a great thought: He would sprinkle a large quantity on the King, who would become a young man, then a boy, then a baby, bald, and with no teeth, and his last case would be worse than his first. Then Humpynose would make himself young, marry the Princess, and rule the kingdom.

Accordingly, Humpynose sprinkled the King with great splashes of the elixir. The King quickly became a young man under the freshening shower, but, as no evil could hurt him, no younger than he wanted to be. Still Humpynose heaped great handfuls of the elixir upon him, and still the King remained a young man. At last the King stopped him.

"Thank you, my good friend." said the King, and

EVERY · DROP · OF · THE · ELIXIR · FELL · ON · HUMPYNOSE

smiled at him. The King was about to give him a reward, but Humpynose was so hateful when he saw the smile of the King whom he had meant to hurt that his temper foot stamped and overturned the jar. Every drop of the elixir fell on Humpynose.

And Humpynose became little, oh, so little, and smaller and smaller, and *teentsy-weentsy* small, until the Princess could have put him in her thimble; and smaller until she could have put him through the eye of her needle; and smaller until—puff!—he went out, just like the flame of a candle.

Thus his temper lost him his reward, and his youth, and *himself,* for that was the last of Humpynose.

CONRAD D. BOLLINGER.

A TEMPER

A TEMPER is an ugly Spook
With shadow sad to see,
And when I ramp and stamp and scream,
Its shadow grins at me.
But gentle words and merry smiles
Give Spook a monstrous pain;
And if I say I'm sorry, why,
Old Spook won't come again.

J. M.

VERTUMNUS and POMONA

LONG ago there lived a beautiful wood nymph named Pomona. Pomona did not care for forests and rivers, as most of the wood nymphs did. She loved the rich brown earth turned up by the plow and warmed by the spring sun. She loved the tender green things that grew and blossomed and bore food for hungry mortals. But most of all she loved the vines on which, in the fall, hung bunches of plump juicy grapes and trees on which round rosy apples grew. She carried a pruning knife in her right hand. If a grape vine grew too far from its roots, she trimmed it back, that its life might go into the grapes. Sometimes when the branches of apple trees grew out of place, she cut them off to make the trees bear better fruit. When no rain came for many days, Pomona led streams of water by her beloved trees and vines, that their thirsty roots might drink.

Pomona loved her vines and trees so much that she did not care to make friends with any one. The Dryads and Satyrs would have loved to have her for a friend, but she was too busy to notice them. Even Sylvanus, and Pan, who wore a garland of pine leaves around his head, tried to make friends with Pomona. But she kept her orchard locked and would have nothing to do with them.

Now Vertumnus was more anxious than any one that Pomona should be his friend. He tried in various ways to gain her notice. Sometimes he dressed as a reaper and brought corn in a basket. Sometimes he carried a pruning hook and pretended he was a vine-dresser; or he carried a ladder, pretending he was going to gather apples. And so he would persuade

Pomona to talk with him though she never cared to have him for a friend.

One day Vertumnus, dressed as an old woman, wearing a cap and leaning on a staff, knocked on the gate. Pomona felt sorry for the old woman and invited her into the garden.

She sat on a bank, where she could see many trees laden with fruit, and heavy clusters of grapes hanging from their vines. She praised the garden, which made Pomona feel very happy.

"See," said the old woman, "how the vine clings to the friendly tree. Without the tree, it would be lying helpless on the ground. Can you not take a lesson from the vine, Pomona, and know that every one is happier, and more useful, who has friends?" Pomona did not answer, so the old woman began to tell her of one friend with whom she could be very happy.

"It is Vertumnus, who wants to be your friend," she said. "Vertumnus belongs to these mountains, he loves the same things you do, he is young and handsome, he can assume any shape he pleases. He can keep the frosts from harming your fruit and the wind from scattering your blossoms. Do not be so hard hearted or Venus may punish you." When she had said this, she stood up. Then Pomona no longer saw an old woman, but a handsome youth—Vertumnus himself.

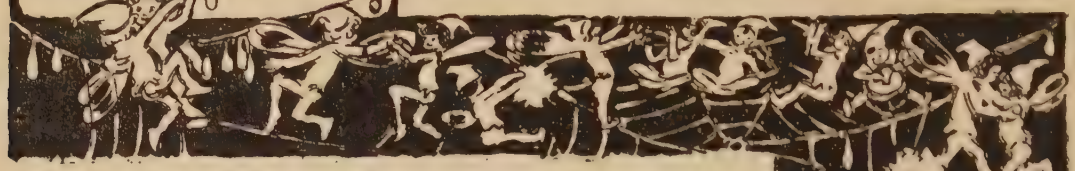
The sudden change seemed to Pomona like the sun bursting through a cloud. She liked Vertumnus very much and decided at once that she would have him for a friend.

And so Vertumnus stayed with Pomona in the garden and they were friends for ever after.

LINA WAMBOLDT.

SIGNS *of the* FAIRIES

THE fairy folk were here last night,
I know by all the signs I follow.
Their cobweb tents are shining bright
In every little vale and hollow.
And where Titania and the King
Held court until the morning
There grows a perfect fairy ring
Our velvet lawn adorning!



And once, when I awoke from sleep,
I heard faint notes entrancing,
The softest, sweetest, "ch-reep, ch-reep, ch-reep"—
The fairies were a-dancing!
Their orchestra was far away,
But clear, and ever clearer;
The music grew till break o' day
And sunlit hours drew nearer.

To light the scene, their firefly friends,
With mimic lightning flashing,
Were hovering where the tall grass bends,
And sending dewdrops splashing!
It must have been a revel night—
A night that quickly passes—
But strange to say, there's not one light
Soft footprint in the grasses!

GRACE STEELE HYDE TRINE

BOB'S COUGARS

BOB wasn't handsome—far from it. But everything about his alert, wiry body, from the whole-hearted wag of his stub of a tail to the friendly gleam of his honest eyes, told you that he would stick to his friends through thick and thin. No one knew this better than the three people who owned Bob, or whom, as Bob would have put it—he owned.

These three were David Baxter, and his father and mother. They lived in the forests of the California Sierras where it was Mr. Baxter's business to keep wild animals from killing sheep and deer. He often had to be away from home, hunting or trapping these animals, and Mrs. Baxter used to say that she didn't know how she could have borne being left alone if she hadn't had Bob to stand guard over her and David. As for David, he was quite sure *he* could never have got on without the only playmate he had ever known, for Bob, take it all in all, was the best comrade in the world.

He could work, too, as well as play, for he had been taught to make himself useful from his puppy days. No sooner did Mr. Baxter come in from outdoors and begin to unlace his high boots than Bob would dash to a certain corner of the kitchen where his master's slippers were kept and carry them to him, one at a time. Or perhaps Mrs. Baxter would say, "We need some more wood for this stove. Who'll bring in some from the shed?" If you think David was the first one at the woodpile, you're quite mistaken. Before he could reach it, Bob would bound past him, nose around till he found a stick that was just the right size for his jaws, and in no time at all, back he would be with it at Mrs. Baxter's side.

One afternoon Mr. Baxter came in from hunting and set his rifle in a corner of the kitchen. Since he had run across no animals, the rifle was still loaded. Now though David knew he must never touch it, Mrs. Baxter never got over being afraid that he would, and presently she took the cartridges out of the rifle. Mr. Baxter happened to be outside at the time, and she forgot to tell him what she had done.

That night snow fell in small dry flakes, but the next morning the clouds began to break, and by noon the sun was out in full force. Such a clean, bright world as David looked out on, with the snow making a white fleecy carpet of the ground and turning the great green pines into ermine-clad giants! "Come on, Mother," he shouted, "let's go out and have some fun in the snow!" And out they all went, David and his mother, and Bob, barking and leaping for very joy, and plunging this way and that.

Mr. Baxter waved good-bye from the door, and then, as the water buckets were empty, he took them up and started down the path to the spring. He had not gone half way when, all at once, he saw in the soft new snow the tracks of a cougar. The next minute he was running back to the house with the empty buckets and presently he was off through the forest, gun over shoulder, following the footprints he had just seen.

Meanwhile Mrs. Baxter and David had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile and had just started to "roll" a snow ball. Suddenly they saw

Bob stop stock still and prick up his ears, his eyes fixed on something in the distance. It was Mr. Baxter, and by the way his head was bent forward, Mrs. Baxter knew that he was following the tracks of some wild animal.

In a minute Bob was bounding toward his master. "Call him back, Mother," David said, quickly, "he'll be in Dad's way." And then as he looked at her, the words died on his lips, for Mrs. Baxter was standing very still with the strangest expression on her face. "Why, Mother, what's the matter?" he asked anxiously. But Mrs. Baxter didn't answer, for she wasn't thinking of David just then. What she was thinking of was the rifle that she had unloaded yesterday without mentioning it to any one. What if Mr. Baxter had set off supposing the rifle to be as he had left it, fully loaded? What if he should meet a bear or cougar hungry enough to attack him?

The next minute she was putting all her strength into a shout. But, at that very minute, the distant figure disappeared over a rise of ground and out of sight. "What shall we do, David?" Mrs. Baxter cried out in a terror-stricken voice, "I forgot to tell Dad that I'd unloaded the rifle. Oh, we *must* tell him—catch up with him—." She ran forward a few steps, then stopped helplessly. How was she to "catch up" when she could not make even her ordinary pace through the new-fallen snow?

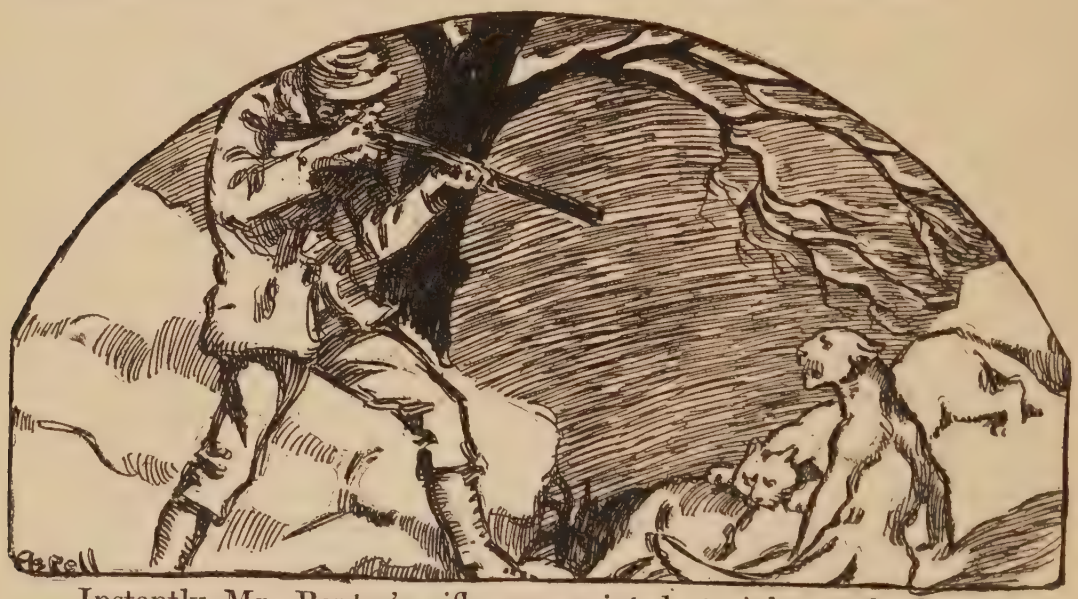
Suddenly from behind her came a shout from David. "Bob! Come here, boy, *here!*" And Bob, bounding along toward the spot where he had seen his master, heard the boy's cry and knew that something was the matter—he was needed. Back he headed like a small steam engine. Snow might be an obstacle to human beings, but to this wiry bundle of muscle and sinew it was just something to be tossed aside in gleaming feathery furrows.

"What is it, Sonny?" Mrs. Baxter whispered. But David, not even stopping to answer, had started back toward the cabin. Then in a flash Mrs. Baxter knew why he had called Bob—Bob, who all his life had been

taught to obey, to fetch and carry and go on errands—and the next minute she was following boy and dog, bending her whole strength to keep up with them.

Meanwhile Mr. Baxter, who hadn't heard his wife call him, was following the cougar trail that had been made within the last few hours. Of course he felt quite safe with his rifle which he knew he had left loaded and ready for use. Presently the footprints led him straight up to some jagged boulders. He thought he would make a short-cut across to save himself the long trip around them in the deep snow. Up he climbed, steadying and hoisting himself now and again by tree limbs.

He reached the top of the rocks and had just lowered himself over their edge when he suddenly found himself in the midst of a dinner party to which he hadn't been invited! There, among the rocks, a few yards from him, were two cougars over a meal of freshly killed deer!



Instantly Mr. Baxter's rifle was pointed straight at the larger animal. Snap went the hammer, but—no shot followed. Back went the trigger again. Nothing happened. In a flash Mr. Baxter knew. The cartridges had been removed and he hadn't known of it!

Low fierce growls were coming from the startled animals. They seemed to know that, for once, they had all the advantage on their side, for, while one stood guard over the dead deer, the other crouched, ready to spring.

Not a moment did their prisoner have to plan a way out of his desperate trap. Not a moment must he take his eyes off the snarling beasts. His only hope was to defend himself with the butt of his gun. He backed up against the rocks and raised it, when suddenly, with a quick sharp scramble over the rocks above, a dark streak shot over him, and in the same moment a warm, hairy body hurled itself upon him. "A third cougar," flashed through Mr. Baxter's mind. "I'm done for now." And then, as he straightened up, whom should he see but Bob—Bob, with a packet tied in plain sight to his collar!

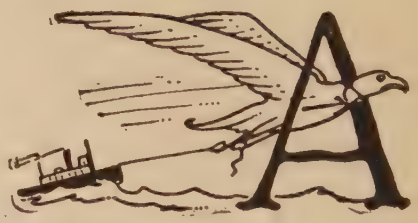
In less time than you could tell it, Mr. Baxter's practiced fingers had torn that package open, slipped the cartridges into his rifle and had settled matters with the cougars.

That night David and Bob sat in front of a blazing fire long after their usual bed time, while Mr. Baxter told over and over of Bob's lightning rush over the rocks just in the nick of time. Mr. Baxter, for his part, had to hear again and again how Bob had listened with his most knowing look while Mrs. Baxter and David had led him to his master's tracks at the cabin door and whispered in his ear, "Find him, boy, find him!"

"The best of this story is that we saw it happen with our own eyes," David declared. "Yes," his father agreed, "and one of these days you'll have it for a real live story to tell to your grandchildren!"

As for Bob, he never has a word to say for himself in the matter. But some day, if you watch closely, you will see him cock a knowing eye at the cougar skins that Mr. Baxter made into rugs, as if he were saying "Every dog has his day, old fellow!" AGNES DANFORTH HEWES

A NEW ANIMAL ALPHABET



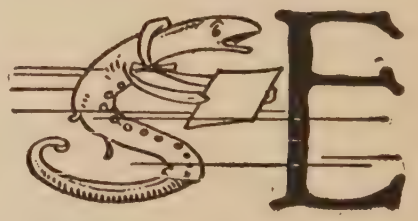
The ALBATROSS
Can fly across
The sea in ninety days.
It is agreed
That such great speed
Entitles him to praise.

The BEAVER'S bite
Must be a fright
If properly inflicted.
If he bites me
I hope to see
Him speedily convicted.

The sand-hill CRANE
Is very vain
Of his ability
To stand a week
Out in the creek
On one extremity.

A fearful beast,
To say the least,
Was the ancient DINOSAURUS.
He was so great,
We're fortunate
He died long years before us.

The slippery EEL
Would doubtless feel
Sincere humiliation,
Should you mistake
Him for a snake;
They're really no relation.

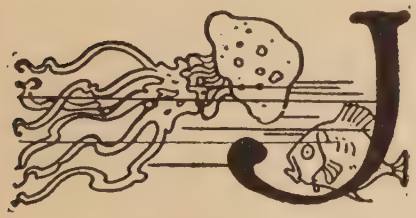


It seems to me
The little FLEA
Is very justly hated.
I know that I'd
Be satisfied
Had he not been created.

The billy GOAT
Can't sing a note;
  He has no education.
But it is said
He'll use his head
  And cause great consternation.

The HIPPOPOT-
AMUS is not
  The handsomest of creatures.
But then it would
Be very rude
  To criticise his features.

It's foolish, quite,
To quake with fright
  At the harmless, tame ICHNEUMON.
I must admit
I'm scared of it;
  But then, I'm only human.

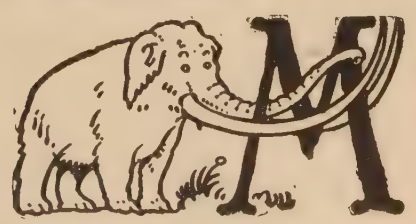


The JELLYFISH
Has no ambish;
  He drifts around the sea;
He's satisfied
To ride the tide;
  He's wretched company.

The KANGAROO
Feels very blue
  Because his legs don't mate.
Unless he trims
His long hind limbs,
  He can't improve his gait.

Nobody thinks
Much of the LYNX;
  In fact, he's much berated.
He's very sly,
And that is why
  He's not domesticated.

The MASTODON
Is dead and gone;
  Quite naturally, I think.
He made his home
Way up 'round Nome;
  No wonder he's extinct.



Some call the NEWT
A savage brute,
  And say we should avoid him.
But I've not seen
Him very mean,
  Unless some one annoyed him.

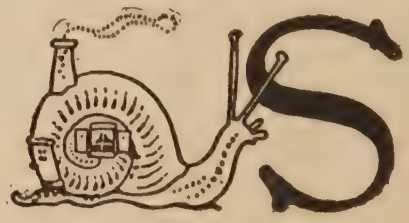
The OYSTER'S brain
Weighs but a grain;
  He's ignorant, and yet
He's very kind,
And you will find
  He makes a lovely pet.

I would suggest
You don't molest
  The prickly PORCUPINE.
His quills might be
Quite nice to see—
  They do not feel so fine.

The mountain QUAIL
Likes snow and hail
  And chilly weather most.
He's very good
Out in the wood;
  He's better upon toast.

RHINOCEROS
Looks cross to us,
  And rather loose and lumpy;
But I suppose
A horny nose
  Would make *us* grim and grumpy.

The SNAIL, you know,
Is very slow;
  He doesn't dare to roam
Without his shack
Upon his back,
  So he'll always be at home.



The TIGER knows
A lot of foes;
  'Most all the creatures fear him.
If you should meet
Him in the street,
  You'd best not linger near him.

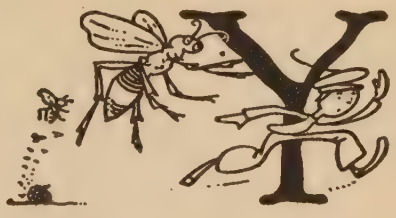
The UNICORN
Had but one horn
To jab his foemen with;
It would not do
To search the zoo
For him, for he's a myth.

The toughest bird
Of which I've heard
Without doubt is the VULTURE.
He steals and slays,
And all his ways
Proclaim he has no culture.

The WILDCAT'S name
Shows he's not tame;
He's anything but mild.
His friends are few;
He knows it, too,
And that's what makes him wild.

Let's not discuss
The XIPHIAS,
I'm sure you would be bored.
The only thing
Interesting
About him is his sword.

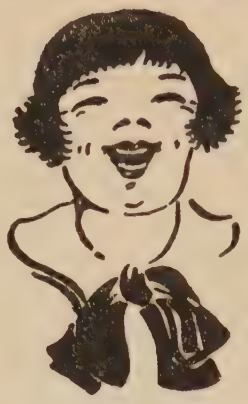
It's well to stay
Quite far away
From YELLOW-JACKET'S nest.
For he can sting
Like anything;
That's what he does the best.



The old ZEBU
Would hardly do
To ride upon the street.
Though he knows how
To pull a plow,
He's anything but fleet.

ROSS F. TAYLOR

CATCHY QUESTIONS CAN YOU GUESS 'UM?



ECONOMIZE

Ques. What is the cheapest feature of the face?

Ans. Nostrils, two for a scent (cent).

BIG HEARTED

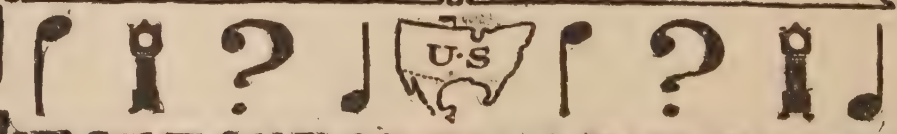
Ques. Why is a good cabbage the most amiable of vegetables?

Ans. Because it is all heart.

BUT DON'T BE STINGY

Ques. How may bookkeeping be taught in a lesson of three words?

Ans. "Never lend them."



MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

THE Fourth of July will soon be here, and all over our wonderful country big people and little people will be singing, as they gather together to celebrate the day,—"My country, 'tis of thee!" Do you ever stop to think, when you sing it, that you say *my* country? Yes, it is *your* country, and you are a part of it.

The words of this song were written by Samuel Francis Smith, who was born in Boston, in 1808, thirty-two years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, which made America your country and mine. Dr. Smith wrote the words while studying for the ministry at Andover seminary. One day, while looking over a song book, he found this air which went well with his words. It was first publicly used in 1832 at a Boston Sabbath School celebration of Independence Day.

The tune of "America" was originally a French air, and it is supposed that Henry Carey, who was born in England, changed the music somewhat to use for the English anthem, "God Save the King." Now is the time to learn to play and sing "My country 'tis of thee," and, as you play it on the Fourth of July, it will sound much better and be much more fitting to the day than any number of fire-crackers with their ear-splitting noise.

ADA MAY PIAGET

GENERAL

MAGUIRE bought the live goose after Thanksgiving because the market was overstocked, and it was cheap. Fowls would be expensive again at Christmas. It pleased him to think that already the Christmas dinner was provided. Getting the goose was the main thing, getting the trimmings was comparatively easy.

He sat down in the kitchen and untied the goose's legs and for the pleasure of little Mary and Marthy and Jack lad, he let it stand awhile on the kitchen floor—a bit of the country brought into a mid-city home. The little girls drew near cautiously. The goose opened its wide bill and hissed once, twice, three times, and with frightened cries the little girls flew to their mother.

"Just his way o' sayin', 'Howdy do!'" Maguire assured his little girls. The goose started on a tour of inspection through the kitchen. "Look at him," said Maguire, "struttin' like a general."

"He's General Miles," spoke up Jack. "We read about General Miles in school to-day."

"An' Jack darlint," said his mother, "ye can just take General Miles downstairs to the basement. It's warm an' nice down there. That'll be his home till Christmas."

Jack picked up the goose and started off to do his mother's bidding.

"Mary an' Marthy," she instructed the little girls, "take this hard bread down an' break it up for him. Give him a wash-pan full o'

water. We'll get him good an' fat for our Christmas dinner."

"The nearer Christmas comes, the hungrier we'll get for goose," said their father.

"I speak for the wishbone," Jack called from the stairway.

"No, I want it. . ." "No, give it to me. . ." clamored Mary and Marthy.

"Ye'll draw straws for it," decided the mother, "so that there'll be no fussin'."

During the four weeks that followed, when out of school and not in bed, the children just about lived in the basement. General Miles waddled cordially to meet every visitor. It took all three children to chop the kindling now. General Miles persisted in standing close to Jack at the chopping-block, pressing against his legs, or clutching playfully at his stockings. The little sisters were obliged to hold him out of harm's way while Jack chopped. They took turns at the pleasant duty and laughed with glee when he stretched his long neck over their shoulders or rubbed it affectionately against theirs.

He was as ready as they for play. He liked to take the little girls' dresses in his bill and shake them about. It was easy for him to follow the children when they marched. But when Mary went in one direction and Marthy in the other and called him to follow, his indecision was funny to see.

Almost any time of day happy laughter floated up to the busy mother, and many were the tales told her of General Miles and the tricks he played. When she went down, which was seldom, having

three willing children to wait on her, General Miles waddled to meet her and shook her apron playfully.

Neighbor children and children not neighbors came in little groups to see General Miles. Other children's laughter mingled joyfully with that of the little Maguires.

Christmas morning came. Stockings had been found and emptied. Maguire and Nora, the children's mother, were as happy as the children, playing with the Christmas toys.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Nora, as the clock struck nine. "The goose ain't killed yet. Run down, Jack darlint, an' kill him."

"Kill General Miles!" cried Mary.

"Kill General Miles!" cried Marthy.

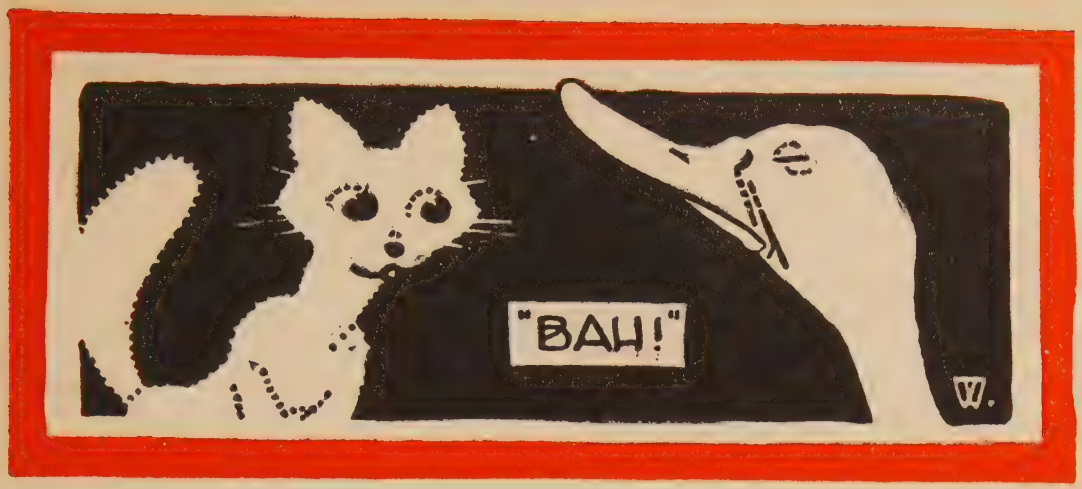
Jack felt a boy's superiority. "Sure," he said, as he rose to do his mother's bidding, "how 're we goin' to have goose for our Christmas dinner if we don't kill him?"

Jack was down there about ten minutes and returned without the goose. He was white of face; his hands were placed somewhere near the pit of his stomach.

"What ails ye, lad?" asked his mother.

"Did killin' the goose make ye sick?" questioned his father.

"I didn't kill him." Jack was whimpering now. "He followed me to the block. I laid him down on it with my hand on his side. He just lay there. I raised up the hatchet to whack him, an' . . an' . . he turned his head up an' looked at me." Jack was sobbing now. "I can't kill General Miles."



Maguire had a very tender feeling for his little son, and it was Christmas. "Ye don't have to kill him, Jack, me lad. Yer father 'll do it. Nora, ye've the water hot?" Mother assured him it was. "I'll be back in a moment." Mary and Marthy were crying again. "Stop cryin', Mary an' Marthy; ye'll find him a grand appetizer for dinner. . . I'll be right up, Mother."

Maguire descended to the basement. General Miles waddled to meet him, flapping his wings in welcome. "Ye blatherskite," grinned Maguire, "don't ye know yer executioner's comin'? Yer minutes on earth are numbered."

Maguire walked to the block, General Miles following close at his heels. The hatchet lay just where Jack had dropped it. He stopped to reach for the goose. It was pressing affectionately against his leg.

"Skidaddle, will ye? . . An' let me chase ye. . ." He had his big hand under the goose's wing and felt the gentle pulsing of the little heart. If General Miles' minutes were numbered, it didn't quicken his pulse.

"It's regular murder to kill a bir-r-d so lovin' an' trustful," said Maguire. General Miles still pressed against his legs. . . He heard the wailing of his little girls upstairs. . . He thought of Jack's unsuccessful attempt. . . If he delayed a moment longer, he, too, would be unable to perform his task.

He grabbed the goose in a manner meant to be rough, nerving himself. It yielded to his grasp. He suddenly found it in his arms, its long neck laid against his shoulder—just as the children had taught it to yield to their caresses.

"Ye blatherin' idiot," said the tender-hearted Maguire. "Ye're takin' unfair advantage of me. It 'd be murder to kill ye, when ye trust me this way."

He dropped the hatchet he held in his other hand and, with the goose in his arms, returned to the kitchen.

"Daddy," grinned Jack in surprise. Maguire winked at his son to be quiet. "Here's the bir-r-d, Nora," he said.

The faces of the two little girls were hid in their mother's dress. They did not want to see General Miles dead. And Nora was comforting them—and she, too, was surprised.

Tom, the cat, sauntered into the kitchen. Tom and General Miles tolerated each other, but were not chummy. General Miles stretched his neck toward Tom, opened his wide bill and hissed once, twice, three times.

Maguire met the happy rush of his two little girls with roaring laughter. He set the goose on the floor and enjoyed hugely the delight of the three children.

"I sure had my appetite fixed for goose, Nora, but not for that blatherskite, General Miles."

"Mike, ye great, big overgrown boy, we couldn't any of us relish General Miles."

"But what'll we do, Nora darlint?"

"We'll have a better appetizer than General Miles would be. Cut me off a good, thick slice o' ham. I'll bake it, spice it, an' make a sauce. It'll melt in yer mouth, Mike darlint."

General Miles was shaking little Marthy's dress, wagging his tail gaily. The kitchen resounded with the family's happy laughter. General Miles for Christmas, just the way he was, was a better Christmas present than any of the toys they had found in their stockings.

NELLIE HURST

JOSIAH, *the* Boy King

THE kingdom of Israel had become very wicked. The little Prince Josiah saw idols set up on street corners and in many public places. He saw his father, the king, bow down to those idols and worship them. He saw most of the people following the example of his father.

The queen, his mother, and the old priest, Hilkiah, were faithful to God. Though only a little boy, the prince chose his mother's religion. "I will be king some day; and when I am king," he said to his mother, "I will bring the people back to God."

The temple of God was in ruin. It was full of rubbish, and its walls were crumbling away. Since the king and the people were worshipping idols, they felt no need of God's house.

"When I am king," the little prince promised his mother and Hilkiah, the priest, "I will make God's temple like new, and we will worship God there."

In our day every one may own a Bible. In little Josiah's day there was only one Book of God, and it was kept at the temple where all might go to hear it read by the priests. It is true this was only a part of our Bible—the rest was written later; but

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this part was precious and very necessary to those who worshipped God.

After the king and the people stopped worshipping God, they had no use for God's Book. They neglected it so long that it became lost.

The priest, Hilkiah, knew much of the Book by heart, and the queen and the prince listened by the hour to the good man telling them God's word. The prince loved David best of all the Bible heroes. "When I am king," he said, "I am going to be like King David."

He was only eight years old when word was brought to him that his father had been killed and he was no longer Prince Josiah, but King Josiah. When the ceremony of crowning him king was over, the little boy began at once to do what he had promised to do. He had his mother and the priest to direct him in the work.

The first thing the boy king did was to break the idols into pieces and grind the pieces to powder and throw the powder to the winds. The people could not worship idols if there were no idols to worship.

He began at once to repair the house of God. He called together a great company of workmen and told them his plans about the temple, asking each man what kind of work he could do best, and putting their replies down in a big book so that he could keep record of them. He sent them all to the temple—carpenters, masons, mechanics of all sorts—and put them to work under a master workman.

From early morning till late at night they labored. The boy king and his mother spent much time there, watching them bring beauty and order out of ruin, and planning great meetings to be held when all was finished.

It took time to work the reforms the boy had planned, but before he had outgrown his young manhood, he had finished them.

In an old chest in the temple, Hilkiah found God's Book. He sent it by Shaphan, the scribe, to the palace.

"Read it to me," said the young king, and he sat down to listen.

For many hours, Shaphan read to the king; read how God had brought the Israelites

out of Egypt, fed them in the wilderness and given them Canaan. He read, too, that if the Israelites forgot God and worshipped idols, God would destroy them.

Remembering how wicked they had been, the young king was frightened. Perhaps they had been so bad, God could not forgive. He talked with Huldah, the prophetess, about it.

"Do not be unhappy," said Huldah, "God sees what you are doing and is pleased. He will help you to convert all the people."

King Josiah called a meeting of the people and read from the Book to them, all that God had done for them and the terrible punishment that would come if they forgot Him.

"I, your king, will be true to God. Will you be true to Him?" he asked.

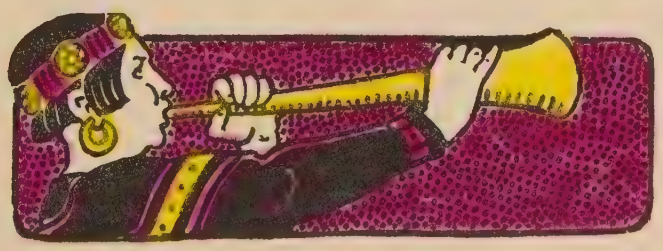
Looking into the earnest face of their good king, they loved him and wanted to be like him. "We will serve God and God only," they promised.

The temple was more beautiful than it had ever been. The king set a week for religious services. Singers were trained in songs of praise, and musical instruments were brought to the temple to accompany them.

That week of prayer, praise and Bible reading was the happiest of the people's lives. Their joy did not end with that special week. They could visit the temple every day now and find it clean, quiet, beautiful, and a priest there to read God's word to them.

None went oftener to worship than King Josiah. The contented people knew it was the king to whom they owed their happiness. They said of him, "There was never a king like Josiah that turned to the Lord with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his might."

NELLIE HURST



St. Valentine's True Story

IT IS just about as impossible to imagine a February without valentines as it is to imagine a December without a Christmas tree. But how many of you know just *why* February fourteenth *is* St. Valentine's day and who St. Valentine was, and why we celebrate it as we do, sending pretty pictures to the people we love and pretty verses telling them how much we *do* love them?

It was all because a great many people loved one dear, kind man so much that they could not bear to think of his being forgotten. It was many hundreds of years ago in Rome, a country very far away, that the good St. Valentine lived. He was such a very kind man that God gave to him the power to help the blind see again, and for this reason he was loved and respected by a great many people.

The Romans had a custom, left over from the time before Christ came to the earth, of celebrating the whole month of February by making new acquaintances and meeting old friends. The streets were crowded with laughing men, women and children, all in masks, and it was an occasion similar but more elaborate even than the Mardi Gras festival you know takes place in New Orleans each year. Large boxes were placed at convenient stations and each man drew from the box as you sometimes do in contest games at your parties. Only, the prizes were slips of white paper. On each slip was the name of a maiden who was to be his partner for the games and dances which would take place during the month.

Then there came a ruler to the Roman throne who believed the celebrations were apt to make his people an idle, lazy lot and as he was war-like in nature, wanting to annex new territory to his kingdom, he intended that his people should become a hardy, brave race, fit to make good soldiers. He was suspicious, also, of the devotion which St. Valentine was receiving as it lessened the homage of the people to himself. And so he brought about the death of the good man.

The people did not forget him, however, and chose the day upon which he died to hold their February festival. And so the fourteenth day of that month became St. Valentine's day, when all people who love each other tell each other so. Many of the old Roman customs are still in use.

The most fun of all (and the rule was never disobeyed in the olden celebration) was to keep the name of the sender of valentines a secret. And better than drop the pretty bit of paper into a mail box where it is stamped and handled just like other letters is to carry it to the door-step of the person you love and wish to remember—drop it beside the door or slip it through the mail-box—push the bell or give a good, hard knock—and then scamper away as fast as ever you can.

But don't run very far away. If you stay right around the corner of the house and peep, very carefully, you may see the person you love come to the door and pick up your valentine and then you may see a very puzzled look come over the face of your love as she tries to imagine just who *could* have sent her that *beautiful* valentine. It's worlds of fun to send a valentine to mother in this way. Because, of course, she of all persons, will never in the world guess it is from you.

If you give a party with cambric tea and sweet cakes and play games, it is fun to choose partners for the games in much the same way as the old Romans used to choose partners for their games by placing a big red box right in the middle of the floor or on a table. In the top of the box make a long slit. As each little girl comes to your party she should write her name on a slip of paper and drop it into the box and when all your guests have arrived, each of the little boys should draw one slip from the box (and he must shut his eyes tight or it is no fun). The little girl whose name he draws is destined, by St. Valentine, to be his partner for the day.

This was also a feast day for the birds a long time ago and wouldn't it be nice for you and your guests to scatter bread crumbs out on the window ledges or on the lawn for the little cold, hungry birds who are left here during the winter?

SHIRLEY WARE.

THEO Pratt had lived all her seven years in the country,—at least Mapleton *seemed* country compared with the city to which they had come on February first, Father and Mother and Theo and Baby Brother, to live in an apartment. That was two weeks ago, but Theo had not yet started school because she was such splendid help in caring for Baby Brother that she gave Mother more time for settling. Theo had been eager to live in the city. She liked the "house all on one floor" and the excitement of living close to people she didn't know, but she had left all her friends behind her, and she had not yet met any new children. And this was Valentine's Day.

Valentine's Day in Mapleton had always been a holiday preceded by weeks of planning. There were valentines for Theo from every little boy and girl she knew, and ever since she could use scissors and crayons and water-colors, she had made those she gave. Valentines, as Mother had explained long ago, were love messages, and there was more love in things you made for people than in things bought from the stores.

This year, in spite of the disorder of settling, Mother had cleared a little place on the table, and Theo had carefully cut hearts and pictures from colored pages of the magazines and pasted them on cardboard, writing little messages on them. There was a good deal of fun in putting each one in its separate envelope and helping Father write the addresses, because Theo knew that these would be the first valentines that the children in Mapleton had ever received through the mail. But Theo couldn't help wishing that

she might be there to put them at doors and run, and then to compare her treasures with those of all the rest. This year her valentines must come through the mail, too.

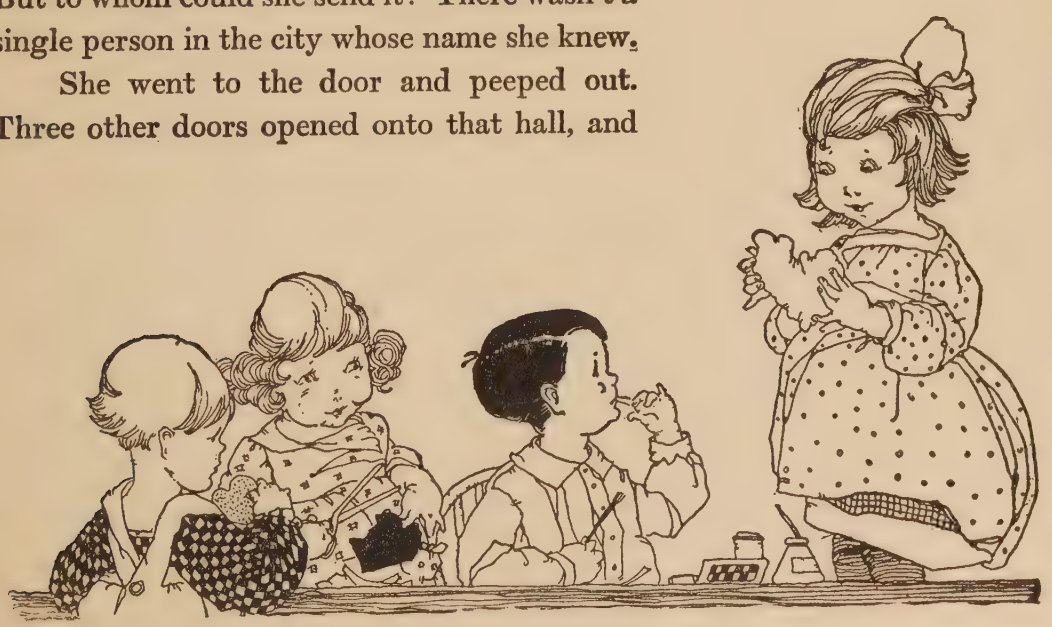
The postman was used to seeing expectant faces on his route St. Valentine's morning, but Theo's was the brightest of all. She was not even very disappointed when there wasn't a single envelope for her, because she knew that the mail, instead of coming once a day as it did in Mapleton, arrived five separate times. There were still four chances left.

But by noon, when the second delivery had nothing for her, her spirits began to droop. Mother was dressing to go down town, Brother was asleep in his crib, and Theo was going to play with him if he woke up before Mother came back, but the books were not yet unpacked and there was nothing she could do to amuse herself. Suddenly she pulled out from the lowest shelf of the bookcase the box that held the rest of her colored paper and hearts.

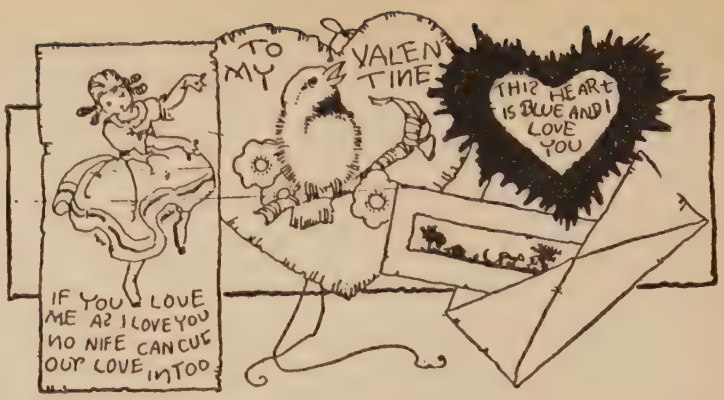
"I could make myself some valentines and pretend somebody had given them to me," she thought, "but it wouldn't be any fun. I wish somebody would send me a valentine—some one I didn't know!"

Then she stood perfectly still. Could she send some one *she* didn't know a valentine? Perhaps they would be just as pleased as she. But to whom could she send it? There wasn't a single person in the city whose name she knew.

She went to the door and peeped out. Three other doors opened onto that hall, and



Theo knew who lived behind them all. One was the home of the Music Lady. Theo could hear the piano through the wall and often listened to it's singing. The door across the hall belonged to the Man-who-went-down-in-the-elevator with a flat brown bag in his hand, and the one across from Theo's own door belonged to the Old Gentleman and his Housekeeper.



Theo felt that she really knew the Housekeeper, because once, downstairs, she had held the door open for her, and once she had unlocked the apartment door when the Housekeeper was loaded with packages. Almost always the Housekeeper was carrying as many things as she could. Theo would have liked to know the Old Gentleman who was so very straight and had white hair and looked kind, but she did not know how to begin. Anyway, she was quite sure that she loved the Housekeeper and the Music Lady, and she was rather sure that she loved the Old Gentleman. It would never do to leave out the Man-who-went-down-in-the-elevator, and there were four people to whom she could send valentines!

She spread out her paper and began to make her love gifts, just as happy as she could be. For the Housekeeper she found a little girl, dancing, with her curls bobbing—just the kind of curls that Theo wished she had. She pasted the picture on cardboard, and under it she wrote:

"If you love me as I love you
No nife can cut our love in too."

She put a bird, singing, on a cut-out heart and ran a gold string through it, so that it would hang on a door-knob. The bird said, *"To My Valentine."* That was for the Music Lady. For the Man-who-went-down-in-the-elevator she made a long, narrow valentine. She made it long and narrow because the picture she used was that shape. (It made a beautiful bookmark and I think the Man-who-went-down-in-the-elevator has it yet.) This valentine went into an envelope. She cut a heart with jagged edges out of

a beautiful piece of blue paper. On this she pasted a white heart and on the white part she wrote,

"This heart is blue
And I love you."

It took a great deal of time to make these, for Theo was very careful, and the afternoon was nearly gone before she had finished them. The third postman came and went, and *he* didn't bring a valentine, but Theo was too busy to care. At last, she put the four valentines at their four doors. She should have rung the bells before she slipped away, but she was too shy.

Then she went in and played with Brother, who had just waked up, and told him all about the valentines. She told Mother, too, when she came home. Mother, afraid that some of the apartment people would not understand valentine customs, went to the door to see if she could take any of them back without hurting Theo's feelings, but they were all gone.

* * * * * *

The Music Lady found her valentine first. She came home and found the bird on her door-knob, singing as only a valentine bird can sing. First she hung him on a vase on her piano and played him a little ripply tune which Theo heard through the wall. Then she took a little doll that stood on her table, and with her scissors she snipped a V out of the back of the scarlet petticoats, and cut them to a point in the front. When she held her up, the frilly skirts stood out in the shape of a heart! Then she tiptoed out, and putting the doll at Theo's door, rang the bell and flew into her own apartment. She was too shy to stay, you see, but she wasn't too shy to ring.

Theo's mother went to the door, but Theo was beside her, and that was Theo's first valentine!

The Old Gentleman had been at home all afternoon, and if Theo had pressed the bell, he would have opened the door on his own valentine; as it was, the Housekeeper found them both. She knew which was hers, and she carried the blue heart to the Old Gentleman. I can't tell you how delighted he was. He was *very* pleased, for he had not had a valentine for years and *years* and YEARS. The Housekeeper was pleased, too. Presently she stopped looking at the little girl with curls, and came in and said,

"The child will be expecting a valentine herself, sir."

She was mistaken, but it was nice of her to think of it.

"Very well," said the Old Gentleman, "what shall we do?"

"I could bake her a cooky heart!"

"That's a good idea," said the Old Gentleman, "do it at once."

You should have seen the heart the Housekeeper baked. It was big, and it had raisins in it, and a picture on the outside in colored frosting. The picture was well made, too. Anybody would have known that it was a heart with an arrow through it,—a pink heart and a white arrow. The Housekeeper tiptoed out and put the valentine in front of Theo's door and rang the bell. And that was Theo's second valentine!

But the Old Gentleman thought that he wanted to send a valentine himself. He picked up his telephone, and presently the florist in the shop below was promising to deliver a dozen pink roses to Theo's apartment. The Old Gentleman knew that pink roses were the nicest thing to send a lady, no matter how little she was. And the florist did deliver them with a little valentine card,—and that was the third valentine!

The Man-who-went-down-in-the-elevator came home and picked up his valentine, but it was twilight when he opened it and he thought it was just a letter at first. He knew who had sent it because it looked like the sort of valentine the little girl who went down in the elevator with him would make. He thought of a valentine to send her at once, and when Theo opened the door at the sound of the bell, she found a pair of little brass candlesticks, each holding a lighted candle with a little heart hanging between them on a red ribbon. Mother carried them in, because Theo was not big enough to carry lighted candles,—and that was the fourth valentine!

When Father came home with a valentine box of candy, he found the most excited little girl he had ever seen. It took so long to tell him the story of the valentines that before it was finished they were sitting at the supper table. The little red-frocked doll was in the center, the cooky heart was waiting to be served for dessert, the candles were burning in the middle, one on each side of Theo's plate, and the pink roses were perfuming the air, while the box of candy was waiting till after the cooky was eaten.

Another ring at the door brought a special delivery package from Mapleton. Theo's friends had sent her a box full of valentines just like the ones she had always shared with them at school,—beautifully decorated valentines filled with little messages from every child she knew. And those were the rest of Theo's valentines.

SIDNEY BALDWIN

"A stunt party?"

A Stunt for TOMMY

"DADDY!" said Tommy, rushing into the dining-room where Mother and Father were already seated at the dinner-table, "I've been invited to a Stunt Party. George is giving it for his birthday!"

"A Stunt Party?" inquired Daddy, "what kind of party is that?"

"Everybody who comes has to do a stunt; a real stunt and different-from-every-one-else's stunt," said Tommy, finally sitting down.

"What are you going to do?"

"Why, I don't know, Daddy. I thought maybe you'd help me think up one."

"Right now?"

"Yes, 'cause I'll have to practise it and the party's to-morrow night."

"That is a rush order," replied Daddy, smiling at Mother's twinkling expression.

"Let me think during dinner, and maybe I can suggest something," added Daddy.

Tommy could hardly wait and kept glancing anxiously at his Father to see if there were any signs of the stunt being thought up. But Daddy just seemed to be enjoying his dinner and not giving the matter any thought at all. Finally dinner was over and Tommy could hold in no longer.

"Now, Daddy!"

"First you take a saucer," said Daddy, removing his teacup, "and you place it in front of you. Then you take a small piece of fairly dry bread from the center of the slice. Break it about as big as a fifty-cent piece."

"Yes!" encouraged Tommy.

"Then," continued Daddy, taking a match from his pocket, "break a

match in two in the middle, and stick the half with the head on it into the little piece of bread so that the head stands up."

"That's easy," said Tommy.

"Then place the bread in the saucer.

"Next you take a tumbler and put it over the bread and match, upside down."

Tommy's eyes fairly sparkled now.

"Pour a little water into the saucer," continued Daddy, "but not enough to run over the edge of it."

"Yes, yes, what next, Daddy?" eagerly inquired Tommy.

"Take a penny," replied Daddy, as he took one from his pocket, "and put it in the water in the saucer. See, it is covered over with water."

"I see."

"Now," said Daddy, "the stunt is to pick up the penny with your fingers without getting them the least tiny bit wet."

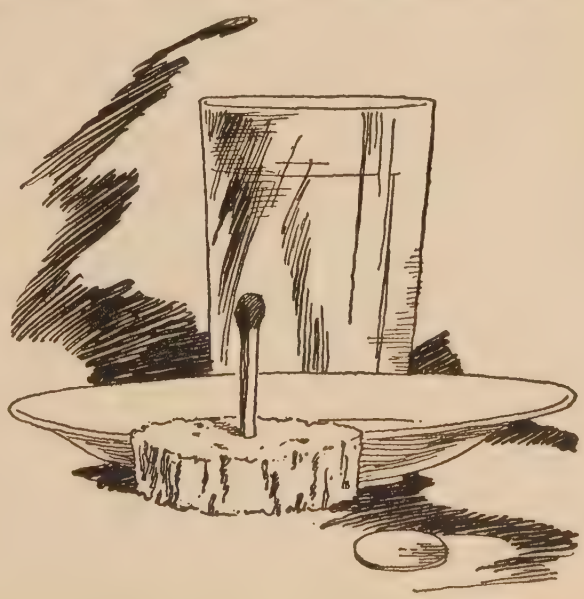
Tommy studied the penny carefully.

"Why, Daddy, you can't, it's all covered over with water. How can I get it without getting my fingers a little wet?"

"That's the trick."

"But how can you do it? It's all wet now and covered over. You show me how."

Daddy took another match and lighted it, then he lifted the glass and applied the lighted match to the one which stuck up in the piece of bread. Then he quickly replaced the glass over the bread as it had been. The match inside the glass burned brightly for an instant and then went out. Then something interesting happened! The water was all sucked up into the glass and the bread floated on top of it. There wasn't any water at all left in the saucer outside of the glass. Daddy picked up the penny.



"Oh!" gasped Tommy, too astonished for words.

"Will that stunt do?" asked Daddy, smiling.

"It's fine!" replied Tommy, "but what makes it do it?"

"Do you have to explain it at the party?"

"I don't believe so, Daddy, but I want to know."

"Well, Son, the air contains a lot of oxygen, as I explained to you some time ago, and oxygen is necessary to make things burn. There was air inside the glass as well as outside. We just trapped the air in there. I have not told you about the pressure of the air, have I?"

"No, Daddy."

"The air all around us presses down on everything with a pressure of about fifteen pounds on every square inch."

"It does?" inquired Tommy, "all over me?"

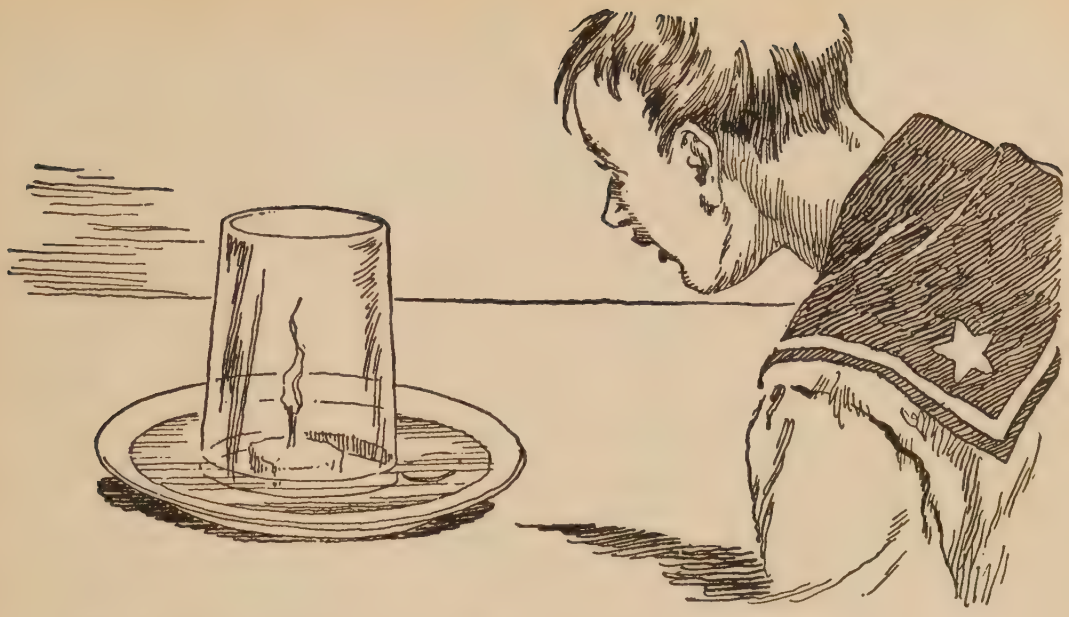
"Yes."

"Well, I don't feel it."

"No, because it presses on all sides of you equally and you are used to it."

Tommy looked a little dazed.

"The air pressure is not the same in all places, Son. It is more down low, say, close to the sea, and less the higher up you go, up a mountain or in a plane, for instance."



"But what has that to do with our stunt?"

"Just this: When the match burned inside the glass, it used up all the oxygen and in burning formed certain other gases. In so doing the pressure inside the glass was lowered. The air pressed down on the water in the saucer outside the tumbler, and as there was much less pressure inside the glass, the air forced the water up into it. See, it is still there."

Sure enough, the water was still an inch or so up in the glass and the little piece of bread floated on it with the charred match-stick looking for all the world like a mast of a ship.

"It's a dandy stunt, Daddy. No one will have a better one. I just knew you could think up something."

"Don't you think you had better try it?"

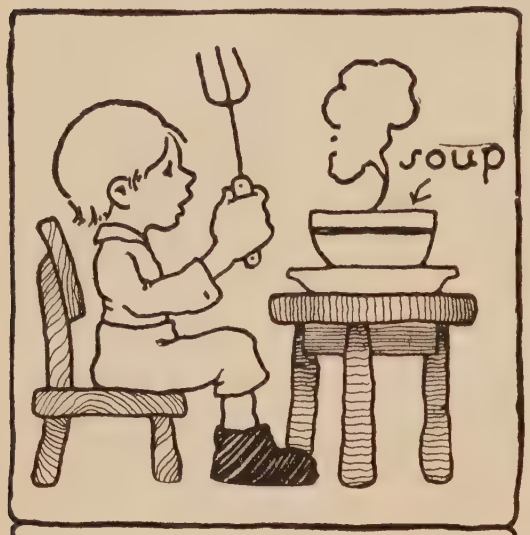
"Oh, yes!" eagerly agreed Tommy.

A half hour later there was a whole saucerful of burned matches, and a very tired little Tommy was sound asleep with his arms on the table, dreaming of the party.

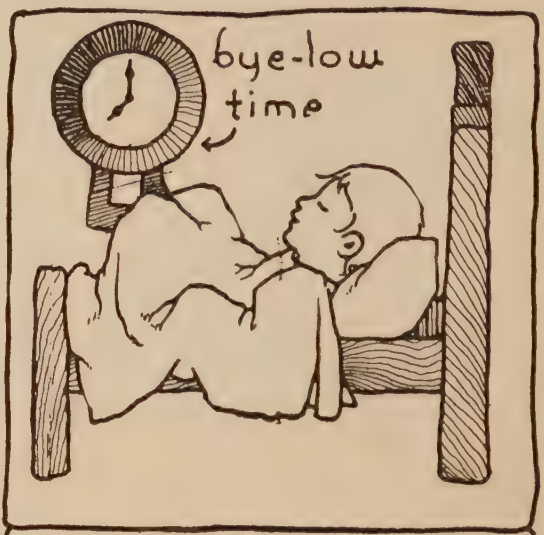
DALE S. COLE

dreaming of the party.

This is Mixed a bit.

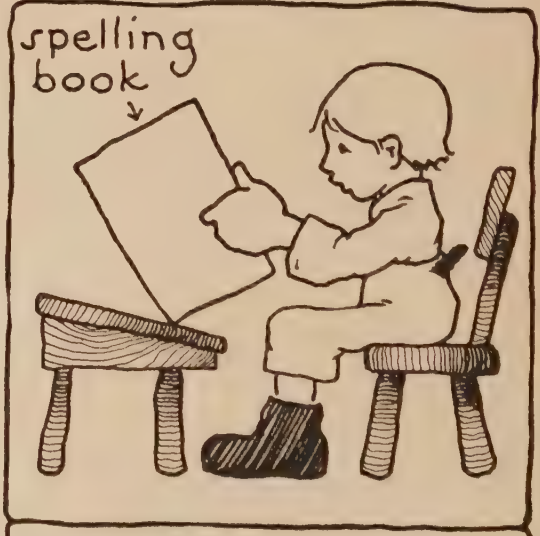


I went
to School



I slid
my Sled

I ate my
Supper



And I went
to Bed. Jo

Dear Children, Saturday

I lost a penny on the ground and
spent the whole day looking 'round.
Here are all the things I found
before I found my penny.

Yours ♡ truly.

Jo McMahon

XXXXX

KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM

"THE *greatest hero of the greatest war in history!*" That is what his people called him as he rode into Brussels the day after the armistice was signed. But it is doubtful if Albert of Belgium felt like a hero on that day in 1914 when he was forced to decide between honor and the possible destruction of his kingdom.

Germany had a war plan to cross Belgium as the quickest and easiest way to France, in spite of her pledged word that she would uphold the neutrality of Belgium. She addressed a message to the King that she would not harm the Belgian people if her soldiers were allowed to pass through their country unchecked.

Albert knew that his army was a mere handful compared to the invading hordes; he knew that it was doubtful if France and England could come to his help in time. Yet, straight back went his reply, Belgium would stand by her agreement. She would resist all invasion.

The next day saw Albert at the head of his little army, stubbornly contesting every foot the enemy gained. He knew it was a losing fight but he did not know that he was saving France and the world as he moved back from Liege and Namur and Louvain and Antwerp, and finally over the border into France where he arrived on foot, as tired and hungry as any of his men. Never in those four awful years that followed did he ever seek his own safety, more than once taking a gun from a falling soldier and filling his place in the mud of the fire step until he was relieved.

On the small sandy strip of land left untouched, all that remained of free Belgium, the queen took up her home, not a bit less brave than her royal husband, having no fear for herself, after she had sent her children to England for safety.

Was it any wonder that Albert was acclaimed as the greatest hero of all when the five years of fear and horror were over and he and his family rode victoriously into his capital?

During the years of the great war many thrones toppled and fell but Albert's place in the government of his kingdom and in the hearts of his people was made more secure than ever. The reason for this is plain: Albert was brought up to consider his royal station the symbol of service, not of imperial rule. He was a lad of seventeen when he learned that he would be king but this knowledge did not turn his head. He merely worked harder than ever to be ready for his great responsibility.

There were languages to learn, three of them just to talk to his own people, as well as English, French, German and Italian, besides many other things. He was most interested in machinery and inventions, and of his own desire, he studied engineering. On a recent visit to this country, traveling over the Western plains, he took the throttle of the locomotive for several hours.

He learned the art of war at the Military School at Brussels, the Belgian West Point. There he was so friendly and democratic that he had a nickname like the other boys and he enjoyed jokes played upon him just as if he were not a prince, at all. His parents allowed him only a small amount of spending money, so, in still another way, he was quite like his fellows.

King Albert's sudden death in 1934 shocked the world. He was well worthy to rule his people of whom Caesar wrote, many hundreds of years ago, "Of these the bravest are the Belgians."

Blossomy Clothes Required

IT WAS the morning of the Late Spring Pageant. South Wind was delivering the invitations to the field folk. The Green Field was alive with a great joyous waving and buzzing and humming as she fluttered the invitations from guest to guest.

South Wind smiled to herself as she blew over grassy avenues, catching bits of talk that were in the air as bee and insect and breeze and bird called on his favorite playmate to plan for the coming Pageant.

"What rare fragrance you have, and what delicate coloring," buzzed Bee to an Apple Blossom.

"The Sun himself must have sent you the gold you wear," whispered Insect to Yellow Adder's Tongue on the bank across the way.

"Oh," said Butterfly, resting near Violet, "the design on your beautiful purple gown is more exquisite than that on the loveliest butterfly wings in the Green Field."

"True, true," thought South Wind to herself. "But they have all missed a charm that I know. They have not yet found out how lovable Dogwood is. She will be glad

of the Pageant, I'm sure, for it will give her a chance to become acquainted with the rest of the Green Field."

Then she stopped at Dogwood's door and called to her. She came, straight and tall, her tiny green blossoms huddled together at the top of her stem. She was all alone. No visitor had dropped in to talk over the Pageant with her. Indeed, no one but South Wind ever looked twice at Dogwood, she was so plain. Life in the Green Field had been very lonely for her.

South Wind handed her invitation to her, and watched her as she read.

At once a glow of happiness overspread her face. But it quickly faded.

"What is the matter?" asked South Wind. "Aren't you pleased to be invited to the Pageant?"

"Oh, yes," smiled Dogwood, "but it says, 'Blossomy clothes required,' and my clothes—oh, you see how plain they are!"

"Nonsense!" said South Wind. "You're just as Mother Nature wanted you. Clothes will not make your blossoms any finer, Dogwood. And it's the blossom that counts to a flower."

"I know," sighed Dogwood, "but clothes would attract the Green Field to come and learn how fine my blossoms are."

"Yes, I suppose that is the way of the Green Field," said South Wind softly.

She caressed Dogwood gently and was off to flutter the last of the invitations to the flowers.

Then she blew away and away to Mother Nature's, at the end of No-

where. Mother Nature had just come in from a sail around the lake. Rosy, fresh, and full of smiles was she over the thought of her Spring Domain.

"What's new?" she asked lightly, as South Wind entered.

"The world is new, Mother," she answered. "I've come for a favor from you to-day."

"Granted ere asked, if it's in my power to grant," said she. For Mother Nature loved South Wind as she loved no other of her children.

"It's a gown for Dogwood," she said, "the most attractive gown you can make, for the Pageant!"

"To me, she is sweet as she is," said Mother Nature. "Her green blossoms, so frail, so perfect, so unnoticeable, are fairylike to me."

"They are lovely to me, also," replied South Wind. "But Dogwood is lonesome. Her rightful playmates have never discovered her charm. Give me a gown for her, Mother, the most distinctive in your workshop."

"Alas," said Mother Nature, "my workshop is idle. There is not a scrap of material in my house. Science and Art that are beginning-to-be have borrowed all my workers and dyes and materials. They are experimenting so that when the world is older they'll be able to produce color more cheaply than I can. Because I love my workers, and want them to do their largest service in the world, I have lent them out."

She pushed open a door into a bare, silent room.

"See, the shop is idle," she said.

"But, Mother, haven't you something tucked away somewhere?" pleaded South Wind.

"Not a thing but the green gown on my back." Then she smiled a great smile, and, by way of a joke, pointed to the lake. "Unless, perhaps, you would take the white sail from my boat!" South Wind did not laugh.

"Do you mean that?" she asked.

"Why, yes," answered Mother Nature in puzzled surprise.

With a bound she was out of the house, down to the lake's bank, and in the boat. With nimble fingers she hauled down the sail, bundled it under her arm, and bounded in again.

She spread it on the table, an irregular white strip, discolored in three spots by frost dye and sun dye.

"Heigh-ho!" she laughed, and her head went from side to side as she smoothed and planned with her eye.

"Where are your shears, Mother, my sweet?" she asked.

She got them from her work-basket and laid them beside the sail on the table.

Snip-snip—snap! Snip-snip—snap! She cut out two large pieces just alike. Snip-snip—snap! Snip-snip—snap! Two, a bit smaller. Then, snip! in the center of each, and just a wee bit of the burnt-reddish sun dye and frost dye was left, as though an artist had deftly touched each center with his brush.

She laid the four parts on the table and tacked them together.

"Behold—Dogwood's frill!" she said. "Imagine her frail head adorning the center, and you have the picture of the débutante that South Wind will introduce at the Pageant to-night."

"You're as clever as life," complimented Mother Nature, gathering the clippings from the table. "No wonder your Mother loves you!"

She brushed her cheek with her warm lips and hurried away. With a leap and a bound she covered the meadow. The great sky artist was busy with his brush in the West when at last Dogwood came into view. South Wind stole around behind her, tiptoed close, unfolded the frill, and pop! it was over her head and about her neck before she could turn around.

"My lovely Flowering Dogwood!" greeted South Wind, with a low laugh. "Flowering to me, of course, even in your unnoticed gown, but henceforth flowering to the sight of the rest of the world."

The Dogwood looked in amazed surprise at the dazzling white leaves that made a frill beneath her tiny head. She rested her plain cheek against its smoothness.

"You've made me beautiful, South Wind, I do believe," she said. "How did you ever do this wonderful thing for me?"

On the way to the Pageant she told her. "It will be a good joke on the rest of them," she said. "Your blossoms are unchanged, small, green, beautiful, as they always were. But they will call your white leaves blossoms, I'll wager."

And, true enough, they did. Bees and moths and butterflies thronged about the straight, tall stranger in the flaring white frill to compliment her on her blossomy clothes and to make engagements with her for the rest of the Spring Season. Never again was Dogwood to be lonely in the Green Field. She had a wonderful time that night.

As she and South Wind turned to leave the Pageant hall at the close of the festivities, she heard a gorgeous tulip say, "How extreme!" But South Wind whispered in her ear, "She means 'DISTINCTIVE,' Flowering Dogwood!"

And wasn't South Wind right, indeed? For of all the lovely flowers that come to the Spring Pageant every year, isn't Flowering Dogwood the most distinctive?

MARY J. J. WRINN

GOOD MUSIC EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW

Minuet in G

WHAT do we do with our ears? Why, hear with them, of course! I know many people who have ears to hear the ticking of a clock, or the song of a bird, or the bark of a dog, but they can not hear what music has to say—their ears do not know how to listen to music. I want to help to open your musical ears so that you can hear some of the beautiful things which the writers of music want you to hear. Music can tell stories and paint pictures and take you on wonderful trips, if you will only come half way and pretend and make believe.

The music we want you to listen to to-day is called *Minuet in G*. It was written by Beethoven. A minuet is a dance which was danced a long, long time ago by our great-great-grandmothers and our great-great-grandfathers. The music which was played, while our great-great-grandfathers and our great-great-grandmothers danced it, is also called a minuet.

I want to take you with me to the land of make-believe, to a ball or dancing party given for George and Martha Washington. First, we must dress for the party. If you are a girl, you will put on a beautiful dress of heavy silk or brocade, with a very full skirt 'way down to the ground and hoops under it to make it stand out! On your head you will have to wear a heavy white wig. If you are a boy, you will wear satin trousers just to the knees and long silk stockings and slippers with silver buckles, and lace frills in your sleeves, and a big white wig upon your

head, too. After you are dressed, you will drive to the party in a coach. When you have greeted your host and hostess, the musicians will begin to play a minuet. You will stand beside your partner and, hand in hand, will step your way through the dance. On account of the full hoop-skirts of the ladies, the partners cannot face each other as we do to-day in modern dances; and on account of the heavy wigs, no one will move very quickly nor hop about very violently! Every one will dance slowly and gracefully and the steps will be short and dainty. There will be much pointing of buckled toes, and at the end every one will make a courtly bow or a deep curtsy. If you have been to dancing school, and have learned to dance the one-step, the minuet will seem very slow and "poky." You will feel that you are just walking to music and not dancing at all! Now when you hear Beethoven's *Minuet in G,* try to see with your pretend-eyes this ball for George and Martha Washington.

Listen very carefully to the graceful swing of the first part of the music, for you will hear it again at the end of the piece. Try to sing or whistle it, it is a beautiful melody. Nearly all music is written in three parts and the first and last parts are alike. It is very wise to listen closely to the first part of a piece of music, so that you can recognize it again, when it comes at the end. Try clapping your hands when you hear it coming back again, it is just like the return of an old friend. The middle part of the Minuet you will find quite different from the beginning and the end, which are alike. The middle is a little quicker, the notes are shorter—it is very dainty.

This music is called *Minuet in*

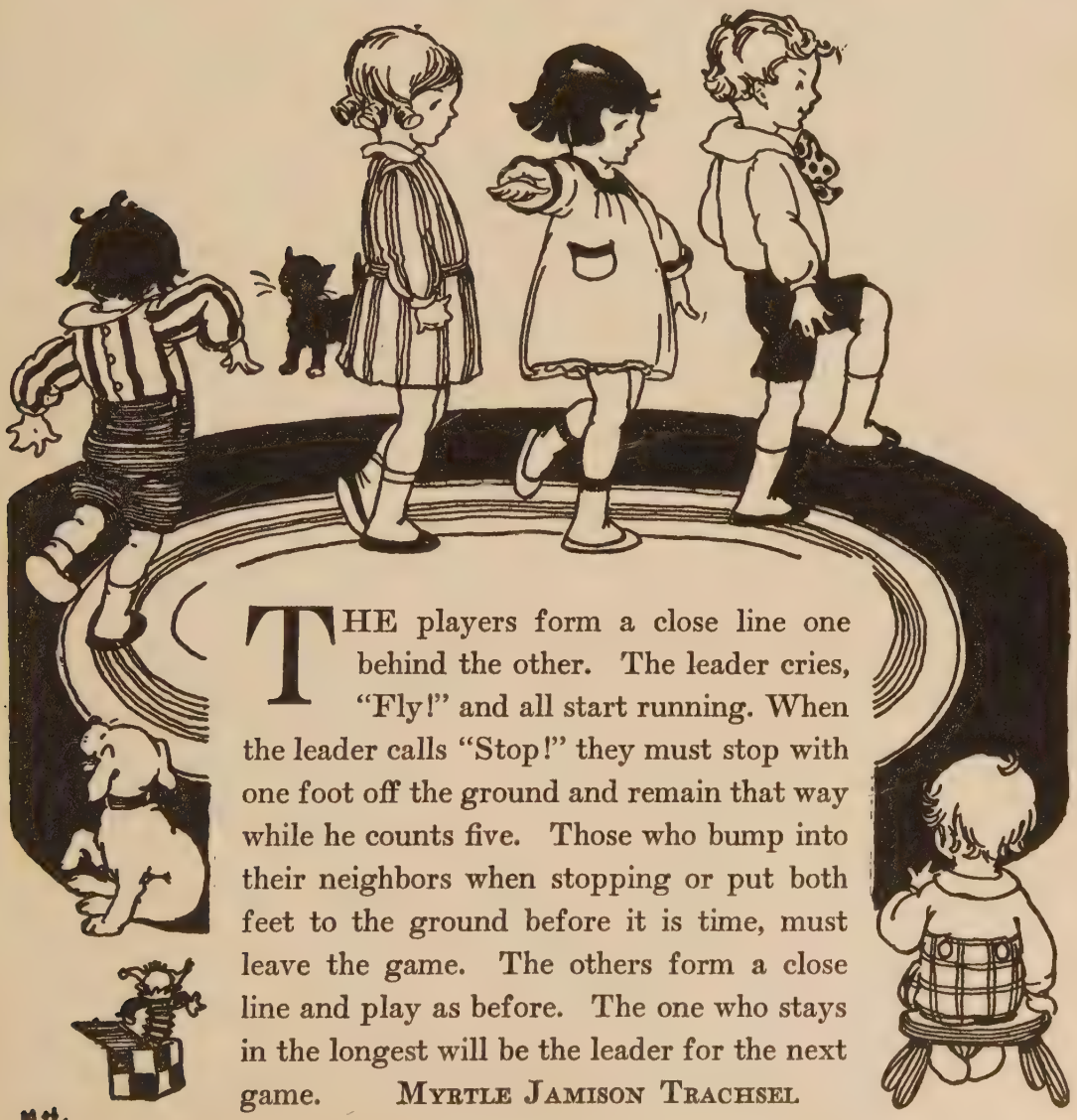
G because most of its notes are found in the key or scale of G. Beethoven wrote a great many minuets and in order to tell this one from the others, it is called Minuet "in G." Let us remember that Beethoven, who wrote this music, is one of the greatest musicians who ever lived. A great many people feel that he is *the greatest* who ever lived. His name is pronounced Bay-to-ven, even though it is spelled "Beethoven."

Let us see now what we are to do when we hear this *Minuet in G.* First, we are to pretend that we are at a party given for George and Martha Washington. We have on hoop-skirts, or satin knee-breeches and heavy white wigs. We are standing at the side of our partner and hand in hand are stepping, slowly and gracefully, our way through the dance. At the end of the music we will make a deep bow or low curtsy. Then we must remember that this music is written in three parts and that the first and last parts are alike, just like the two pieces of bread in a sandwich. We are to listen very closely to the beginning of the music, so that we can clap our hands when we hear it come again at the end. Last, we are to pronounce the composer's name as if it were spelled Bay-to-ven and to remember that he is one of the greatest, if not *the greatest* of all the writers of good music.

LENORA COFFIN

INDOOR GAMES FOR LITTLE FOLKS

THE STORK'S DANCE



THE players form a close line one behind the other. The leader cries, "Fly!" and all start running. When the leader calls "Stop!" they must stop with one foot off the ground and remain that way while he counts five. Those who bump into their neighbors when stopping or put both feet to the ground before it is time, must leave the game. The others form a close line and play as before. The one who stays in the longest will be the leader for the next game.

MYRTLE JAMISON TRACHSEL

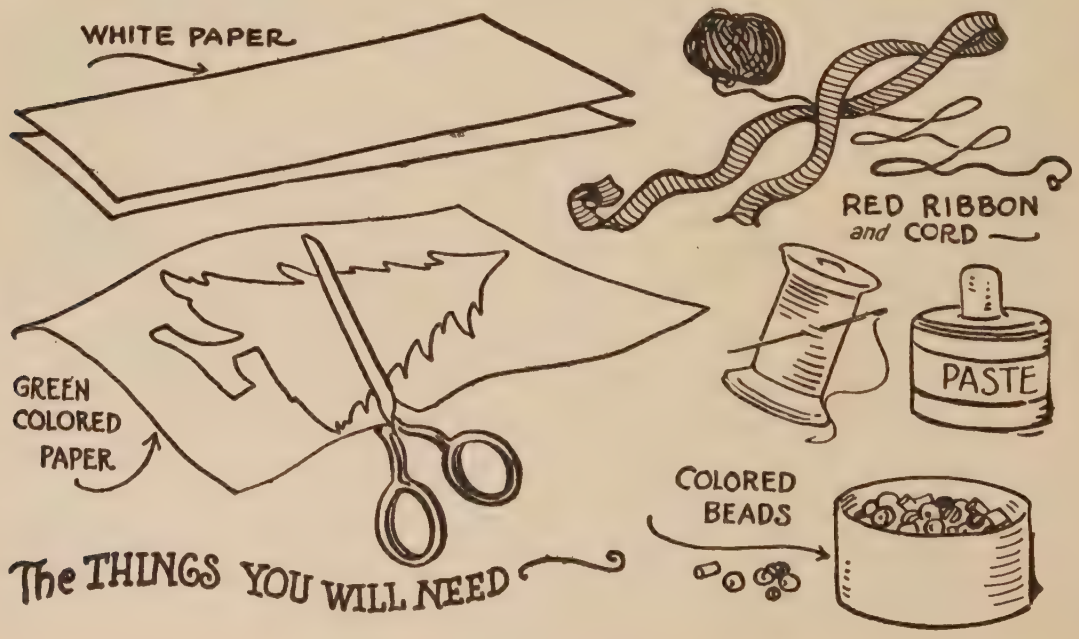
M.H.

Christmas Booklets

WOULDN'T you like to make these Christmas booklets to give to your friends? They are much easier to make than you might think at first, for there is no drawing or painting to do, just cutting, sewing, and pasting.

Cut two sheets of white or tinted paper eight inches long and two and one-half inches wide. Lay one sheet on the other and double them over bringing the ends together. Tie a red cord or ribbon in the fold to hold the two sheets together.

Now cut the shape of a Christmas tree from stiff green paper, making it tall enough so that when it lies on the booklet, its top extends above the cover and its base below it. The ornaments on the Christmas tree are beads. You can use any kinds of beads you happen to have. Thread a needle, push up through the tree, sew through a bead, and push back through the same hole. When you have as many ornaments on the tree as you think it should have, paste the tree to the front of the booklet.



On the first inside sheet write the words "Merry Christmas" or copy a Christmas rhyme from a Christmas card. On the other inside sheet "To" and "From" with the name of the friend to whom you will give the booklet and your own name.

The booklet that is decorated with a holly wreath is made of two sheets of paper in the same way as the booklet with the Christmas tree. To make the holly wreath, cut a round piece of stiff green paper as high as the booklet is. Then cut the edge of the round piece jagged and cut a jagged center from it.

The holly berries on the wreath are red beads. Sew them on the wreath in groups of three making one hole through the paper for each bead as you did when sewing the beads on the tree. Make a bow of red ribbon to decorate the wreath and sew it in place with two stitches. Then paste the wreath to the front of the booklet.

Using the same kind of decoration for the cover, you can make a snap-shot book with a picture on each page. Such a book with photographs of the family or of vacation scenes will make a welcome gift. You can easily add more pages and you can make the surface of your book larger if the size of your pictures require it.

HAZEL F. SHOWALTER

IF you could have but one pet, what would you choose? Some of you will at once say, "A dog," others "a cat," and still others will shout "a pony!" These three animals are the favorites as pets for children. After them come rabbits and birds.

The dog is nearer to human than any of the animals. He is the only one that tries to bridge the gulf between animals and human beings. He makes an effort to understand what you are saying, and sometimes he tries to "talk" by whining or barking. He is the only animal that tries to please you without being made to do so.

Most dogs like to be with people, and it is cruel to tie them up and leave them alone all the time. If you have a dog and must keep him tied, let him have a race or a romp with you at least once a day.

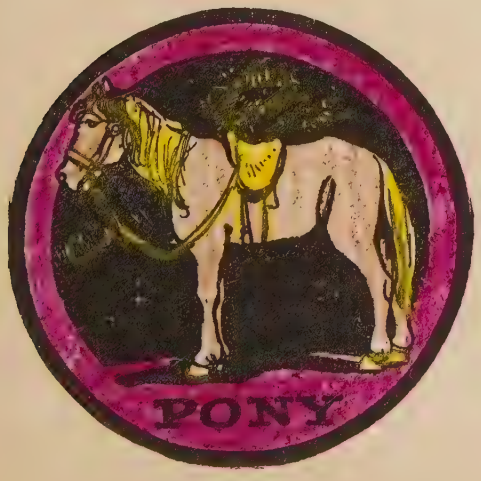
If your dog lives out of doors, give him a warm house. It should be of double thickness, either of wood with shingles over it, or of wood sheathed with roofing material. In winter-time a piece of carpet should be nailed so that it hangs over the doorway, and a bed of clean straw kept inside.

Always keep fresh, cool water where your dog can get it. On very hot

days renew it often. If you have not spoiled him by feeding him only meat, he will like to eat table scraps as well as anything. With care and patience, he can be trained so that he will not rush too greedily at his plate, but will wait until you have set it down and have told him to take it.

Next to the dog for a pet comes the cat. Cats are not so friendly as dogs, and are not so eager to serve you. In fact, they expect you to serve them. Cats like their food on clean plates. They seldom drink water, but always love milk. Their food should be cut up fine, as they are dainty eaters. It is a good plan never to feed a cat or a dog until you have laid down a newspaper for the plate to stand on. They soon understand what this is for, and are careful not to push the scraps of food off the paper as they eat. Cats can curl up anywhere to sleep, but they like very well a box or basket with a soft, warm lining.

A dog will be your playfellow; a cat will be your companion when you sit down quietly in some snug, warm spot; but a pony will work for you. He will carry you on his back; he will drag you and your little friends about in a cart; and he will take loads for you that you yourself could not carry.



In return for this service, you must see that he has a warm stall in winter, and a cool one in summer, plenty of hay and oats to eat, and all the fresh water he wants to drink. He likes carrots, and apples, too, and is delighted if you pull handfuls of fresh, dewy grass to give him when he is in harness and cannot reach down for it. Remember that lump sugar is a pony's candy, and let him have a little once in a while.

If you are driving your pony in

summer-time, tie him in the shade when you stop. In winter do just the opposite, putting his blanket on, and tying him on the warm side of the street. Talk to him often. He will like it even if he cannot reply. In fact, all animals like to be talked to, and it makes them brighter.

Rabbits are good pets for children. They must be kept in houses that have strong wire netting around and under them, so that rats cannot get in and kill the little bunnies. They need clean hay or straw in their houses, a good yard or run—also netted safely against rats and dogs—, and plenty of fresh water and fresh green food.

A bird is a good pet, but needs care. His cage must be kept clean, the perches scraped or washed, and the seed and water cups filled daily. Also he must have his bathtub filled and given to him every morning, as he likes to take baths. Then you must see that he always has a piece of cuttlefish hung at the side of the cage, and a bit of fresh green stuff, like celery, apple, or chicory from the garden, pushed between the bars of the cage. When you wash the perches, be sure they are dry before you put them back. And be careful never to hang the cage in a draught. A tiny round mirror, such as they put in ladies' shopping bags or little toilet-cases, if hung up in the cage, will delight your bird, for he will think he has a companion, and will twitter, chirp, and sing to his image in the glass.

GRACE ALDEN.

STINGY

STINGY, stingy, aint you 'shamed?
You just think, because you're big,
You can be a selfish pig.
Stingy, stingy, aint you 'shamed!

Stingy, stingy, give me some,
Share your plate of food with me;
I'm as hungry as can be.
Stingy, stingy, give me some!

Stingy, stingy, never mind.
By your look, it's plain to see
You won't share your food with me.
Stingy, stingy, never mind!

O, the pity and the shame,
Anyone so fat and big
Should be such a selfish pig—
O, the pity and the shame!

ALAN GODGE

THE STONE KNIGHT

THERE was a Knight, both brave and bold;
He rode upon a horse.
He had a sword within his hand,
And he was brave, of course.
This gallant Knight rode all alone,
But did not move at all,
For he was made of granite stone—
Part of a granite wall.
But just the same, this Knight *was* brave,
And rode both well and far;
For it's not always what we do,
But what we really ARE.
Yes, if we think and hope and try
To be good as we see it,
Though carved in stone and all alone,
We're very sure to be it.

ANTONIO and his LION

LONG, long ago there lived near the city of Venice, Italy, a poor little lad by the name of Antonio Canova. Antonio possessed the wonderful talent of a sculptor and could mould many beautiful things. One day Pietro, the old potter, gave Antonio a large lump of clay. The boy was delighted. Hurrying home, he set to work moulding the clay into fine castles, birds, and beautiful flowers.

Now, Antonio's mother had a cousin by the name of Tommaso, who was head cook at the castle of Giovanni Falieri. This senator of the village lived in great state. Tommaso came often to see Antonio and his mother. He never tired of telling them how proud he was of his great position, and of the wonderful happenings at the castle.

This day as Antonio worked with his clay, he scarcely noticed that Tommaso came in. His mother and her cousin talked together, and the boy paid little heed to what they were saying. Presently, however, Antonio's attention was attracted by Tommaso's whining voice saying, "Oh, to think of the trouble I am in! The senator is giving a great banquet to-morrow night, and he has ordered me to invent some decoration for the table that has never been seen before."

"Well, surely, Tommaso, you can do that," said Antonio's mother.

"Indeed I can't," cried Tommaso. "I have thought and thought, and the time is getting short. They are tired of my castles and dragons

made from pastry, and my sugar birds and flowers. Even the large chariot that I carved out of a turnip, with rings of carrots for golden wheels, does not please the senator any more. And the beautiful crown set with candied gooseberries and cherries is forgotten. Oh, what shall I do?"

Here the excited Tommaso hastily got up to go. As he moved toward the door he brushed past Antonio so roughly that he jerked a beautiful little swan, which the boy had just modeled, out of his hand.

"Oh, my poor swan," cried Antonio sorrowfully, as the pretty bit of clay struck against the wall and fell, a shapeless mass, upon the floor. "And how mean you are to be so careless," added the boy in anger, shaking his fist at Tommaso's back.

"There, there," admonished Antonio's mother. "You should be sorry that you cannot help your cousin, for think how often he brings you cakes and tarts from the castle."

"Good morning, Tommaso"

From that time on Antonio was silent and began to think how he might help his kinsman.

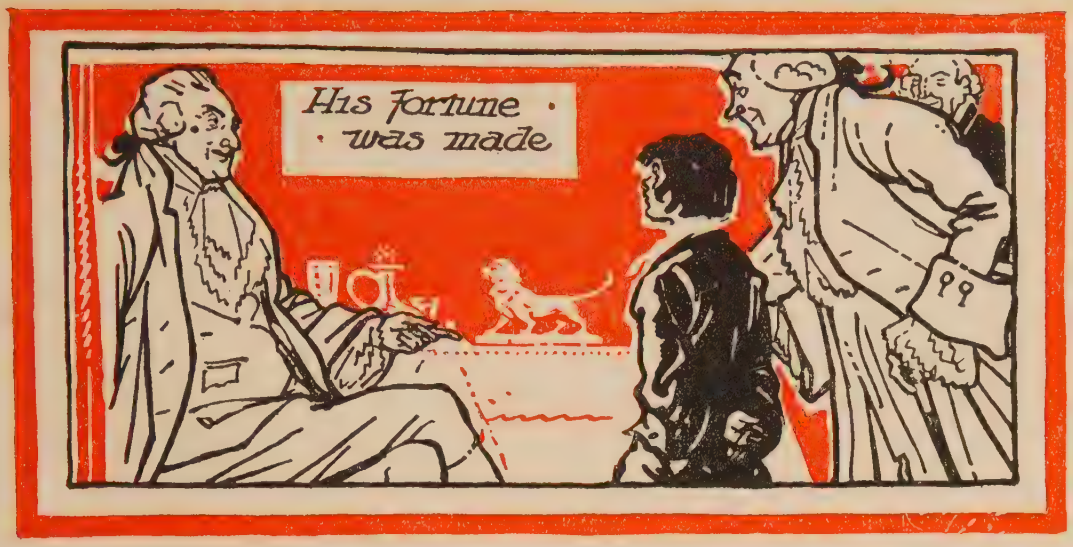
Early the next morning when Tommaso opened the kitchen door at the castle, there stood Antonio.

"Good morning, Tommaso," said the boy. "I think I can make you something for the senator's table that no one has ever seen before. Just give me a block of butter and a room to myself, and I will try."

"Very well, Antonio," said Tommaso. "Of course, the butter will be wasted, but you can try."

For twelve hours Antonio worked at his task, while every now and again Tommaso called through the door to know how the work was progressing. Then, just as the evening came on and the hour for the banquet was almost at hand, Antonio opened the door to Tommaso.

Behold! Instead of the shapeless mass of butter there stood a lordly lion almost two feet tall.



Tommaso's surprise was beyond words. When the senator and his guests beheld Antonio's piece of art standing upon the table, they, too, were filled with surprise and admiration.

The senator immediately sent for his cook and began to praise his great work. To the amazement of all, Tommaso burst into tears and told them that the lion was the work of a little ten-year-old sculptor.

"Bring him in at once," commanded the senator.

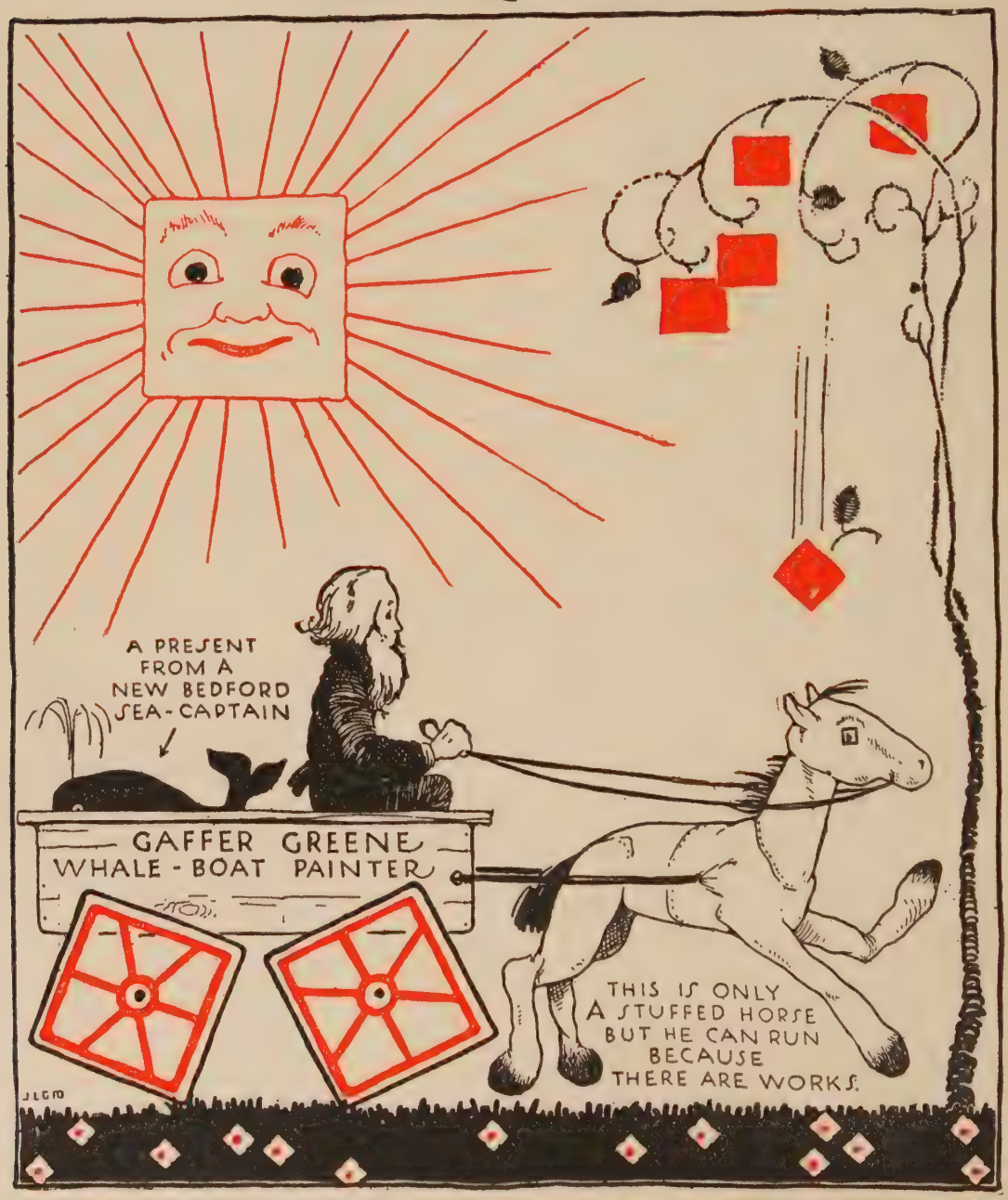
When Tommaso brought the ragged little Antonio before the senator and his guests, the lad was so frightened he could scarcely lift his eyes, but from that time on his fortune was made. The senator sent him to work with Torretto, the greatest sculptor of the day. The lad, in two years, made such wonderful progress that he was able to mould two beautiful baskets filled with fruit, which he presented to his benefactor.

These baskets may still be seen in the Falieri Palace at Venice. For the little barefoot peasant boy grew into the famous Antonio Canova, one of the greatest sculptors of modern times.

MAYME PETERSON

GOODNESS ME!

WELL I DECLARE!
THE THINGS THAT SHOULD BE ROUND ARE SQUARE!


A PRESENT FROM A NEW BEDFORD SEA-CAPTAIN
GAFFER GREENE
WHALE-BOAT PAINTER
THIS IS ONLY A STUFFED HORSE BUT HE CAN RUN BECAUSE THERE ARE WORKS.

The BEHIND-THE-TIME BUTTERFLY

THERE was once a caterpillar who was so greedy and lazy that he was more like a little green pig than a well brought up worm. He was so afraid some one would come and take away his rose that he wouldn't stop eating for a second, although there were thousands of roses in the garden where he lived. He wouldn't budge until he had eaten his way right through a petal, and he got so fat that the fairies began to be worried. Of course the fairies are responsible for all the caterpillars and have to see that they behave and turn into butterflies in time to decorate the summer gardens. Finally they sent Trip, the nicest of the elves, to tell the caterpillar he simply *must* stop eating and take more exercise.

But the greedy little pig simply wouldn't listen. He went right on gobbing. Finally Trip grew angry.

"All right!" he shouted. "You may be having a good time now, but when you come to go to bed, you'll find it isn't such fun to spin a hammock strong enough to hold your great fat body," and away he went, and left the caterpillar still gobbling.

A little later the fairies went about telling all the caterpillars in the garden that it was time for them to go to bed. All the other caterpillars thanked the fairies politely and, curling themselves into nice little green balls, fastened

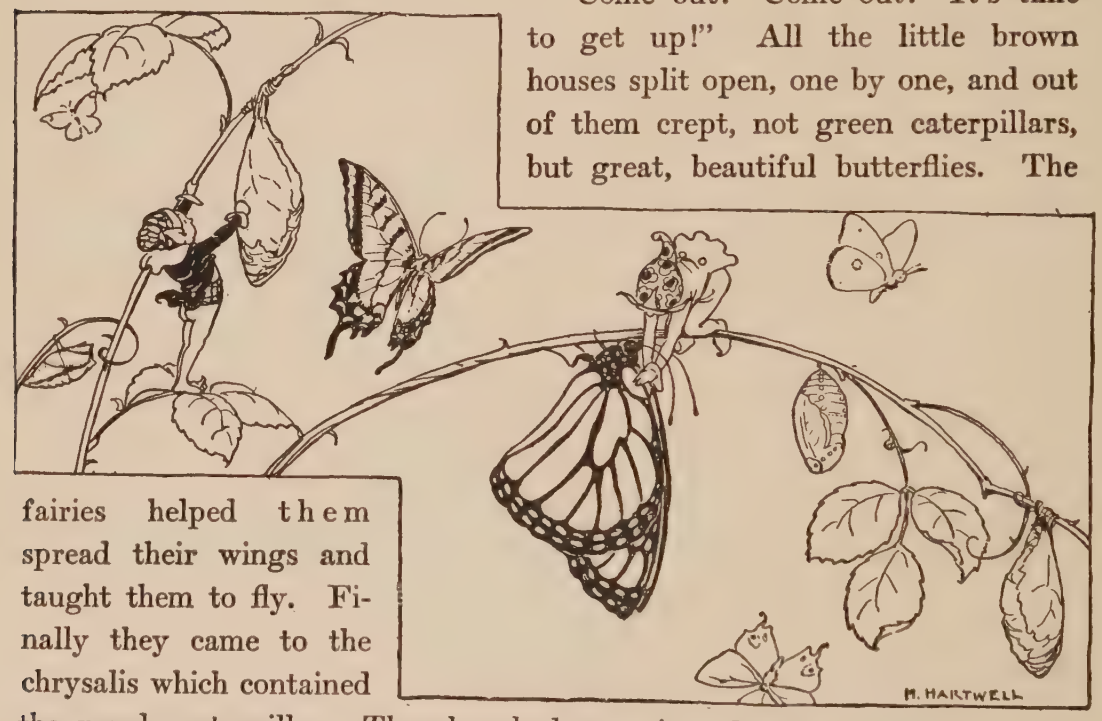
themselves securely to their twigs. But greedy caterpillar only laughed. He thought to himself that there would be all the more rose-leaves for him to eat if he stayed up, and he went on gobbling and getting fatter and fatter.

One day he found the rose-leaves weren't so sweet as they had been. He felt quite drowsy and heavy.

"I think I *will* go to bed," he said, but when he tried to spin, he found he was so big and fat that it took a long time to make a swing strong enough to hold him. He was so sleepy that he *would* keep drowsing off, and it was a long time before he could trust the rope to hold him. Then he curled up and slept and slept and slept.

Finally there came a warm summer day when the fairies went around waking the chrysalides. They knocked at the door of each little brown house and called,

"Come out! Come out! It's time to get up!" All the little brown houses split open, one by one, and out of them crept, not green caterpillars, but great, beautiful butterflies. The



fairies helped them spread their wings and taught them to fly. Finally they came to the chrysalis which contained the greedy caterpillar. They knocked upon it and called,

"It's time to get up!" Now the caterpillar had gone to bed so late that he was still very sleepy. For a long time he pretended not to hear them—but they kept right on knocking.

"Get up!" they said. "The air is full of sunshine and the flowers are full of honey. Your brothers are waiting for you to fly with them." The

lazy caterpillar only turned over. He was so sleepy that even the honey did not make him want to get up.

"Go away and let me alone!" he called crossly, and so the fairies went away and left him.

The butterflies fluttered about the garden and danced in the air and drank the honey from the flowers, but the lazy caterpillar still slept and slept and slept. After a long time he woke up. It was very cold. He turned over and tried to go to sleep again, but he found he was too big for his house. He tried to break it open, but he did not have the fairies to help him, and it was very hard. After a long, long time he managed to make a hole and step out. He was no longer a caterpillar, but a great, gorgeous butterfly.

"Now," he thought, "I will fly about and enjoy myself!" But the garden was no longer sunny, the summer was gone and everything was cold and dark. He tried to fly but there were no fairies to teach him because they were all busy putting the flowers to bed. The butterflies had all gone to sleep and there was no one to show him the way to flutter his wings. He was clinging sadly to the twig of a bush when he heard a voice above him. It was a little girl who was holding her mother's hand and looking down at him.

"Look, Mother!" said the little girl. "See the Behind-the-Time

Butterfly! All the others have gone, but this one is just coming out of his house." The butterfly heard her and suddenly he remembered what the fairies had said.

"Oh, dear!" he thought. "The others didn't wait for me. While I was asleep they were having all the fun. I wish I had gotten up!"

The little girl bent over him.

"I do believe he feels badly at being so late!" she said to her mother. "He's lonely. May I take him home?"

"Yes," said her mother. "We'll put him in a little box."

So now the Behind-the-Time Butterfly lives in a little glass house and the little girl and her mother give him a drop of honey every day and a lovely flower to brighten his home. The fairies, who are sorry for him, come sometimes at night to tell him what it is like outdoors in the summer-time, and he tries very hard to be contented. But when he's all alone, he sits upon the flower, and closing his eyes, moans to himself very softly,

"Oh, I wish I'd gotten up! I wish I'd been a Just-on-Time Butterfly. I'm really the one who missed things, after all!"

FLORENCE RYERSON

Did you ever–?
Did you ever see a mill race, or a bed spring?
TICK
TOCK
TICK
TOCK
TICK
TOCK
Did you ever see a sword fish, or hear a pillow tick?
G·C

Some told him fairy tales

THE UGLY·DUCKLING of ODENSE

"It matters nothing if one is born in a duck yard, if one has only lain in a swan's egg."

IN THE year of 1805, on April 2nd, a baby was born in a one-room home in the town of Odense, Denmark. The room on which he first looked served as kitchen, dining-room, bedroom, living-room, and workshop for the little family,—the father, the mother, and the tiny new baby who was named Hans Christian Andersen. Now you know whom this tale is about. From the great four-post bed which his father had made, the baby Hans, as he grew older, could look out on the chest of drawers upon which were shining glasses and dishes and gay bits of crockery. He could gaze at the door, the panels of which were painted with gay pictures. He could see his father, who was a cobbler, working at his bench by the window, over which was a shelf of books. There was a bright, shining stove, and across the room hung festoons of herbs drying for soups and stews and medicines. At night, when the candle was lighted, calico curtains were drawn about the bed, and the baby was shut into a little world all his own; but after he had dropped to sleep and it was sleeping time for the grown folks, his father drew out a trundle-bed from underneath the big bed and put the sleeping boy into it. In the little home there was not room enough for the trundle-bed when the big folk were walking around. Over the kitchen end of the room was a little attic, reached by a ladder, and outside of the attic window ran a

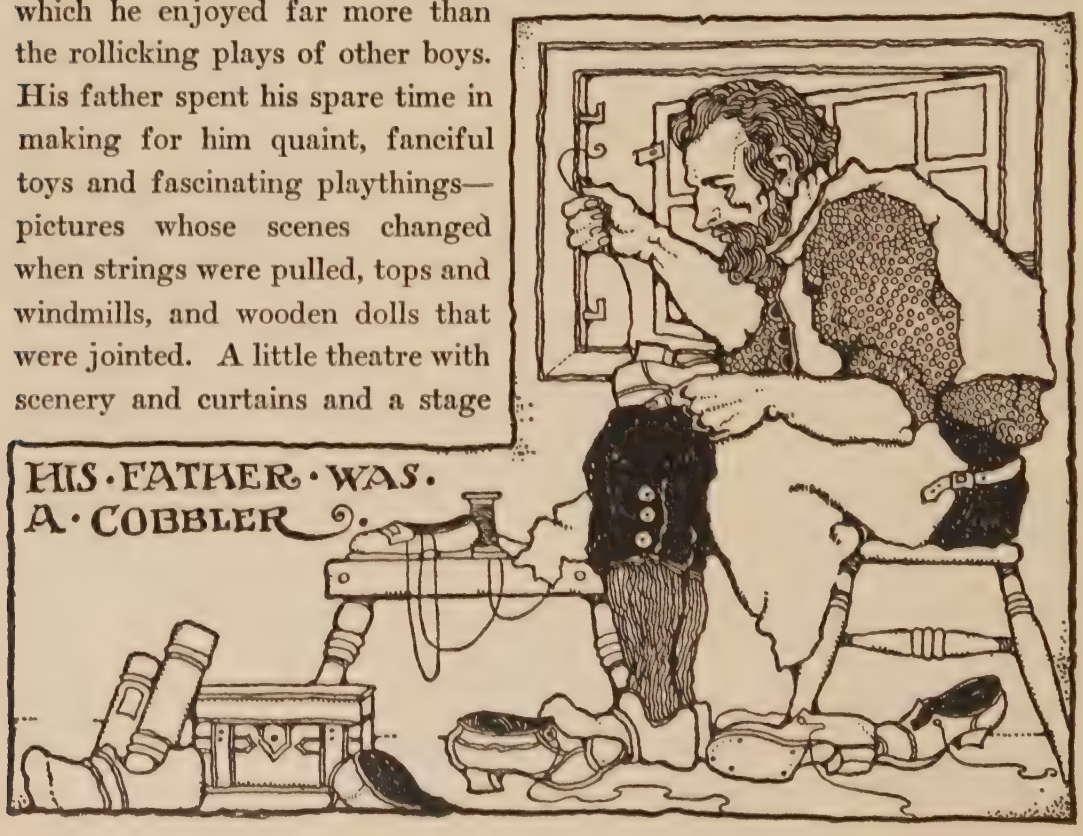
SNOW·QUEEN

RED·SHOES

roof gutter. In the window-box that was fastened there, grew parsley and chives to be picked when his mother wanted them for cooking. Doesn't this make you think of the little attic gardens that Gerda and Kay had in the story, *The Snow Queen?*

The little boy's father was a strange and gloomy man who seldom smiled. He was a cobbler, not from choice, but because his parents had been poor, and it was all he had learned to do. When young, he wanted to go to the Latin School and be a scholar, for he loved books and wisdom; but when, instead, he had to settle down to cobbling, he grew morose and silent and could not be happy. He loved to read, however, and every night when his day's work was finished, he would take down a book from his book-shelf and read to his little family. His favorite books were *The Arabian Nights* and some tales from *La Fontaine.* Little Hans listened, wide-eyed, to these tales, for they stirred his imagination and made him live in another world than that bounded by the four walls of his tiny home.

The little baby grew into a queer little lad who did not play with other children. He wanted rather to stay at home making up his own little games which he enjoyed far more than the rollicking plays of other boys. His father spent his spare time in making for him quaint, fanciful toys and fascinating playthings—pictures whose scenes changed when strings were pulled, tops and windmills, and wooden dolls that were jointed. A little theatre with scenery and curtains and a stage



upon which the wooden dolls could move as actors was the chief delight of the little boy. He spent most of his time during long winter days playing with it, making up plays for the dolls to act, and designing and sewing their costumes himself.

In summer-time he made a tent of his mother's apron, hanging it between the wall and a gooseberry bush with a broomstick holding up one end. Under this he played in rain and shine, watching the tiny shoots on the gooseberry bush peep out from brown buds and grow from tender feathery things to pointed green leaves. On holidays his father took him for walks into the country. Here his father would lie under a tree and think, while Hans danced about gathering flowers, picking wild berries and playing his own odd little games. In one of his stories he says, "If you hold one of those burdock leaves before your little body, it's just like an apron, and if you put it on your head, it's almost as good as an umbrella, it's so big." Can't you almost see him discovering that, out in the wood on one of those happy holidays?

His grandmother came to see him every Saturday. Now and then she took him to the poorhouse to visit; and there he sat in the spinning-room with the old women, listening to their talk. Some of them told him fairy tales, and many of these he rewrote for other children when he grew up.

He would not go to school. He hated to study, and only wanted to stay at home with his dolls and his toy theatre and his books. Had he gone to school, it would have saved him much trouble and pain in later years, for he had to study when a grown man the things he should have learned when a little boy.

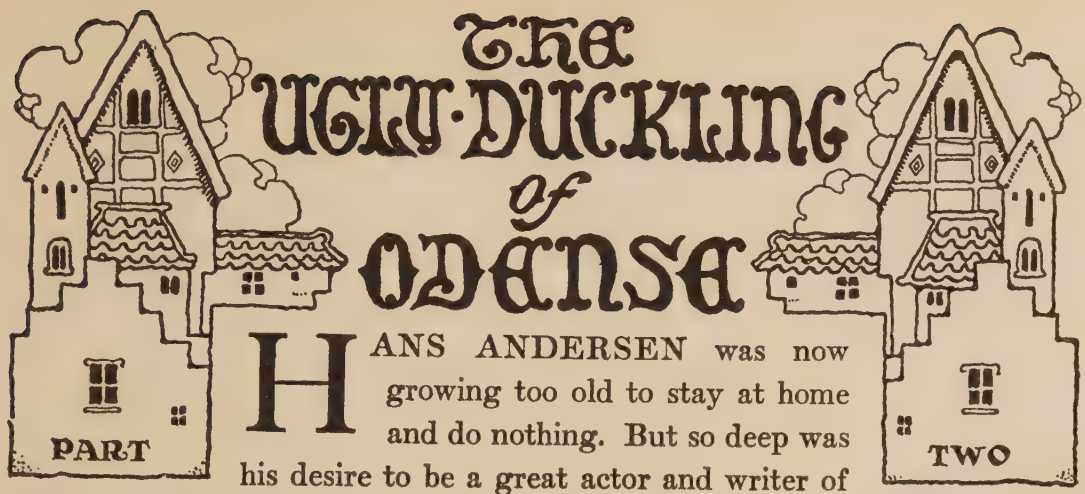
Each year of his life Hans grew homelier. His eyes were too small for his face. His nose was enormous, his neck long and thin, and his legs awkward, spindling things that made him look like a stork. Because he would not play with them, the other children thought he had an idea he was better than they (which perhaps he had), and they laughed at his queer looks and made him miserable with their jokes and taunts. His mother, who might have helped him, let him stay at home with his books rather than make him miserable by sending him to school. He read everything he could find. When he was eleven years old he had read Shakespeare, and after that he decided he was going to be a great actor and also write plays. This was a big ambition for a boy of eleven. When his father died, his mother married again. His stepfather thought it strange for Hans to do nothing and they tried to find work for him that he might settle down to a useful life. But nothing sensible would Hans do. He wanted to write plays, he said, and be an actor and become famous.

The year 1819 brought a great and wonderful day to Hans, his Confirmation Day. As he was very religious and prayed much and read the Bible, this Easter was to mean much to him. He must have a new suit for the occasion, and new boots. His father's old overcoat was brought out and a tailoress made it into a fine suit for him. New boots were bought. He was proud of his suit and much prouder of the new boots, for they were his first. Always before he had worn wooden shoes. He wanted every one to know that he had on new boots. He pulled them on over his trousers, and when he walked down the church aisle he stepped so heavily that they squeaked loudly and caused every one to notice them. But during the service he grew ashamed that thoughts of shiny new boots should fill him at such a solemn and holy time, and he was sorry. Years afterward he wrote a story called *The Red Shoes,* which we know must have come to him from the memory of his own new shoes on his Confirmation Day.

Although Hans was growing up so strange and ugly and lazy, he kept the desire to be great and famous burning bright in his heart. He wanted to know people who were wise and had done great things. Poor lad, he was like the Ugly Duckling in his story who sadly watched the great white swans flying to lands far away and did not know that he, too, would one day be like them.

ELEANOR FAIRCHILD PEASE

(*To be concluded*)



HANS ANDERSEN was now growing too old to stay at home and do nothing. But so deep was his desire to be a great actor and writer of plays that when his people once more tried to persuade him to settle down and learn a trade, he said that instead he was going to Copenhagen to make his fortune. He was only fourteen, but he told his mother that he intended to be a famous man. When she asked him what one must do to become famous, he answered, "You go through a frightful lot of hardship first, and then you become famous." He little knew when he said those words how hard his trials would be. As his mother had grown to think that everything her Hans said was very wise, she decided to let him go to make his fortune. With about sixteen dollars in his pocket, a letter to a dancer at the Royal Theatre, and nothing else but the clothes he had on, Hans bade farewell to his mother and left his home for Copenhagen.

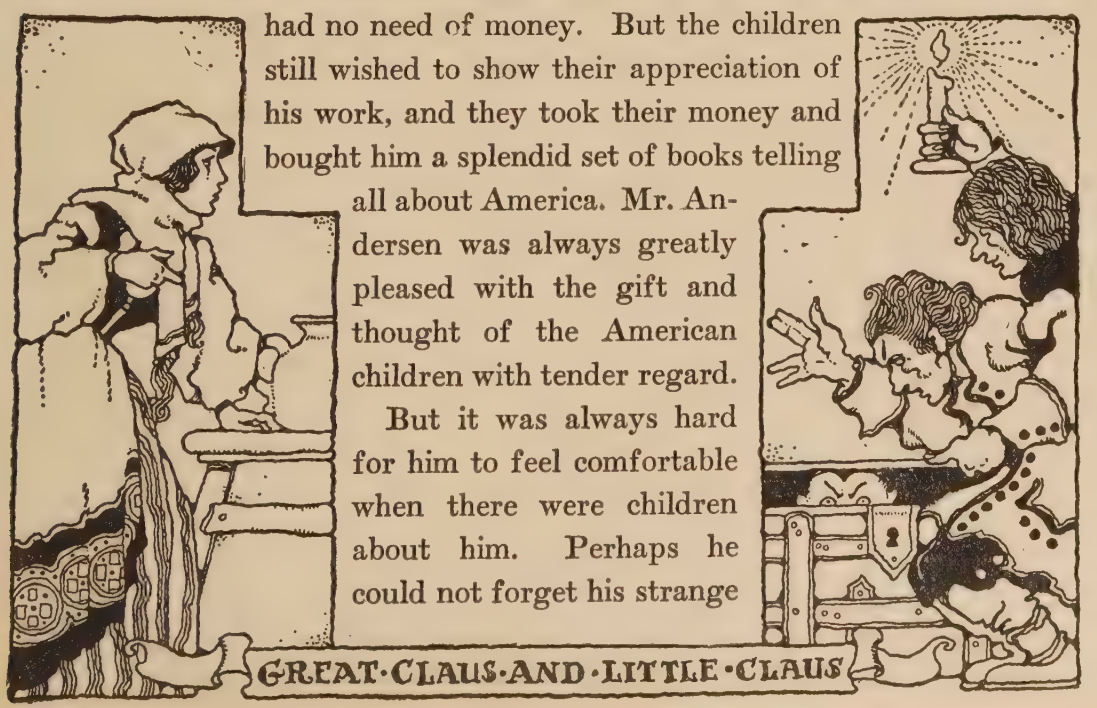
The first thing he did was to go to the home of Mme. Schal, the dancer, to present his letter to her. He had no idea but that she would at once help him go on the stage and that very shortly thereafter he would be famous. As soon as she appeared in her sitting-room, he began very loudly to declaim some verses he had learned and which he thought would please her. But the poor madame was so frightened, thinking a lunatic had come into her house, that she had him put out. It was a bad beginning, and Hans was destined to have many, many more bitter disappointments and hardships.

He found odd bits of work to do. Often he went hungry. His clothes were getting too small, for he was growing taller and more ungainly. He lived in a poor little room and suffered bitterly from the cold in winter. But of these days he tells us when he lay down to sleep of a night in his little attic, he had a wonderful trust in God and a belief that all things would come out right in the end.

The Tinder Box

At last, kind people began to notice the poor boy. Some friends offered to send him to school, for he had never learned to spell correctly and his grammar was exceedingly bad. He gave up his ambition to become an actor —which was very well, for he would never have made a good one—but he still desired to write. Strange to say, it was not children's stories, the very thing that made him famous, that he wanted to write. It was not until he was thirty years old that his first stories for children, *The Tinder Box* and *Great Claus and Little Claus* were written. From that time on, he was known, and gradually he became famous. His writings brought him enough money so that he could travel, and this was what he had always desired. He journeyed through Italy, Spain, France, and Austria. He went down to Egypt, and visited other strange countries. Great writers and famous and successful people became his friends, and even royalty visited him.

When he was growing old, an accident left him very sick and weak and he was an invalid for the rest of his life. Although he was not poor, the story went about that he was in want. Little ones in many countries had grown to love his fairy tales, and when the children of America heard that he was sick and needy, they planned to put their money together and send it to him. Hans Andersen heard of this and he felt sorry that people should think him poor. He wrote to America telling the truth, that he was comfortable and had no need of money. But the children still wished to show their appreciation of his work, and they took their money and bought him a splendid set of books telling all about America. Mr. Andersen was always greatly pleased with the gift and thought of the American children with tender regard.



But it was always hard for him to feel comfortable when there were children about him. Perhaps he could not forget his strange

boyhood, when he never played with them and feared their laughter and unkindness. We do know that he understood children, for otherwise he could never have written for them the stories he did, and he could not have known how the little girl that the Moon told about felt. As it is a short story, I will retell it here. The Moon said:

"I have seen a cadet promoted to be an officer, dressing himself for the first time in his gorgeous uniform. I have seen the young girl in her ball dress, and I have seen the royal bride rejoicing in her lovely robes. But I have never seen greater delight than I saw last night in a child, just four years old. She had on a new blue frock and a pink hat! They had just been put on and the people around were calling for lights. The moon, shining through the window, gave too faint a light, and they wanted different lights. There stood the little girl, stiff as a doll, anxiously keeping her arms off her dress, and her fingers stretched wide apart. Oh, how her eyes beamed! 'To-morrow you may go to walk in the dress,' said the mother. The little one looked up at her hat and down at her dress and smiled blissfully. 'Mother,' she cried, 'what will the little dogs think when they see me in these fine clothes?' "

Hans Christian Andersen had several little friends who wrote letters to him, and he wrote them many a funny and jolly reply. Here is a letter he wrote to a good little girl named Marie, of whom he was very fond:

"Dear Little Marie: Papa and mamma can read this letter to you, as you cannot read it yourself yet. But only wait till this time four years; ah, then you'll be able to read everything, I know. I am in the country now, like you . . . . . it is so nice, and I have had some strawberries, large red strawberries with cream. Have you had any? One can taste them right down into one's stomach. Yesterday I went down to the sea. . . . . .and sat on a rock by the shore. Presently a large white bird that they call a gull came flying along. It flew right towards me, so that I fancied it would have clapped me with its wings; but mercy on us, it said 'Ma-ma-ree!' Why,

what's the matter?' I asked. 'Ma-ma-ree!' it said again, and then, of course, I understood that 'Ma-ma-ree' meant Marie. 'Oh,' said I, 'then you bring me a greeting from Marie; that's what it is, eh?' 'Ya-ya! Ma-ma-ree,' it said. It couldn't say it any better than that, for it knew only the gull language and that is not very much like ours. 'Thanks for the greeting,' said I, and off flew the gull. After that, as I was walking in the garden, a little sparrow came flying up. 'I suppose now you have flown a long way?' said I. 'Vit, vit,' [far, far] it said. Have you been at Petershoi?' I asked. 'Lit, lit, lit,' [a little, a little, a little] it said. 'Did you see Marie?' I asked. 'Tit, tit, tit,' [often, often, often] it said. 'Then give my greeting to Marie, for I suppose you are going back?' I said. 'Lit, lit,' it replied. If it has not come yet, it will come later on, but first I'll send you this letter. You may feed the little bird if you like, but you must not squeeze it. Now greet for me all good people, all sensible beasts, and all the pretty flowers that wither before I see them. Isn't it nice to be in the country, to paddle on the water, to eat lots of nice things, and get a letter from your sweetheart?

"H. C. Andersen."

The words "vit," "lit" and "tit" meant in his language, "far," "a little" and "often."

And now, don't you feel that you know Hans Christian Andersen, the story-maker, very well? When you read his stories you will think, "Oh, I know when he thought of that." When you read *The Metal Pig,* you will know that he might not have written it had he not travelled in Italy. When you read about the storks, you will know that he travelled in Egypt and saw them spending their winters there. His spinning-wheel story will take you back to the spinning-room in the poorhouse where he went with his grandmother, and when you read of Gerda and Kay you will see him sitting by his little attic garden perhaps wishing for such a friend as Kay had. But when you read *The Ugly Duckling* you will always think of Hans, the poor, awkward, homely lad who grew to be a great and famous man. And you will be glad to know that after so many hardships he grew up to know the real meaning of happiness, which is in giving happiness to others.

Eleanor Fairchild Pease

A PUZZLED LITTLE GRANDSON

MY grandpa and my grandma call
My papa "Son"; and me
They call their little "Grandson," and
Just why, I cannot see.

For father, he's the one that's grand—
The grandest man I know;
And I am just his little son,
With lots of years to grow.

But grandpa and my grandma seem
To somehow understand
My papa is just merely son,
And I'm their son that's grand.

I'm going to ask them to explain;
I can't believe it's true,
That when they're grand, and I am grand,
My daddy isn't, too!

E. B. GRIMES

F all the Vikings of the Northland there was none like Leif the Lucky, son of Eric the Red. A whole head taller, a palm's-width broader than any of his comrades in King Olaf's Guard was this great blond giant.

His face was bronzed with many voyages from Norway to his father's home in Greenland, and from Norway to many another land in the service of his king. His hair was like burnished gold and shone as brightly in the sun as did his gilded helmet. His eyes were steel blue and piercing as a sword. His nose was thin and hooked, like an eagle's beak.

Astride his great black horse, his yellow hair and scarlet cloak flying in the wind, his spurs jingling, armour and weapons clattering, he might have been the god Thor— except that Leif wore on his gilded shield the white cross of Christ, as did his king.

Likewise, in his ship, the *Sea-Deer,* was Leif a hero for the bards and poets of the Northland. Clad from head to foot in scarlet, standing aft at the great steering oar, he made a thrilling picture. The wind blew out his long hair in a golden banner. The wind filled the scarlet and white sails before him. Proudly his men sat at their places on the rowing benches. Proudly they bent their backs to the oars. And so the *Sea-Deer* was wont to sail away into a beautiful world of light and color and motion.

However, Leif the Lucky, also called the Loved One, had one ship that was not beautiful. It was a plain, stout trading vessel with hull of scarlet, which became far more famous than the *Sea-Deer,* fleet and graceful as she was. For in it the Viking prince made one voyage not into a world of sunlight and soft winds, but into fogs and unknown watery wastes. This is the voyage that shall be remembered always.

ONE spring morning he bade farewell to Eric, his father, and to Thorhild, his mother. He left his rude stone palace of Brattahlid. He left the pleasant meadows of Greenland and sailed away. He was going to seek the western shore of the world which only one man had ever seen, which none had dared set foot upon. With a crew even smaller than he was wont to take on pleasure trips, but not less faithful, he set out upon the great adventure.

It was a great adventure, the greatest ever made. Vikings had settled Iceland and Greenland; they had sailed to far-away Greece and Africa, but none had purposely steered through the gulf of darkness and silence that hid the western shore. Moving steadily forward by day, sleeping on the tent-covered deck by night, Leif and his men came at last to land. It was an island with towering mountains of ice and lichen-covered boulders; a desolate place, indeed.

Was this the shore they sought, or merely a country of enchantment? That was the question in the minds of the crew.

Leif answered for them. "It shall not be said of us that we lacked the courage to explore."

All that day he led his Viking band over the rocky waste. Some creeping bushes on the hills, small, stunted trees in sheltered places, a solitary fox, and sea-birds they discovered, but nothing more.

"It shall be called Helluland," declared Leif as he sailed away from that cheerless country, "for it is indeed an icy plain."

Next they came to a low level coast. More trees than they had ever seen in Greenland were massed upon the hills before them.

"Markland it shall be, for its fine woods," cried Leif.

Again he led his little band in exploration. Everywhere thickets of bushes and vines blocked their way. Everywhere a wealth of berries was to be had for the taking. It was a fruitful land. Some would have stayed, but Leif said, "No."

THREE days later they were glad enough they had followed their leader's counsel. For they came upon a country the like of which they had not dreamed. The Lucky One had led them into an earthly paradise.

Here, as the bards and poets were to sing for centuries to come, vines grew wild upon the hills, and grain upon the plains; here the rivers were filled with fish, and the thickets rustled with game; the islands were covered with wild fowl; even the dew upon the grass was honey-sweet!

Giving thanks to God for the wonderful discovery, Leif straight-

way decided to spend the winter here, in the provision house of the world. (No one knows the exact spot. It was probably somewhere between Labrador and New Jersey.)

Five huts were built facing seaward. These were the first homes of white men in all the western world. Then the tall, blond Vikings, who had arrived perhaps five hundred years before Columbus, set to work gathering their winter stores.

Grain that grew without planting was a treasure, to be sure. There was nothing like it in Greenland nor in any country which the Vikings knew. They garnered it until their bins were filled.

And grapes that grew without care seemed like a miracle. Juicy purple clusters as thick as crow-berries, and in such abundance as no one could count! Shouting and singing they carried them in from the forest to make them into raisins and wine.

"Vineland shall this land be called," said Leif.

THOUGH the winter proved mild, hardly more than a Greenland autumn, it was hard to wait for spring and sailing weather. Such treasures, such luck, must be shared with friends at home.

It was a happy day when the stout little trading vessel sailed away, laden with a store of grain-sacks and wine-kegs. It was a happier time when she came to anchor at the ship-sheds of Eric the Red in beloved Greenland.

The home shore was thronged with friends of the Lucky One and his brave crew.

"Hail to Leif Ericsson!" they cried with such cheering, stamping, and clashing of weapons as Greenland had never heard.

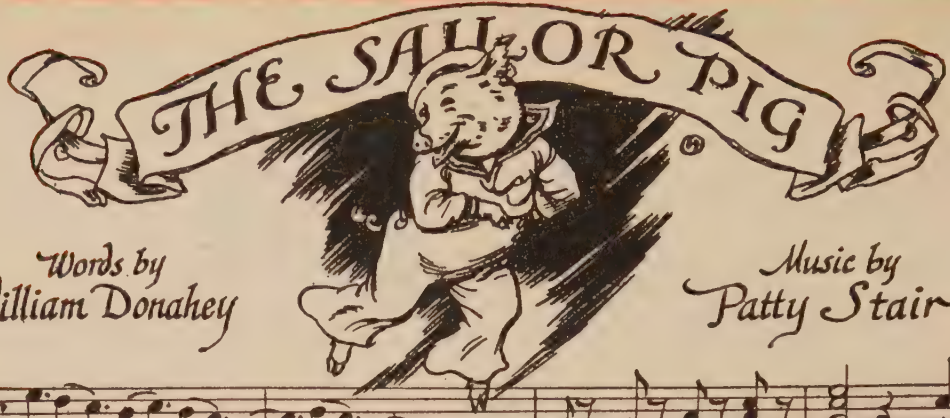
And thus ended the famous voyage of the real discoverers of America.

FRANCES HIGGINS

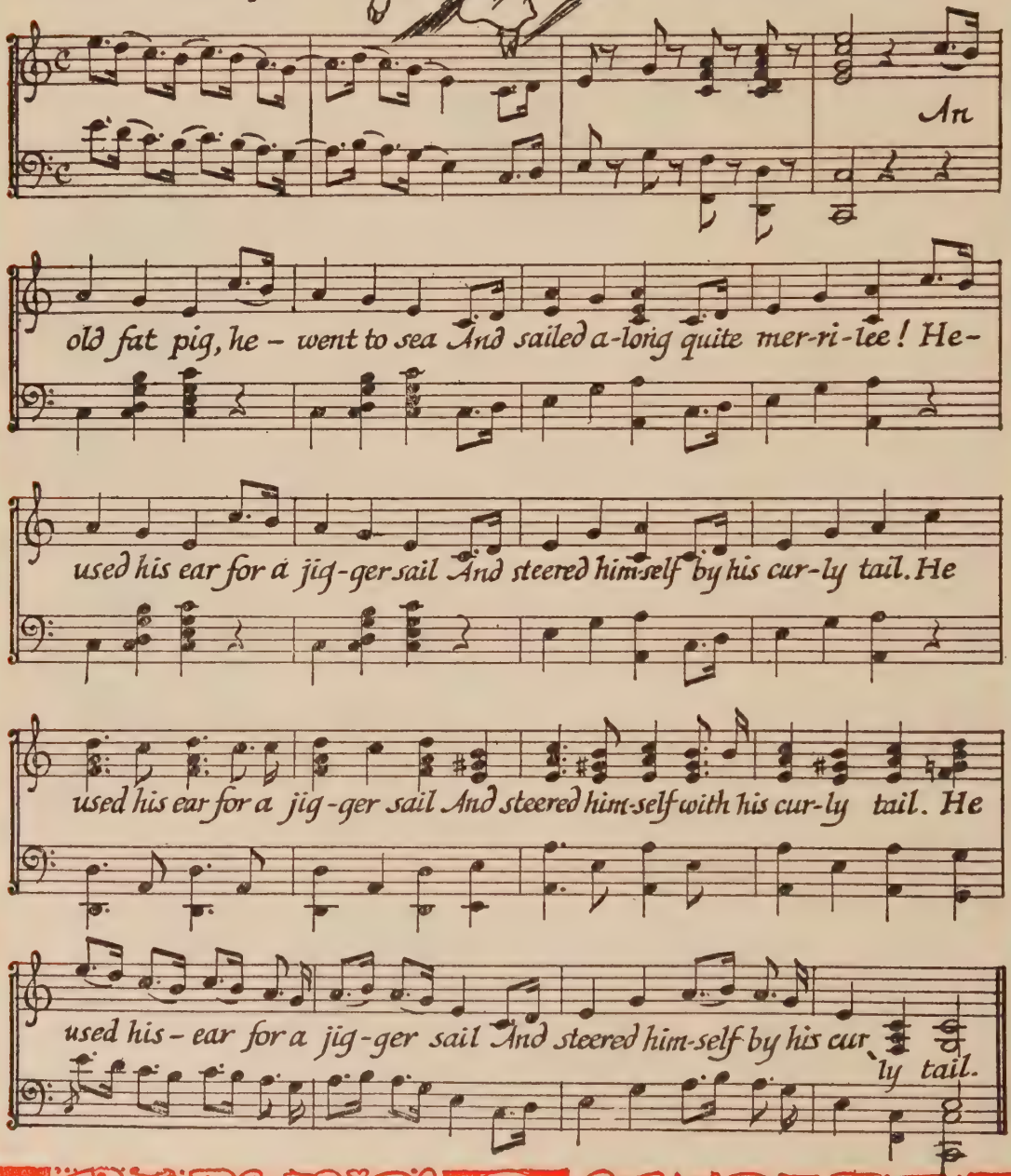
Sing Song of Months

JANUARY cold, desolate;
February all dripping wet;
March wind ranges;
April changes;
Birds sing in tune
To flowers of May,
And sunny June
Brings longest day;
In scorched July
The storm-clouds fly
Lightning-torn;
August bears corn,
September, fruit;
In rough October
Earth must disrobe her;
Stars fall and shoot
In keen November;
And night is long
And cold is strong
In bleak December.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

THE SAILOR PIG

Words by
William Donahey

Music by
Patty Stair


An
old fat pig, he - went to sea And sailed a-long quite mer-ri-lee! He-
used his ear for a jig-ger sail And steered him-self by his cur-ly tail. He
used his ear for a jig-ger sail And steered him-self with his cur-ly tail. He
used his - ear for a jig-ger sail And steered him-self by his cur-ly tail.

The MAGICAL SONG

AGES ago, in ancient Greece, when the air, forests and streams were peopled with nothing too wondrous or too beautiful, there lived a poet and famous musician called Arion.

He brought forth on his golden harp such glorious strains that it was said the animals would stop and even the birds would be halted by the might of his winning music to listen.

He liked to travel about to display his skill and give pleasure to lovers of music, not only in his own, but in other lands, and many a prize he earned at musical gatherings.

One day he heard of a contest to be held in Sicily. Periander, the king of Corinth, with whom he lived, feared he might not win or danger might befall him, and earnestly advised him not to go. But against his wish Arion went and won so much gold and silver in prizes that he embarked for home fabulously wealthy.

As he was afraid to trust his treasures to the strangers of Sicily, he engaged sailors from Corinth, the land of Periander, to man his ship.

They set sail in perfect weather, the sea was calm, the winds played softly in the air, and not a cloud marred the serenity of the heavens.

But a tumultuous storm was brewing on board ship among the sailors. One after another coveted the great treasures which the ship carried, and at last they all joined in a plot to

rid themselves of Arion, and to possess themselves of his vast riches.

"Either *we* must put him out of the way, or else he must perish by his own means," they declared.

So they approached and surrounded him in angry mood, brandishing swords in air, exclaiming,

"Arion, you must die!"

Learning the cause of their menace, he cheerfully offered them the golden treasures which they so much wished to own.

"My gold and silver you may have," he said, "but spare me my life, I implore you."

To this they would not assent, and they answered,

"What good would your wealth be to us, when we should always be in fear of you, were you living. Of King Periander, too, should we always live in mortal dread and fear. It would be too dangerous, if you were alive, therefore, choose your fate."

~HE STOOD BEFORE THEM AND COMMENCED TO PLAY~

Arion begged and pleaded with them, all to no purpose.

"Since nothing can save me, grant me a last request," he said.

"Let me sing a final song to the strains of my harp, then will I cast myself into the sea that you may be saved the horror of and remorse at my death."

They agreed to this for they were really curious to hear and know what mysterious and magical music could have won the wealth they so much coveted.

They allowed him to clothe himself in the garb of a minstrel as he would have done for a musical festival.

In a robe of royal purple and gold gracefully folded about him, with his hair crowned by the golden wreath which he had won, he stood before them and commenced to play.

Then such melodious sounds filled the ears and souls of the sailors as they had never dreamed of.

He sang to his lyre, beseeching it ever to be his companion and to go with him. To the angels in heaven he appealed, to await and receive him. He sang to the gods of the injustice and wrong forced upon him by the sailors of his ship.

He looked down and sang also to the Nereids, the nymphs who dwelt in palaces in the boundless, dark blue sea.

The sailors listened, amazed and spellbound, for he seemed inspired by the gods.

His singing was so wondrously sweet, that even the dolphins of the deep listened, swarmed about and followed the ship, drawn by the charm of the music, its beauty, its mystery.

Having finished his song, he glanced at the soft blue sky above, and grasping his harp in his hand, he leapt overboard into the deep waters.

The sailors, firm in the thought that he was drowned, were very much pleased to be rid of him and at once set sail for home.

But a dolphin which had been charmed by Arion's enchanting music, carried him safely on his back across the water to the nearest land.

There Arion bade the dolphin good-bye, saying,

"Farewell, thou good and friendly fish. I cannot reward thee otherway

than to pray the Queen of the Seas to grant thee her especial favor."

So he journeyed along towards Corinth, peace and joy in his heart, singing gayly to the music of his harp, happy in the thought that though deprived of his treasures, his life had been spared and that he still had his beloved companion, the lyre, and his friend, Periander.

He reached home before the ship came into port and was warmly welcomed by the king.

"I have come back, my friend," he said, "stripped of all the rich prizes which I rightfully won. True, I feared the ocean and storms, but I had no thought of fear of the niggardly seamen who have robbed me of all my treasures."

Then he told his tale to Periander, who was astounded at such villainy, and who determined to punish the robbers.

"Hide yourself," he said, "and when they come here to report, I will question them."

Upon their arrival in the palace of Periander, they were asked,

"Where is Arion? I await him."

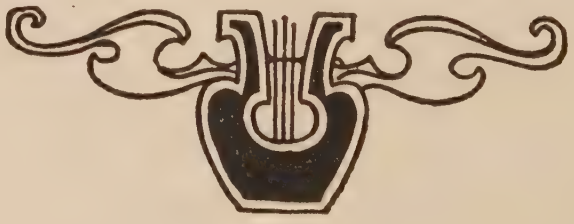
"Oh, he did not come with us," was the reply, "but we left him in excellent health and enjoying his vast riches."

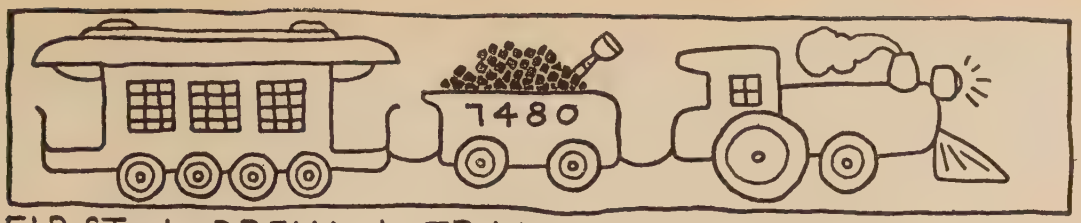
As these words were spoken, Arion came forth from his place of hiding and faced the robbers, clothed as he had been the last time they beheld him, even to the wonderful golden harp in his hand.

Then the sailors, no longer able to conceal their guilt and robbery, and believing him to have been changed into a god, fell upon their knees before Arion, and begged the earth to open and receive them.

Then spoke Periander. "Heaven protected the poet's life, and he wishes not your blood. Therefore, slaves of greed, begone! I leave you your lives, but may you drag out your days in some barbarous land bereft of all things beautiful as long as you live!

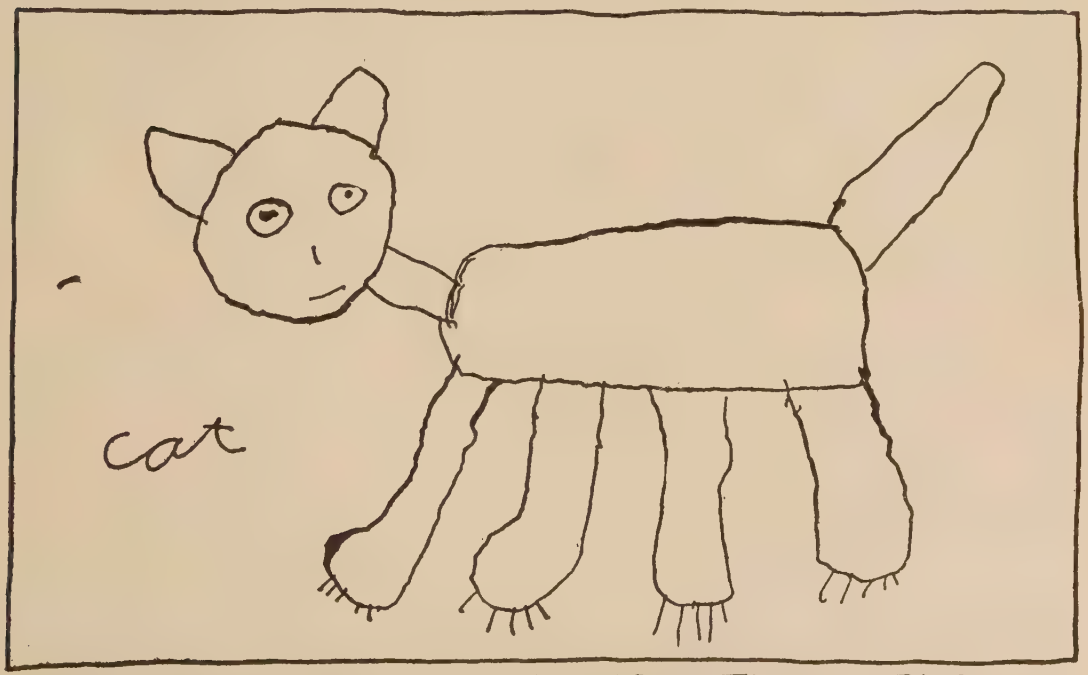
BARBARA ARDEN.





FIRST I DREW A TRAIN FOR YOU ↗

THEN DOROTHY DREW THAT ↗



AND STILL WE NEEDED SOMETHING ELSE

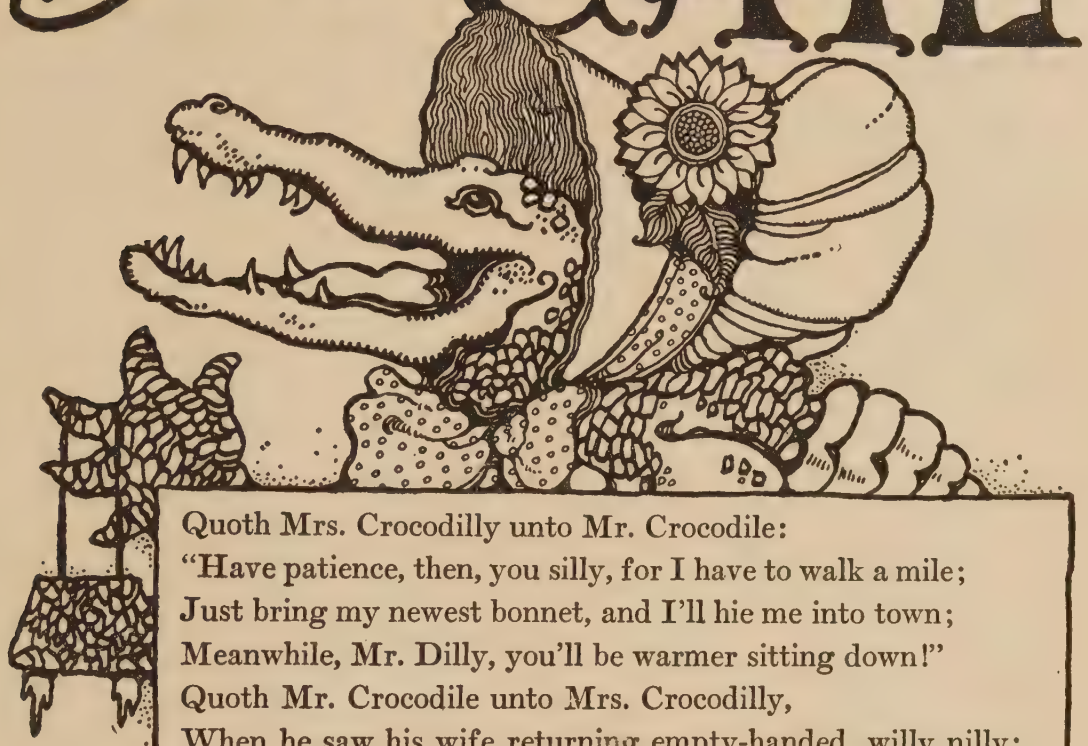
SO MOYA MADE A CAT!

I HOPE YOU THINK THAT IT IS GOOD. SHE DID THE VERY BEST SHE COULD.
ANOTHER THING YOU SHOULD BE TOLD. MOYA IS JUST FOUR YEARS OLD.

THE TALE

QUOTH Mr. Crocodile unto Mrs. Crocodilly:
"Come, come, wife; this is really very silly;
When I think of what has happened, why it
fairly makes me quail;
Look! Mrs. Crocodilly, I've completely lost my tail!"
Quoth Mrs. Crocodilly unto Mr. Crocodile:
"Rilly, rilly, rilly, but you men do make me smile!
You caught it on a bulrush in your eagerness to sup,
And I sent it to the tailor's with some thread to sew it up!"
Quoth Mr. Crocodile unto Mrs. Crocodilly:
"Woman, woman, woman, my back is getting chilly!
Hie thee to the tailor's then and quickly bring it here!
You're getting rather forward, Mrs. Crocodilly, dear."

# of a TAIL



Quoth Mrs. Crocodilly unto Mr. Crocodile:
"Have patience, then, you silly, for I have to walk a mile;
Just bring my newest bonnet, and I'll hie me into town;
Meanwhile, Mr. Dilly, you'll be warmer sitting down!"
Quoth Mr. Crocodile unto Mrs. Crocodilly,
When he saw his wife returning empty-handed, willy nilly:
"Heaven help us, Mrs. Dilly! Don't dare say it wasn't done;
This life without a tail, I tell you, isn't any fun!"
Quoth Mrs. Crocodilly unto Mr. Crocodile:
"Excuse me, Mr. Dilly, if I scarce repress a smile,
But it looks as if the tailor—yes, my dear, it really looks—
As if he'd cut your tail up into little pocketbooks!"

MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN

The SAUCER-PIE

IT was Saturday. Mother Brown Bear was extremely busy. She had a way of cramming Saturday with six days' work so that Sunday might be a day of rest indeed.

Being Saturday and no school with its rules, the six little brown bears were given their duties. For instance: the first little brown bear was to make his bed, hang up his pajamas, and go for a pail of water. The second little brown bear was to make his bed, hang up his pajamas, and clean the lamps. The third little brown bear was to make his bed, hang up his pajamas, and sweep the floors. The fourth little brown bear was to make his bed, hang up his pajamas, and mop the porches. The fifth little brown bear was to make his bed, hang up his pajamas, and wash the breakfast dishes. And the sixth little brown bear was to make his bed, hang up his pajamas, and chop wood.

First little brown bear.

Mother Brown Bear herself, having made her own bed and hung up her own nightgown, was planning to make pies—blueberry pies, just what all the little brown bears loved. She was mixing crust for six big pies and one little saucer-pie. The six little brown bears knew the six big berry pies were for a feast on Sunday, but

they wondered what Mother Brown Bear would do with the saucer-pie.

The first little brown bear made his bed rapidly, hung up his pajamas quickly, and hurriedly brought the pail of water. Then he stood in the kitchen and watched Mother Brown Bear busily rolling out the pie-crust and asked: "Mother Brown Bear, what is the little saucer-pie for?"

Mother Brown Bear, smiling knowingly at the first little brown bear, kept right on rolling out pie-crust and answered not a word.

The second little brown bear hurriedly made his bed, quickly hung up his pajamas, and rapidly cleaned and filled the lamps. Then he stood in the kitchen and watched Mother Brown Bear put the luscious blueberries into the pies, heaps and heaps of them. The little saucer-pie was heaped, too.

"Mother Brown Bear," asked the second little brown bear, "whom is the little saucer-pie for?"

Mother Brown Bear, smiling knowingly at the second little brown bear, kept on pouring in berries but answered not a word.

Third little brown bear-

Then the third little brown bear quickly made his bed, hurriedly hung up his pajamas, and rapidly swept the floors. After he had done this, he came into the kitchen and watched Mother Brown Bear pour scoops of glistening sugar upon the luscious berries in the pies. Even the saucer-pie had a whole scoop full of sugar.

"Oh, Mother Brown Bear," asked the third little brown bear, "who is going to have the saucer-pie?"

Mother Brown Bear smiled knowingly at the third little brown bear, but she went on pouring in sugar until it formed little mountains on all the pies, though she answered not a word.

Now the fourth little brown bear hurried and made his bed, quickly hung up his pajamas and mopped up his porches with great speed. Then

he also came into the kitchen and watched Mother Brown Bear just as she was putting the top crusts on all the six big pies and the seventh little saucer-pie. And every pie-crust had a beautiful feather cut in its middle where the fourth little brown bear knew steaming sweetness might come through. There were six big feathers for the six big pies and one little feather for the saucer-pie.

The fourth little brown bear eyed the saucer-pie with watering mouth while he asked: "To whom will you give the saucer-pie, Mother Brown Bear?"

Mother Brown Bear still smiled knowingly as she lifted a huge pie in her left paw while with her right she dexterously cut away the extra dough from the rim, but she never said a word.

The fifth little brown bear also made his bed quickly, hung up his pajamas with speed, and had the breakfast dishes all washed in a trice. Then he stood and watched Mother Brown Bear as she carefully placed all the big berry pies and the little saucer-pie in the oven. Ah! soon their white velvet crusts would be a delectable brown, and the fifth little brown bear could hardly wait for a morsel to melt in his mouth.

"What are you going to do with the saucer-pie, Mother Brown Bear?" he asked.

Still again Mother Brown Bear smiled knowingly while she gently closed the oven door on all those fascinating blueberry pies and answered not a word.

After the sixth little brown bear had carefully made his bed, he hung up his pajamas in exactly the right place and then went out to chop wood. He chopped wood all the time the first little brown bear was getting the pail of water. He chopped wood all the time the second little brown bear was cleaning the lamps. He chopped wood all the time the third little

brown bear was sweeping the floor. He chopped wood all the time the fourth little brown bear was mopping the porches. He chopped wood all the time the fifth little brown bear was washing the dishes.

Then he chopped wood all the time the first little brown bear was watching Mother Brown Bear make the pie-crusts. And he chopped wood all the time the second little brown bear was longingly watching Mother Brown Bear put the delicious blueberries into the pies. And he chopped wood all the time the third little brown bear watched Mother Brown Bear pour the scoops of sugar into the pies. And he chopped wood all the time the fourth little brown bear was watching Mother Brown Bear put the top crusts upon the six big pies and the seventh saucer-pie. And he chopped wood all the time the fifth little brown bear was watching Mother Brown Bear so carefully slip the delectable pies into the oven. Indeed, the sixth little brown bear was still chopping wood when all six bouncing pies and the seventh little saucer-pie had been nicely browned to exactly the right turn, and when Mother Brown Bear, still with that knowing smile, was taking them out of the hot oven, surrounded by the admiring gaze of the five other little brown bears.

The little saucer-pie was the last to be taken out. Ah! it was a toothsome morsel! Just a suggestion of the sweet juice within seeped through the pretty feather on the top crust. The mouths of five little brown bears dripped in eager anticipation.

Instead of laying the saucer-pie on the table with the six great pies reserved for Sunday, Mother Brown Bear carried it to the door, and calling the sixth little brown bear from his chopping, she said:

"The saucer-pie is for the sixth little brown bear who has not only made his bed with great care, placed his pajamas on exactly the right hook, but has steadily and industriously chopped wood all the morning long."

MARY LAURENCE TURNBULL TUFTS

Gardening in Animal Land

SPRING had come; all the trees were getting new dresses,—the ground was covering itself with soft green and the violets were shyly opening their blue eyes. The King said to the people of Animal Land: "We must make a garden. Who will plough the ground?"

"I will," said the little pig. So he rooted about all day and found many sweet roots for his dinner. At night he had the ground all ploughed.

"Now, who will harrow the field?" asked the King.

"I will be the harrow," said the porcupine, "if somebody will pull me on my back." Then one monkey took hold of his front feet and another took hold of his back feet and they dragged the porcupine all over the field until the ground was all smooth and level.

"Somebody must make us furrows now," said the King.

"We can do that," said the blind little moles. They dug through the soft earth and at night the field was all laid out in furrows, ready for seed.

"What seeds shall we plant?"

"Lettuce," said Bunny.

"Corn," said the squirrel and the old crow.

"Grass," said the horse.

"Wheat," said the hen.

"Roots," said the pig.

"Cocoanuts," said the monkeys. All the animals laughed at this, for they knew that it would take a long, long time for cocoanuts to grow. But the King said that they would plant all the other seeds.

"Who will carry the seeds?"

"I will," said the kangaroo, "in my funny pouch."

"And we will scatter it," said the birds.

Soon the seeds were all planted and the animal people began to watch the ground to see the little plants come up. By and by they could see them and everybody wanted to help hoe and weed the garden. The little moles and mice and gophers dug under the ground to get all the weed seeds that were sprouting. The chickens scratched up all the weeds that were growing. The pig rooted and the horse thought he would help by stamping the ground, so he ran about the field all day. The beavers cut off all the plants they found with their sharp teeth, and the toads hopped around, looking for flies and bugs. They worked until so late that the King had to bring out his firefly lantern to look at the work. What do you think he found? They had all worked so hard, they had dug and cut and stamped every living thing in the garden—there was nothing left. Next day the King sent for the little boy and girl living across the meadow to bring their hoe and rake and shovel and make the garden again. And all the animal people sat and watched so they would know how to do it next spring. ORA CRANDALL CLEMENT.

All the Animal People sat and watched them

ANDROCLES *and the* LION

ONCE upon a time—and a very long time ago it was—there was a poor slave named Androcles, who lived in Africa. In those days there were a great many slaves, and I am afraid they were not all kindly treated. Certainly Androcles was not. His master used him so cruelly that at last he decided to run away. Nothing that could happen to him would be worse than what he was suffering at home.

He did not know where to go. He was afraid to ask any of his friends to help him, for his master might find it out and perhaps do them harm. So he decided to go to the country and hide there where nobody knew him until his master gave up looking for him. He walked and walked until he was almost worn out, and at last, when he could go no further, he saw a cave, and thought that he would hide in it until morning.

Poor Androcles was very hungry by this time, for he had had nothing to eat all day. However, as he had nothing with him to eat, he lay down and tried to go to sleep, hungry as he was. But as he lay there wondering where he should go the next day, he heard a noise. What should he see, standing in the entrance to the cave and looking at him, but a great big lion!

Of course, Androcles was very much frightened, for he saw that the cave was the lion's home, and he feared that the lion would be so angry at finding him there that he would eat him up. But as he looked, he discovered that the lion was badly hurt. He had run a sharp piece of wood into his paw, and as he stood there, the blood dropping from his foot, Androcles could see that he was in such pain that he could not do harm to any one.

Perhaps because Androcles himself had been so unkindly treated he

was sorry for anything that was in trouble, or perhaps he was naturally kind-hearted. Instead of trying to run away from the lame lion, as he easily might have done, he took the great paw in his hand and pulled out the splinter that was making so much trouble. Then from a little spring near by he brought water and washed the wound, and did all that he could to make the lion comfortable. The lion knew that he was trying to help him, and he licked the hand of Androcles, just as you may have seen a dog do when some one was caring for its wound. He seemed so gentle and friendly that Androcles was not afraid any more, and he lay down and went to sleep with his head upon the lion's great soft side, where he rested very pleasantly until morning.

Early the next day the lion left the cave, with his paw so much better that he was able to catch a rabbit, which he brought to Androcles for his breakfast. When he saw how grateful and how tame the lion had become, Androcles thought that he might do worse than to stay there with him in the cave. "Surely," he reasoned, "no one will ever think of looking for me here, and if they do, the lion will not let them harm me." And he stayed there with the lion for a long time (some people say three years), and they lived very happily together.

But finally Androcles began to long for the company of men again. He was very fond of the lion, but he wanted to see his friends, and he thought he would be safe from his master after so long a time. He left the cave, but before he had gone far he met some soldiers. When they found out that he was an escaped slave they put him on a ship and carried him to Rome.

HE PULLED OUT THE SPLINTER

In those days it was considered very wrong for a slave to run away from his master, no matter how badly he had been treated. The Romans, when they heard what Androcles had done, decided that he must be punished. The Romans were a very cruel people, and took de-

light in making a public holiday of these punishments by throwing the poor victims to the wild beasts. This was the fate they prepared for Androcles.

When all was ready, and thousands of people were waiting in their seats to be entertained, Androcles was led into the arena, which had a wall all about it so that he could not get out. Then, at a signal, a door was opened and a great lion bounded in.

Androcles was very much frightened, and I am sure he wished that he had stayed with his lion in Africa. But what do you think happened? Why, instead of eating poor Androcles up, which every one thought he would do, the lion jumped on him like a great big dog and licked his hands and fawned upon him and lay down at his feet. It was Androcles' lion, which had been captured in Africa and brought to Rome to punish criminals!

When the people of Rome learned what had happened they were very much interested. When they heard the story of Androcles they said that he had done no wrong, and that he and his lion must go free. Go free they did, and Androcles lived in Rome for the rest of his life, where he was prosperous and happy, and where he made many friends. He kept his lion with him, you may be sure, a great pet, that followed him about the streets wherever he went. I think the lion knew that every one liked his master, and that made him gentle, for there is no record of this lion's ever having done harm to any one. And that is the story of Androcles and his lion.

AMELIA LEAVITT HILL

A BOY'S PRAYER

JUST for this one day, Lord,
Help me rule my tongue;
Grant that I may not forget
'Tis in the middle hung
And cutteth like a two-edged sword.
Help me keep it sheathed, O Lord!

Just for this one day, Lord,
Guide my feet to go
Straight on their appointed ways
Not heedless to and fro.
I know You will not look askance
If joyously, at eve, they dance.

Just for this one day, Lord,
Let mine hands attend
Strictly to their own affairs
Nor idle moments spend;
For Satan's storehouse, I am told,
Still doth full stock of mischief hold.

Just for this one day, Lord,
Let my heart keep tryst
With honour and with kindliness
Nor truth nor courage missed—
But if a day takes too much power,
Dear Lord, please help me, hour by hour!

EDNA VALENTINE TRAPNELL

The YOUNG MAN and the PARROT

AH HAHMUR," said the boy king, "must I do these sums to-day? I have been out with the horsemen and am weary."

The old sage who was the boy's teacher looked sadly at him.

"Thy father was a fine horseman, yet you must learn to ride," he said. "He was a great hunter, yet you must learn for yourself how to throw the spear at the wild boar. Thy father had gained much learning of the stars and of books, yet he could not give this learning to you. No, what a man has that is worthy of him, that must he, himself, work for. Hear, O King, a fable of the East concerning the young man and the parrot:

"A man once had a very beautiful parrot that he had taught to say, 'No doubt about it.' One night this man buried money in various places about the town and smoothed the loose sand over it so that it would not be noticed. The next morning he took the bird and went about the town telling the people what a remarkable parrot he had.

"'My bird is very wise,' said the man. 'He can tell me where to dig to find money.'

"A crowd of people followed him to one of the places where he had buried the treasure. In an impressive voice he said, 'Oh, wise bird, if I dig here, shall I find any gold?' The parrot looked very wise and answered, 'No doubt about it.'

"The man dug out the gold he had buried and showed it to the people gathered about. Then he went on to the next place and did the same thing.

"A young man who had followed him about was very much interested. 'If I had that parrot,' he thought, 'I could get rich without having to work.' And he asked the owner how much he wanted for the parrot. The owner answered, 'One thousand pieces of gold.'

"'That is too much money to pay for a parrot!' cried the young man.

"'But *my* parrot is worth it; are you not, O wise one?' asked the owner. And the parrot answered, 'No doubt about it.'

"The young man was so delighted with the bird's answer that he paid the price and went off with the bird. At once he began to look for gold.

"Many times he asked, 'Shall I find it if I dig here?' And the parrot always answered, 'No doubt about it.'

"The man dug and dug but found not one single piece of gold. He began to suspect that the bird's former owner had cheated him badly.

"'O wise bird,' he said, 'I was very foolish to pay such a price for you.' The bird looked very wise and answered, 'No doubt about it.'

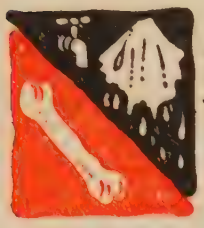
"The parrot looked so wise and solemn that the young man laughed and laughed. 'You told the truth that time, O wise one. After this I shall work, for that is the only way to get riches.'

"'No doubt about it,' agreed the parrot, and once again it told the truth."

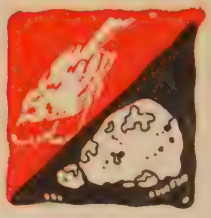
MYRTLE JAMISON TRACHSEL

An OLD RHYME of COMPARISONS

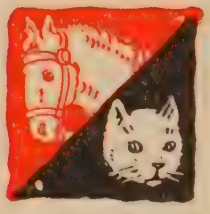
Recently recalled and repeated by "Uncle Joe" Cannon



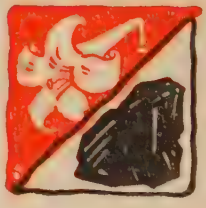
As wet as a rag—
As dry as a bone;
As live as a bird—
As dead as a stone;

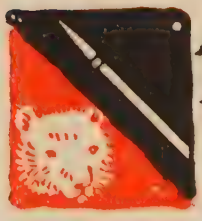


As plump as a partridge—
As poor as a rat;
As strong as a horse—
As weak as a cat;

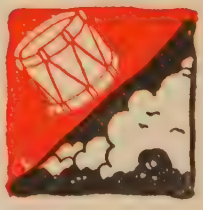


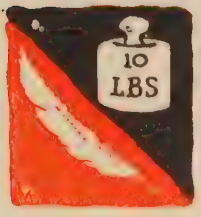
As hard as flint—
As soft as a mole;
As white as a lily—
As black as coal;



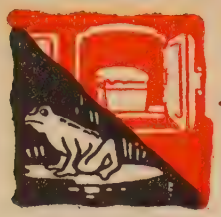


As plain as a pike-staff—
As tough as a bear;
As light as a drum—
As free as air;

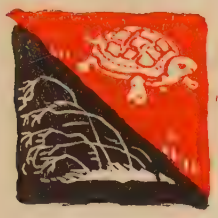




As heavy as lead—
As light as a feather;
As steady as time—
Uncertain as weather;



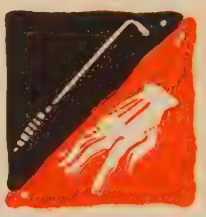
As hot as an oven -
As cold as a frog;
As gay as a lark -
As sick as a dog;



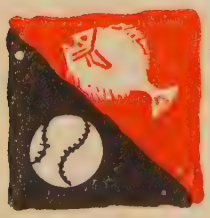
As slow as a tortoise -
As swift as the wind;
As true as gospel -
As false as mankind;

As thin as a herring -
As fat as a pig;
As proud as a peacock -
As blithe as a grig;

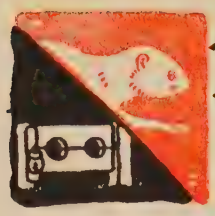
As savage as tigers -
As mild as a dove;
As stiff as a poker -
As limp as a glove,



As blind as a bat -
As deaf as a post;
As cool as a cucumber -
As warm as toast;



As flat as a flounder -
As round as a ball;
As blunt as a hammer -
As sharp as an awl;



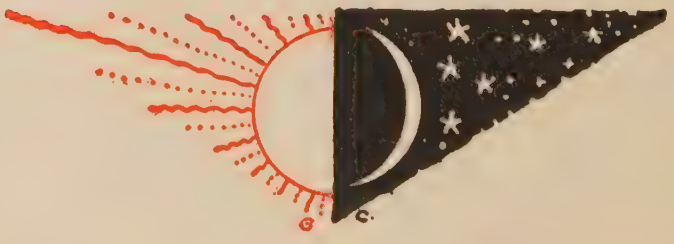
As red as a ferret -
As safe as the stocks;
As bold as a thief-
As sly as a fox;

As straight as an arrow -
As crooked as a bow;
As yellow as saffron-
As black as a sloe;

As brittle as glass -
As tough as gristle;
As neat as my nail -
As clean as a whistle;

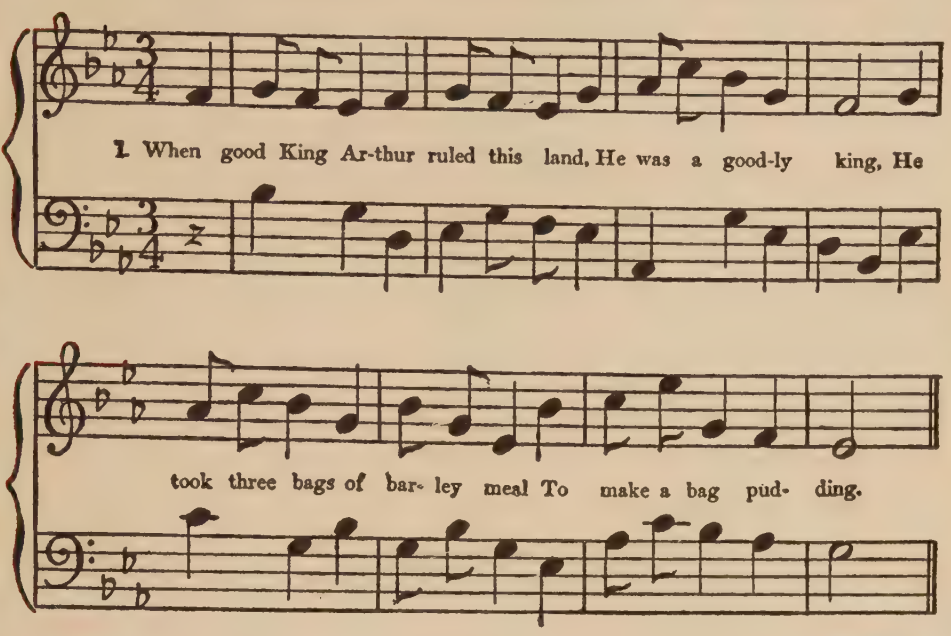
As good as a feast -
As bad as a witch;
As light as is day -
As dark as is pitch;

As brisk as a bee -
As dull as an ass;
As full as a tick -
As solid as brass.



GOOD KING ARTHUR

(THIS TUNE WAS IN THE BEGGAR'S OPERA, 1728.)



2

A bag pudding the King did make
And stuffed it well with plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat
As big as my two thumbs.

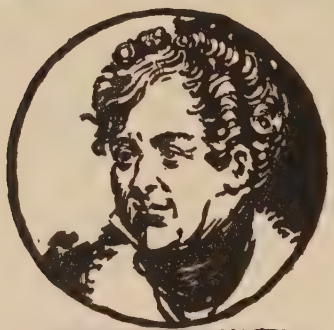
3

The King and Queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The Queen next morning fried.

THE TOMBOY PRINCESS

DID you ever hear of a tomboy Princess? That's a funny name to call a Princess, isn't it?

But little Princess Charlotte Augusta, the daughter of King George IV. of England, was a tomboy if ever there was one. And she did not look a bit like the story book Princesses you have all read about. She had a round, rosy face, the *sauciest* little pug nose, and flaxen hair that *would* not curl.



CHARLOTTE'S FATHER
GEORGE IV.

But she was a very clever little girl as well as a tomboy, and when she was only seven years old she used to make bags all herself, fill them with money, and give them away to poor people. I am afraid her stitches were bigger than Mother takes when she sews, but, of course, the poor people didn't mind that.

Charlotte loved to study better than she did to sew, and she was so fond of Latin that her teachers held her up as an example to all the school boys in the kingdom. I wonder if nowadays many little girls as young as Charlotte know even a single word of Latin?

Clever as she was, Charlotte was sometimes naughty, just like any ordinary little girl. And how she used to tease Lady De Clifford, her governess!

The King had given her a pair of snowy-white ponies, and when Lady De Clifford went riding with her, she would whip them up and bumpety-bump they would go, up hill and down as fast as the ponies

could run. Poor Lady De Clifford was always frightened out of her wits, and that would make Charlotte laugh and drive all the faster.

Of course everybody made a great deal of Charlotte because she was a Princess, and petted and praised her even more than she deserved. But she was a shrewd little maid, and when she thought that people were petting her and calling her "sweet" just because they wanted her favor, she would turn up her funny little pug nose and ask, "Why do you call me 'sweet'? I hope you don't want to eat me."

One day the ladies in the Palace heard a great screaming and squawking outside the window.

"O, dear!" cried Lady De Clifford. "It must be that dreadful turkey-cock chasing the Princess."

Now this big, cross turkey-cock was the one thing that Charlotte was afraid of, and no wonder for he was the crossest turkey-cock you ever saw. He did not like Charlotte a bit, and was forever chasing her. How she would run to get away from his great, sharp beak!

Now Lady De Clifford was just going out to help her, when Charlotte burst into the room. Her face was very red, her eyes very bright, and she was breathing hard.

"I've beaten the turkey-cock!" she cried. "He won't chase *me* again."

You may be sure the English were proud of their little Princess when they heard how she had beaten the big, cross turkey-cock.

Don't you think Charlotte was an amusing little Princess?

GLADYS E. LOCKE.

BOTTLE HORSES

OH, Mother," cried Joe, running into the house, "please may I have some-of-those-old-brown-bottles-down-in-the-cellar?"

"Laddie, laddie," laughed Mama, "you must not say it all in one word. I cannot understand what you say. Try again."

"Well, Mother," and he drew a long breath at the slowness of grown ups. "*Please, may I have some of those old brown vinegar bottles down in the cellar?*"

He said each word very slowly and waited eagerly while Mother thought just a minute; that was her way of deciding.

"*Yes, my son, you may, if you will not allow them to be broken in the yard,*" said Mama, in just the same way, but laughing all the time. "May I know what you will do with them?"

But Joe was already out of the door. "Thank you, Mother," he called back. "Jack and I are going to make——". He was too far away to be heard so Mother just laughed and went on with her sewing.

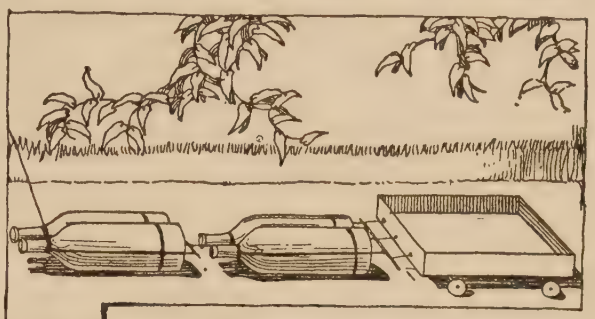
An hour or two later she heard, through the open window, sounds as of drivers of many horses approaching. There were noises of galloping feet, shouts, calls, and the crack of whips. Around the corner of the house came an amazing cavalcade, that drew up at the foot of the steps. The calls of "Whoa there," and "Stand still," and "Easy now," showed that the horses were very spirited.

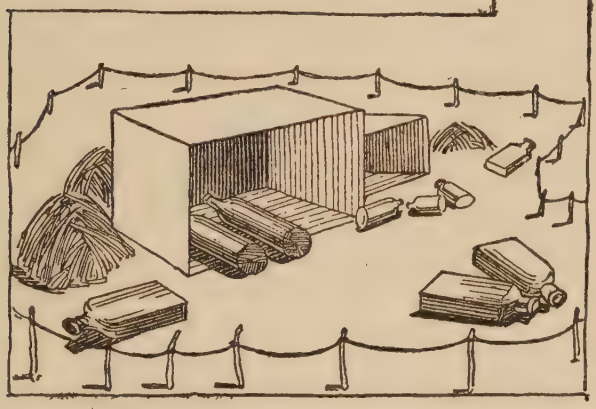
Mother hurried out to see what it all meant, and could hardly find words to express her surprise and interest at the sight before her.

Two four-horse teams, two wagons and drivers stood on the lawn near the steps, and what do you suppose they were made of? Mother was so astonished that she could hardly feel sure, but, after looking carefully, she discovered that the horses were those same brown bottles for which Joe had asked. The boys laughed in delight at her puzzled face and then showed her all the wonders of their teams.

"See, Auntie," said Jack. "we made the harness out of the worn-out leather lacings of my last winter's boots, and we fastened it so, and so," and he showed just how it was done. It really was quite ingenious.

The shoe-string thongs were tied around the necks of the bottles, and again around near the bottom with strips joining them; other strips were fastened to the tongue and singletrees of the wagon. To the end of the tongue was attached a strong string by which the horses were urged to their wildest speed.





"Mother, look," cried Joe, "my wagon is a honey can and Jack's is a wooden box with spool wheels. Oh, we had lots of fun making them." Any clever little boy could make one out of a square box, and I am sure all boys can have as much fun as these boys did.

"Yes, and Auntie, we have a farm behind the well-house and a barn with more horses in it, and mules, cows, and pigs."

Jack's laugh was almost a shout and Joe's shrill voice joined in as Mother looked more and more interested.

"Oh, Mother, you should see them. The mules are the long slim bottles, the cows are the square ones, and the short, round ones are the pigs. Come and see them, please, Mother," begged Joe.

Mother went with them and saw the work of the careful farmers. Their barns were boxes, turned on their sides, the fences were little sticks of wood joined by strings, hay stacks of the lawn trimmings stood near the barns. Jack showed her that he had chosen only heavy, thick bottles for their live stock, and as they played only on the lawn there was little danger of accidents, so Mother was satisfied. Many summer days passed in happy play with these bottle animals.

EDITH L. BOYD.

A MARCH ADVENTURE

THE day for which Tommy had been waiting came at last. It was a cold, clear March Saturday. Tommy and Daddy were going to Wetherill's sugar camp to see the making of maple syrup and to bring some home to Mother.

Tommy was up at the peep of day, noisily urging Daddy down to breakfast. Since the road through the woods was none too good, they planned to leave the car at the highway and walk in to the camp. At first Tommy objected to wearing his high rubbers. Later on he was glad that he had worn them.

Mother waved a cheery farewell as they drove away in the fresh, bracing air. The early morning sun sparkled on the frost, glad to be released from the wintry veil of heavy clouds.

Daddy drove swiftly along the smooth, brick road. It seemed no time until they stopped and parked the machine. They left it a little off the highway at the beginning of the woods' road.

Daddy and Tommy walked briskly down the rough, deeply rutted roadway under the tall trees. Each carried a gallon can for the syrup. They were glad that the machine had been left behind, for the road was bumpy. The mud was half frozen and hard. The sun had not yet reached all of the snow in the woods. Spots of white shone amid the even brown of last season's sodden leaves. Here and there, birds flitted through the bare branches. The little snow patches were criss-crossed with the footprints of wood folk. It was a glorious morning to be walking in the country. Tommy's spirits overflowed with joy. He just had to run and scamper, as frisky as the squirrels who soon would be chattering in the trees. Daddy felt the thrill and whistled a lively tune.

The road led down a gentle slope across a small stream. Now frozen and silent, it would soon burst into joyous gurgling as the warm spring sunshine melted its coat of ice. Across the frozen surface was a wide board, but Tommy raced down the hill, ahead of Daddy, and ran out on the ice.

"Look out!" shouted Daddy, just too late. The ice broke and Tommy was standing in cold water above his knees. His syrup can went spinning across the ice.

Daddy could hardly keep from laughing at the funny expression on Tommy's face. To Tommy, wet feet meant going home and no trip to the sugar camp.

"Well, young man, you are in a fix," said Daddy. He gingerly stepped out on the plank and lifted Tommy from the cold, icy water, carrying him to the other side of the wide board.

"Do we have to go home?" asked Tommy.

"I suppose we ought to," replied Daddy. "A fellow who is as careless as that might fall into the maple syrup kettle and get burned."

"Oh, no, I won't!" pleaded Tommy.

"If you are sure, we'll hurry to the camp and dry your shoes and stockings there."

Daddy walked very fast indeed. Tommy had to trot to keep up, but

the exercise made him so warm that he almost forgot about his wet feet. Presently a delicious smell seemed to be all about. It fairly made Tommy's mouth twitch with eagerness.

"What is that?" he panted.

"Sap boiling," answered Daddy.

"Ummm-mmm," was Tommy's only reply.

Soon, the pungent odor of burning wood mingled with the fragrance of the boiling sap. Rounding a little hill, they came upon the rough log cabin in a clump of great maple trees.

"Here we are," said Daddy as Mr. Wetherill came out to greet them.

Wet shoes and stockings were taken off at once. Daddy propped them up to dry while Tommy sat as near the fire as he could, munching a huge piece of maple sugar.

Meanwhile Mr. Wetherill explained about the syrup making. The sap begins to run up the tree trunk as springtime comes. Cold nights and warm days make it run faster. Holes are bored in the tree trunks and hollow wooden pegs driven into them. Buckets hung on these pegs catch the sap as it runs from the holes. A barrel is fastened to a low sled which is used to collect the sap from the buckets. Boiling the sap drives off the water as vapor and leaves behind the sweet syrup. More boiling and cooling leaves only the sugar.

Tommy tasted the sap, the syrup, and the sugar, and listened eagerly. When his clothes were dry, he rode on the sled helping to empty the brimming buckets of sap into the barrel. He fed the fire with wood and stirred the boiling sap. In fact, he tried everything there was to do. No wonder that he really forgot to get hungry, but now he was ready to eat. Mother had given Daddy the lunch package, just as they left. How good it tasted! The air was full of pleasant odors, the fragrance of delicious mingled scents. The great fire dulled the chill of the wind. It was cozy and interesting in the little log cabin with the great kettle boiling at the doorway.

Tommy was quiet as they walked homeward.

"Why so silent?" asked Daddy.

"Thinking about that old plank," replied Tommy.

"Well, what about it?"

"Why did the ice hold us both up when you carried me across on the board and yet break under just me?"

"It was because the board distributed the pressure," replied Daddy. "You see, your weight is all carried by your two feet. The soles of your feet are small compared to the face of the board. Let's see. We will suppose that your feet are about seven inches long and three inches wide. Seven times three makes twenty-one square inches on the bottom of each foot. A square inch is a little square, one inch on each side. You have two feet, and so two times twenty-one makes forty-two square inches on the bottom of your feet. You weigh about eighty-four pounds?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Then eighty-four pounds divided by forty-two gives two. In other words, you pressed down on the ice with a push-down of two pounds on every little square inch of ice under your feet. Now, that board was about ten feet long. There are twelve inches in one foot, so the board was one hundred and twenty inches long. It was about ten inches wide. Ten times one hundred and twenty gives twelve hundred square inches on the face of the board. How much bigger the face of the board is than the bottoms of your two feet! I weigh about one hundred and sixty pounds and you weigh about eighty-four pounds, so together we pushed down on top of

the ice with a push-down of two hundred and forty-four pounds. Now there was this difference: our push-down was spread over the whole twelve hundred square inches of the board lying on the ice. Our combined weight pushed down much less than a pound on each little square inch of ice under the board. The ice could hold up, easily, less than a pound push. You put two pounds push on every little square inch when you stepped on the ice—and you got your feet and legs wet."

"Oh, I see," exclaimed Tommy. "It's something like the webs on a duck's foot?"

"Yes," laughed Daddy. "The duck was given webs on its feet for two reasons. First to use as paddles in swimming, and then to allow it to walk on the soft mud without sinking in."

"The foundation of a house is like that, isn't it?" thoughtfully asked Tommy.

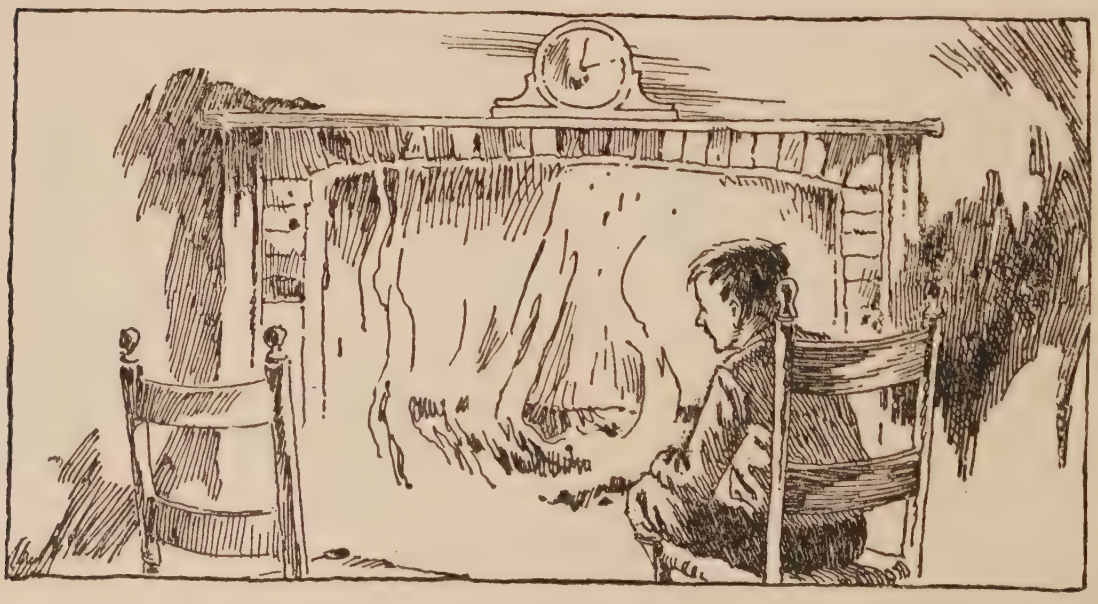
"Yes, the foundation walls have to be wide enough to support the weight of the house without sinking into the earth."

As Daddy was backing the car out on the highway, Tommy said,

"I'm going to explain it all to Mother. Maybe she will be so interested in it that she won't think much about my getting my feet wet."

Great, hot wood fires, brisk March winds, and plenty of exercise make sleepy eyes, and Tommy snuggled down under the robes and slept all the way home.

D. S. Cole



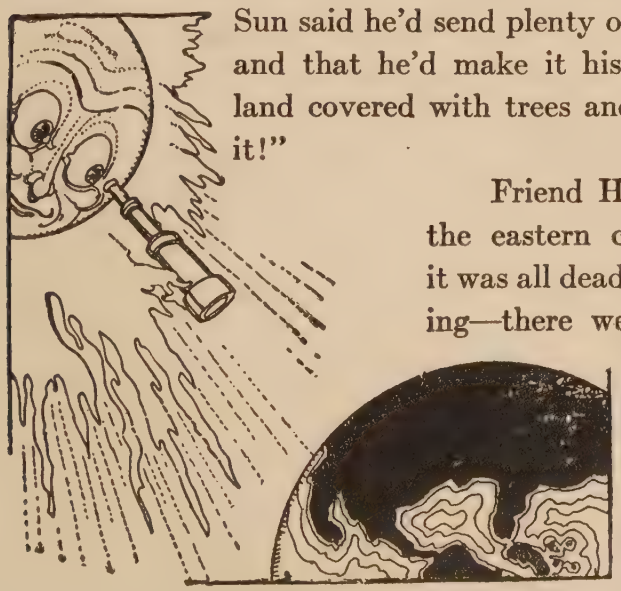
DADDY," said Carlie-boy, snuggling up for the evening talk, "here is a regular old sticker of a question! Where did the Gulf Stream come from, and what is it, and why is it, and what's it for?"

"What? That's the easiest sort of question!" replied Daddy, laughing. "Listen to me, and I'll tell you."

So Carlie-boy listened, and Daddy began right in the very middle of the story, so he would not lose any time.

This is the way be began:

"But my *dear* Friend Heat," said Mother Nature, one day, some millions of years ago, "my *dear* Friend Heat, you've just got to visit that land more than you do! Why, the last time I was there, I started some perfectly lovely trees growing and the prettiest green grass you ever saw. And Sun said he'd send plenty of you down to warm their roots, and that he'd make it his personal business to keep the land covered with trees and grass. And now just look at it!"



Friend Heat looked. What he saw was the eastern coast of North America. And it was all dead! There wasn't anything growing—there were no trees nor grass, and of course there were no monkeys, nor animals, nor insects, nor anything like that.

"Well, I can't help it," said Friend Heat (who comes from the Sun). "North Wind and

East Wind blow so hard and bring so much cold down from the North Pole, it takes all *my* time to keep from being frozen myself!"

"Qswash—qswash—wash," splashed Old Ocean. "That isn't the worst of it, either, wash, qswash! I can't keep a single fish warm around here! Away down in me, miles down, it's all right for fishes—there are lots of warm springs there. But along this shore, why I haven't been able to do a thing but make sand out of the rocks! You'll have to admit, Mother Nature, that nowhere in the world is there any more sand or any better sand than right here!"

Mother Nature didn't attempt to deny it. And it has been so to this day; if you don't believe it, go to the Atlantic sea shore anywhere and look for yourself.

"Well, something has just got to be done!" said Mother Nature, "if I have to make a brand new law to do it. But I don't want to make any more laws for Friend Heat and Old Ocean—they have more than their share now."

"You might ask *me* to help!" rumbled a deep voice, far, far down below them. It was Earth, itself, speaking. "You might ask me, instead of such small fry as Friend Heat and Old Ocean!"

"So I might!" said Mother Nature. "Oh, Earth, what can *you* do to help me keep your coast warm?"

"Well," rumbled Earth, "it seems to me I could do a lot! I could have a quake or two and tumble all this bothersome coast into Old Ocean. He wouldn't care!"

"Wash, qswash, washwash!" splashed Old Ocean noisily. "I *should* care! I don't *want* any more earth in me! With a lot of hard work, tossing rocks around and breaking them up and all, I've managed a perfectly

good lot of sand and I don't want to do it over again. Besides, if you do that, I'll have a flock of new islands to flow around and a lot of new ocean currents to make, and that worries me!"

"Well, I think——"

"Hold on!" interrupted Mother Nature. "You *have* helped, oh Earth—you have given me an idea! Ocean currents! That's *just* what we want! We want an Ocean Current to flow from the warm middle of Earth, the place that men will some day call by the queer name of Equator, right along this coast. The Sons of Air—all the winds that blow—shall pick up Friend Heat, who will be traveling in this Ocean current, and carry him hither and thither over the land. Old Ocean, I want you to make a warm current right up the coast!"

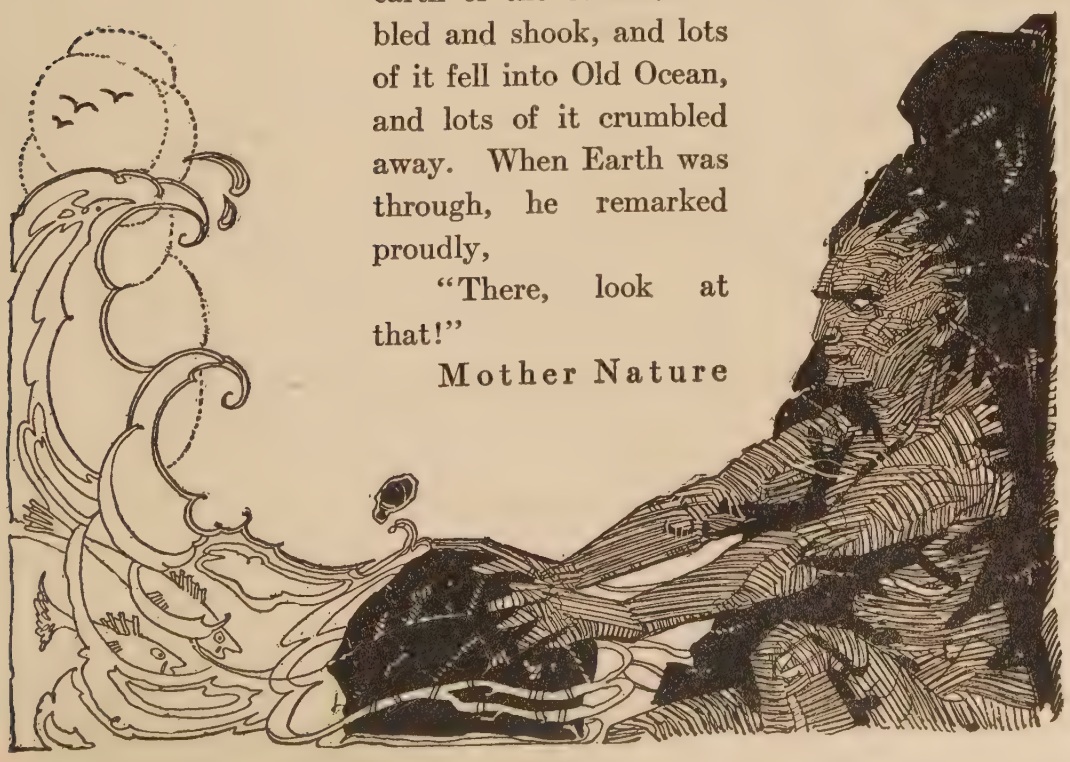
"But I can't," protested Old Ocean. "I don't like to change my currents, and the law says that——"

"Yes he can, too," interrupted Earth, glad of the chance to get the better of his friend. "*I* know what to do!"

And before any one could say a word, he made three earthquakes and a half dozen flops. The earth of the coast trembled and shook, and lots of it fell into Old Ocean, and lots of it crumbled away. When Earth was through, he remarked proudly,

"There, look at that!"

Mother Nature



looked. Old Ocean made a rush and filled up the space where Earth had had a coast line. He rushed in so hard that he piled himself up high. And then of course he had to flow back again. And when he flowed back again into himself, he was going so hard he just had to flow up the coast!

"That's perfectly fine!" approved Mother Nature. "That was a great idea of yours. I make a law from now to the end of time, that Old Ocean shall keep right on flowing into this big pocket you have made, oh Earth, and then of course he must flow out again. And, naturally, he will flow up the coast with Friend Heat who started out with him, and the land can't help being warm."

Old Ocean grumbled a little, but he didn't really care. It was rather nice getting back to making more sand, after all. And if you will look at a map of North America, Little Lad, you will see the great pocket Earth made when he flopped. We call it the Gulf of Mexico. The warm water of Old Ocean flows into this pocket from the warm places down near the Equator, and then, because it piles up in the Gulf, it has to flow out again. In the most friendly way it hugs the coast as it goes out and all our warm climate and our warm rains come because the Four Winds pick up Friend Heat from the warm Gulf Stream and blow him over the land! So Earth did help, and so does Old Ocean, and Friend Heat, and the Four Winds. They all work together so that Mother Nature's other children, men, and women, and children, and animals, and bugs, and birds, and beasts, can have warm air and plenty of moisture to grow in.

Now, I don't for truly sure know that all these things were *said*, because it all happened a good many million years before you or I were born. But I do for truly and sure know that there *is* a great pocket in the land, and that Old Ocean flows into it and piles himself up in it, and that he *has* to flow out again, and I know that we call this the Gulf Stream, and that it *does* warm all the coast of the lower part of the United States! No one knows that the things *weren't* said just as I have told it, anyway!

"No," answered Carlie-boy, thoughtfully, "that's so—they don't."

C. H. Claudy.

A TALE OF A TOTEM POLE

IF YOU should ask an Alaskan Indian child to tell you something of the life his grandparents lived in the snowy reaches of the North, very likely he would take you to his house and point to the totem pole before the door.

This totem pole tells him a story just as grandmother's chest of wedding finery in the attic, or grandfather's muskets and swords upon the wall, tell a story to you. The story he will read, however, we shall not consider to be true, but merely a folk story, or myth.

Usually, this totem pole is made of yellow cedar. It is painted and carved with figures of birds and beasts and fish, in wonderful designs. These tell the legendary adventures of the little Indian boy's great-grandfathers, attended by good and evil spirits, who may be seen about them. To read a totem pole, one begins at the top and works downward.

The Frog Totem of the Kicksetti Indians tells four curious legends of their tribal history. These Indians were great wanderers and journeyed far and wide before they finally settled. The location they chose was on a high mountain where they found much good hunting and fishing and were extremely

blessed. Therefore, when they began to carve their totem, they made the mountain part of their family history. On the top of the totem is a face which represents the face of the mountain where the Kicksettis settled. It is topped by a high pointed hat, because, in the dry season, the mountain top was supposed to pierce the clouds and cause abundant rains to fall.

The second figure, a frog, tells the following tale: A certain Kicksetti chief was known to be cruel to dumb beasts. His cruelty at last offended the good spirits, and they turned their faces from the Kicksetti people. Misfortunes began to come upon them. First, their reindeer sickened and died in great numbers. Their children fell ill and wasted away with fever. Then their warriors were defeated in battle, and many of the Kicksetti brethren were taken as slaves to other tribes. The people appealed to their chief, begging him to be cruel no longer. But he paid no heed to their prayers. In the midst of their talk, a frog went hopping by the chief's tent. The chief flung a sharp stone after it and injured the poor creature.

At once, to the amazement of his people, the Kicksetti chief fell into a trance, which lasted many moons. Indeed, the watchers by his bed began to think their chief had died, when suddenly he returned to consciousness. He told them that he had spent the time in the kingdom of the frogs, and that the king of the frogs had taught him to be kind to dumb beasts. From that day forth the chief was cruel no more, and the good spirits turned their faces toward the Kicksetti people. Their children grew well and strong. Their reindeer began to multiply rapidly. Their warriors rode forth to victory and recaptured their brethren that had been taken as slaves. All was well with the Kicksetti people once more, and the figure of the frog was added to their tribal or "family tree."

The third figure on this totem is the raven, an important bird in totem lore. The bird, it is said, brooded over the fact that the Kicksettis lived in a land where it was always dark. Finally he flew up to the

heavens and made friends with the guardian spirits there. One night he begged permission to play with a bag of shining stars. The guardian spirits granted him leave, but, in his play, the raven upset the bag. Being a crafty bird, he made certain to upset it just where the stars would shine down upon the Kicksetti people.

Flying down to the earth again, the raven found the light of the stars very dim indeed. So he determined to try again. Once more he flew up to the heavens, and, when no one was looking, he elbowed the moon out of its accustomed orbit. Still, when he flew down to earth, he was not satisfied, for the light of the moon was pale and brought no warmth. Again he returned to the heavens and humbly begged the sun to follow where he led. The sun agreed, and thus the Kicksettis came to enjoy the sunlight. In gratitude for this blessing they placed the figure of the raven on their totem.

The fourth, or base figure, on the totem represents the oldest legend of all. An ancient Kicksetti chief had a pet beaver. This beaver was extremely wise and most intelligent. In fact, he was the chief's first counselor and teacher. Naturally enough, the chief paid him much attention, and the Kicksetti warriors grew jealous. They used to tease the beaver and annoy him whenever the chief was not about. In the figure on the totem pole the beaver's teeth are bared as he looked when teasing made him snarl.

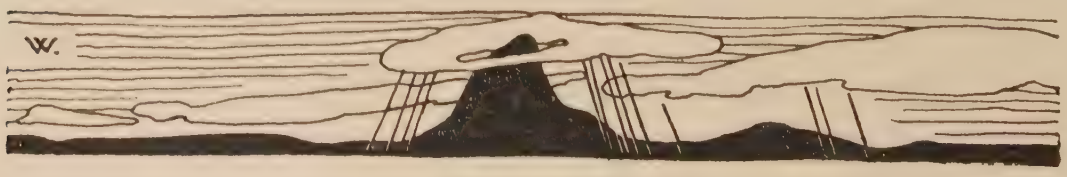
At last this ancient Kicksetti chief grew ill and died. The Kicksetti warriors fell upon the beaver and began to beat him soundly. But the beaver could dig, and at last he bur-

rowed underground, thus hiding himself from his pursuers. When he was out of sight, the Kicksetti warriors paid no more heed to him and did not trouble to hunt him further. But the pet beaver had been the chief's teacher and first counselor, and now that he was gone, the village fell into ignorance. Likewise the warriors grew savage and bloodthirsty. No longer were they content to hunt and fish. They wished only to make war on the surrounding tribes.

The beaver, however, had not gone far away. He had burrowed underground. He spent his days and nights in burrowing away the foundations of the village. Then, one day, when the Kicksetti warriors were off to battle, and the women and children were left alone, the beaver pulled out the last foundation, and the village collapsed. No one was injured, but all were greatly astonished to see the dead chief's pet beaver emerge from the ruins.

The Kicksetti women and children, by this time, were tired of wars and battles, and they begged the beaver to remain with them and teach them. To this the beaver agreed and became the great teacher of the Kicksetti tribe. Moreover, as the Kicksetti warriors were taken in battle and never again returned to the village, the beaver became known as the founder of the Kicksetti people. Hence his figure at the base of their totem pole.

LORETTA ELLEN BRADY



DRUM
the Beat
Tum, Tum,
Some!
Then Drum!
the Beat
Come. Come,
March!
FORWARD

Hep, Hep,
Keep in Step!
Hey You,
Billy.
Hep, Hep,
Silly.
Get in Step.
HALT!

HALT!
Tight, Too
Right,
'Tain't
Caught,
String's
Tight.
Fit
Leggin's
Billy's
Fault,
His
'Tain't

Billy's
Legs
Too
Short.
Never
Been
Taught.
Hep, Hep,
Keep
Step;
Forward
March!
HALT!

ALASKA'S FIRST AMERICAN FLAG

MANY years ago, before Alaska was known to be a land of rich gold mines and great wealth, the only people living there were Eskimos, Indians, and scattered bands of white men. These white men lived in villages called trading posts and for the most part were hunters and trappers. Each spring when the ice melted from the bays and inlets, a little steamer called *The Jeanie* sailed up from San Francisco to these various trading posts of Alaska. Her cargo was made up of food, stores of clothing and shoes and blankets, and a good supply of trinkets and gaudy toys, as well as colored bunting for the Indian trade. The Indians were very fond of bright red bunting and would give much valuable ivory in exchange for a few yards of it. This cargo was then exchanged for fish, and skins of seal and bear, and walrus ivory. Then *The Jeanie* steamed southward before the inlets and bays would freeze again.

It happened in the year of 1890, *The Jeanie* brought the first party of American traders to the Cook's Inlet country of Alaska. Cook's Inlet is quite far north, as you may see by looking at the map. These traders landed at a little port and called it Hope. When all their packs and stores were unloaded, *The Jeanie* sailed away southward; but in the confusion and excitement, two very important things were forgotten. When the stores were unpacked, it was found that there were no American flags and neither was there any red bunting for the Indian trade. As *The Jeanie* would not return until the following summer, it seemed that the little post at Hope would be without an American flag until that time.

Now, in this company there was a woman named Mrs. Martha White. She dearly loved her country's flag and being very patriotic she was greatly troubled because The Stars and Stripes would not float over Hope. She was very clever with her needle, so Mrs. Martha White decided to make an American flag. She cut stars of white muslin and sewed them on a blue

bunting ground and cut six white muslin stripes; but there she had to stop. There was no red bunting to complete the flag, and neither could she find red cloth of any sort.

Still Mrs. Martha White was undismayed. She hitched her dog team and drove forty miles across the snow to buy red bunting at an inland trading post. But the owner of the store refused to sell an inch. He was not an American, you see.

"Red bunting brings fine furs, and much valuable ivory from the Indians," said he. "Tell the people at Hope that they must wait for their flag until *The Jeanie* comes next year."

So Mrs. Martha White was forced to lay aside the half-finished flag. Then, one day when she was buying in the little store at Hope, she saw an old Indian squaw pass by. The squaw held up her wrapper as she padded through the soft snow and showed a bright red bunting petticoat. Dropping her bundles, Mrs. White hurried after the squaw and offered her a brand new calico wrapper for the old red petticoat she wore. The squaw was delighted. She did not understand why an old red petticoat should be worth a new calico wrapper, but she was eager for the bargain nevertheless.

The exchange was made and the old red petticoat was washed and ironed and from it Mrs. Martha White cut seven stripes. The flag was brought out and quickly finished, and before night fell, the first American flag was raised in the great Cook's Inlet country of Alaska, at the little post of Hope. How the traders all cheered and how every one praised Mrs. Martha White!

"Where there is a will, there is a way," said she.

And from that time, the flag made by Mrs. Martha White streamed every day over the little post of Hope, until *The Jeanie* sailed up the next summer and brought a supply of American flags (and you may be sure that this time there was an extra supply of red bunting). Then the first flag was taken down and folded carefully away in a chest and Mrs. Martha White, who still lives in the Cook's Inlet country of Alaska, has it to this very day.

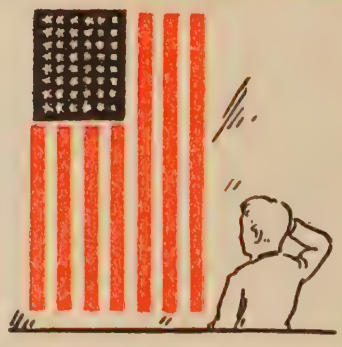
LORETTA ELLEN BRADY.

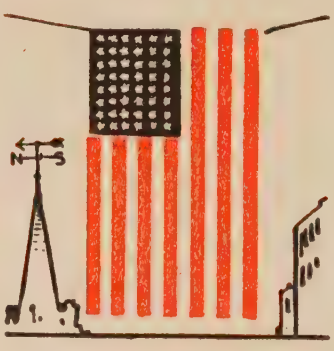
The Code of the Flag

A FLAG'S an emblem of a land
That's living, now and here.
And so it should be treated like
A living thing and dear.

Thus certain pleasant courtesies
'Round me, your flag, have grown.
If you will read them, I am sure
You'll learn them for your own.

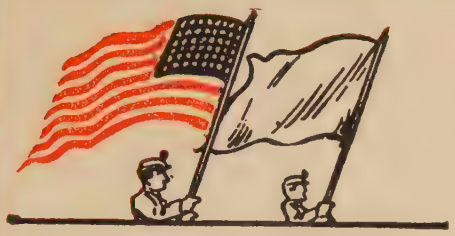
When flat against the wall I hang,
Be very sure to see
That my blue union's on your left
But at the right of *me*.

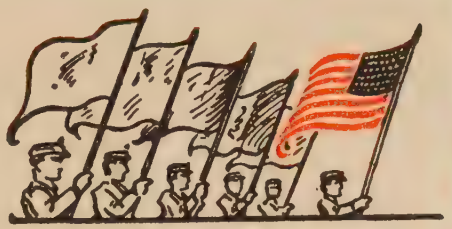




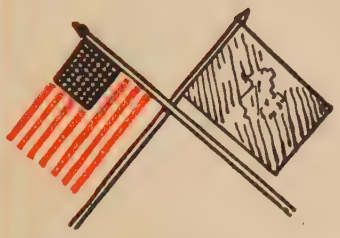
But when suspended in a street
Or city avenue,
The union toward the east or north
Will point its starry blue.

Details of flag usage from a flag circular issued to the army and signed by Adj. Gen. Robt. C. Davis.



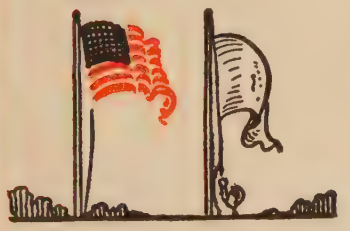


When marching with another, I
Upon the right must be,
But in a group, I leave the line
And march ahead, you see.



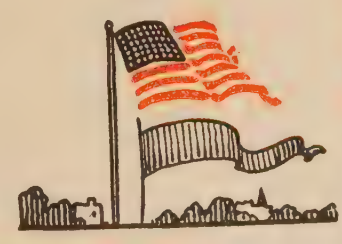
Again, my place is on *my* right
When crossed against a wall;
My staff *upon* the other one,
Be flag-staffs short or tall.

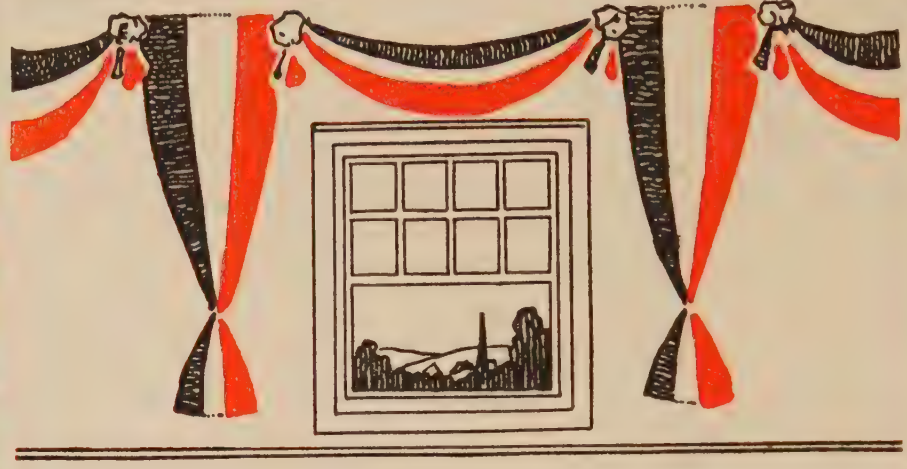
When massed in company I stand
Well centered and above—
An honored place you'll gladly give
To me, the flag you love.



And when, upon adjacent staffs
With other emblems gay
You hoist me first, 'tis but the code
Of flags that you obey.

Sometimes the self-same halyard bears
Another flag with me,
But you'll be sure I take the top,
My colors flying free.





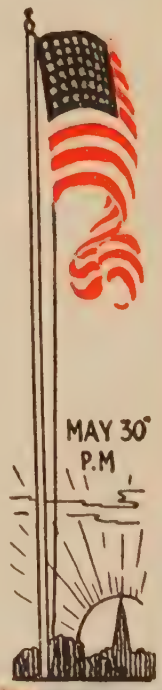
To drape, festoon or decorate,
  Use bunting in my stead
And never let your flag be used
  As desk- or table-spread.

No lettering should e'er appear
  Upon my stripes and stars;
From needlework and costume wear
  Good form forever bars.

Till noon on May the thirtieth
  My half-staff place will speak
Of those who died for country; then
  I'm hoisted to the peak.

All other days I take the breeze
  From dawn to sunset's hour,
Proclaiming life and liberty
  From pinnacle and tower.

HELEN WALDO



Do You Know Your Flag?

EVERY boy and girl should know how his country's flag is made and something of its history. In fact, that knowledge is necessary for all boys and girls before they can become Tenderfoot Scouts. You want to be a scout when you are old enough, don't you?

Without first looking at the flag, see if you can answer these questions: In the flag of the United States of America,

How many stripes are there?
What color is the top stripe?
What color is the bottom stripe?
How many red stripes are there?
How many white stripes?
How many stars? How are they arranged? In how many rows?
How many short stripes are there? What are the colors? How many long stripes?

The first flag of the American colonies was raised over the headquarters of George Washington at Cambridge on January 2, 1776. This symbol was designed by a committee of which Benjamin Franklin was chairman. It consisted of thirteen red and white stripes, with the British emblem, the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, in the union.

On June 14, 1777, the Continental Congress passed a resolution, "that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation." In 1818 a new flag was devised, having thirteen stripes and a star for every state, twenty at the time. This has remained ever since the form of the United States flag.

HELEN WALDO

FIRST FLAG OF THE AMERICAN COLONIES

JUNE 14, 1777
FIRST FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES

THE Houseboat

by Martin Nubb.

TIC and Toc lay sprawled on the bank of the brook, one warm afternoon, watching Mr. Bullfrog conduct his class in diving. Mr. Bullfrog was known as the finest teacher of swimming and diving in the Kingdom of Flubb, and it was great fun, I can tell you, to see the young frogs line up on the bank and go plopping into the water.

"See here, you youngsters," he croaked, as they scrambled back to their places after a plunge, "how many times must I show you how to strike the water head first? Sammy Speckleshanks, do you call that a dive you have just made? Why, you landed smack on your stomach! You're as awkward as old Tobias Shellback, tumbling into the water."

Tobias Shellback, the turtle, to whom Mr. Bullfrog referred, was stretched out on a log a little way down the stream, basking in the warm sunshine. Mr. Bullfrog felt quite sure that Tobias was too far away to hear the remark about him. But Tic and Toc heard it, and at the mention of the turtle's name the idea popped into both of their heads to go down and have a chat with him.

"Hello, Mr. Shellback," they cried, as they reached his log. As old Tobias never moved, Tic ran out on the log and knocked on his shell. The old turtle suddenly looked up.

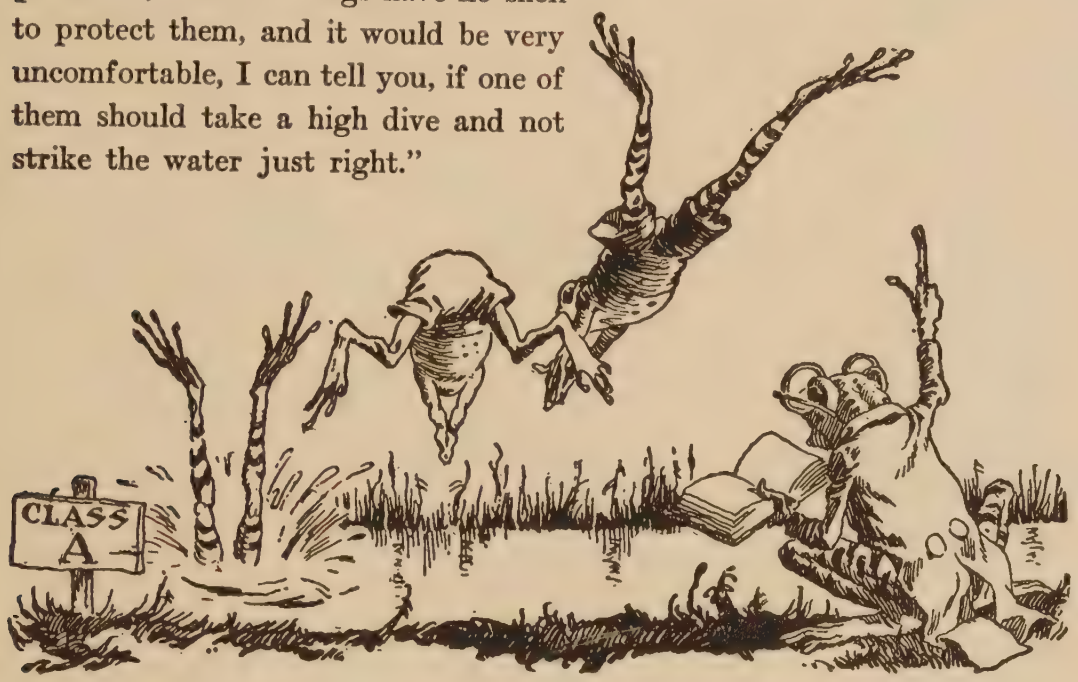
"Oh, hello, hello, hello!" he exclaimed. "I wasn't asleep, I assure you. I'm a bit absentminded, and just now I was thinking about a trip I'm planning to take down the brook. What have you been doing?"

"We've been watching the diving class," answered Toc, as he sat down on the log.

"Humph," grunted the turtle. "A lot of nonsense. I never learned

any of those fancy tricks, and it seems to me I get along in the water quite as well as they. What's the difference *how* you get in so long as you *get* in, I say?"

"That's all very well for you," replied Tic, "but the frogs have no shell to protect them, and it would be very uncomfortable, I can tell you, if one of them should take a high dive and not strike the water just right."



"Then they ought to have shells" said the turtle. "Everybody ought to have a shell. I couldn't get along without one."

"Do you really like to carry that heavy thing about?" asked Tic, in surprise.

"Like it!" exclaimed Tobias, "I should think I do! It keeps me from getting hurt. If I want to go to sleep, I don't have to look for shelter. I just tuck in my head and feet, and I'm as snug as a bug. Why, it's my house—it's my boat—it's——"

"It's a houseboat!" cried Tic. "I've got an idea! You spoke of taking a trip down the brook. Why not take us along? You'll be the houseboat, and we'll ride on your back."

"And, if you will, we'll furnish the provisions so that you won't have to bother about stopping to hunt for food," added Toc, quite pleased with the plan.

"Well, well," said Tobias. "That *is* an idea. I'd like to have your company. I think that would be very pleasant. Only—my shell is a bit mossy, isn't it?"

"Oh, we'll scrub that off and polish it up so that you'll have the finest, cleanest, shiniest shell along the bank," said Tic.

"Then it's a bargain," cried Tobias. "I'll start with you tomorrow morning, if you like."

Tic and Toc agreed, and set about at once to get Tobias ready. They scampered home to get some scouring brushes, and soon came back with Higgelty, Piggelty, Plink and Plunk, who wanted to take the trip with them. Within an hour Tobias' shell was as clean and shiny as a beetle's back, and the gnomes hurried home again, promising to be on hand the next morning.

It was not long after sunrise when they came trooping down to Tobias' log, loaded with bundles for the trip. They carried a big box of provisions, which consisted of huckleberries and spring onions and crackers and sweet acorns and strawberry jam. Higgelty carried a huge life preserver. Tic, who had been chosen captain, since he had thought of the idea, had a spy-glass.

The news of the houseboat party had spread all along the brook, and a great crowd had gathered to see them off. The branches of the big oak tree on the bank were all a-twitter with birds. Grasshoppers and crickets peeped out from among the weeds. Mr. Bullfrog brought his entire diving class to watch the departure. Butterflies and dragonflies darted about ex-

citedly, while a whole troop of water-skippers skimmed madly about the log, watching everything that was going on.

Such a chattering and twittering and croaking and buzzing they all made! Old Tobias, to whom no one had ever paid much attention before, was so pleased at being the center of attraction for once in his life, that he could hardly sit still while the box of provisions was being fastened to his back.

At last everything was ready. Tic took his place in front, clapped his spy-glass to his eye, and cried, "Let her go!" Toc and Higgelty waved their banners. The crowd on the bank broke into a loud cheer, and, as Tobias slowly and carefully started paddling down stream, Plink and Plunk twanged their harps, and the gnomes started singing:

"Crawfish may travel on brook beds of gravel,
Squirrels may scamper up trees;
Badgers and moles creep through tunnels and holes,
And sand-swallows sail on the breeze.

"Lambs love to gambol and hedgehogs to ramble,
Snails are content just to crawl,
But to ride down the stream on a houseboat would seem
Quite the best way to travel of all."

There were several more verses to the song, and as the gnomes played and sang, Tobias thought he had never been so happy in his life. He paddled along, careful to keep his ears out of water so that he could hear the music. The gnomes were quite as happy as Tobias, for it was their first trip on a houseboat.

"How are you making it, old fellow?" Tic called out to Tobias, when they had traveled for quite a while.

"First rate," answered Tobias, "only I'm getting hungry. What about stopping for luncheon?"

"A fine idea!" exclaimed Piggelty, who always pricked up his ears when any one mentioned eating.

"All right," said Tic. "We'll stop to eat."

Tobias paddled up to a flat rock, and the gnomes hopped off and carried the provisions ashore.

"Now, fall to, old fellow," Tic cried to Tobias, as the turtle scrambled up the bank. "I can recommend these huckleberries very highly, and the crackers and honey make the finest kind of a luncheon dish."

Tobias' heart sank when he looked at the luncheon. He was a heavy eater himself, and rather used to indulging heavily in meat and game. In fact, he had had his mind all set on something quite substantial—such as a nice grasshopper pie, or a pair of toasted crawfish. But, being polite, he hid his disappointment and tried to appear quite pleased with the luncheon, though, to tell the truth, he felt as hungry when he had finished as before he had begun.

They started down the brook again. Tobias feeling more and more hungry. He found it very tiresome, too, to swim all the time on top of the water. He tried to forget his hunger, but every few minutes he would see some dainty morsel on the brook bed which would remind him of it.

"Oh," he thought, "if I were only traveling alone, so that I could dive down now and then—what a fine meal I could be having!"

All at once, as they rounded a curve, he caught sight of a fine fat grub, down in the bed of the brook. The sight was too much for poor, absent-

"But to camp in a nook by the side of a brook
Is the jolliest outing of all."

minded Tobias. He forgot the gnomes, forgot the trip, forgot everything except how hungry he was. The next minute the gnomes found themselves kicking and splashing in the water, as Tobias made a sudden dive for that fat grub.

It was a good thing for the gnomes that they had taken lessons from Mr. Bullfrog, and that they were all good swimmers. Otherwise they might not have reached the bank so easily as they did. As they scrambled ashore, up popped Tobias, his eyes filled with tears of apology.

"I'm so sorry," he began. "I didn't do that on purpose, I——"

"Why, we know that, old fellow," laughed Tic. "But I think it was asking too much of you to turn yourself into an excursion boat. I'll tell you what we'll do. Instead of taking the long trip, we'll stop and camp here, and you can pick us up on your way back, if you want to."

Tobias agreed, and the gnomes set to work building a camp. That evening, as they sat around their campfire, all quite happy and contented, they sang:

"Crawfish may travel on brook beds of gravel,
Squirrels may scamper up trees,
Badgers and moles creep through tunnels and holes,
And sand-swallows sail on the breeze.

"Lambs love to gambol and hedgehogs to ramble,
Snails are content just to crawl;
But to camp in a nook by the side of a brook
Is the jolliest outing of all."

I think they were very sensible folk to make up their minds that, though the trip did not turn out quite the way they had planned, they could have just as good a time anyway. Don't you?

ONCE there was a giant who was a mighty hunter. His name was O-ri′-on. This giant loved the daughter of a king, and all day long he hunted wild beasts in the island where the maiden lived, and at evening brought the spoil to the father. But while this king promised his daughter to the hunter, he still put off the marriage. At last, tired out with waiting, Orion tried to steal the princess from her father's palace.

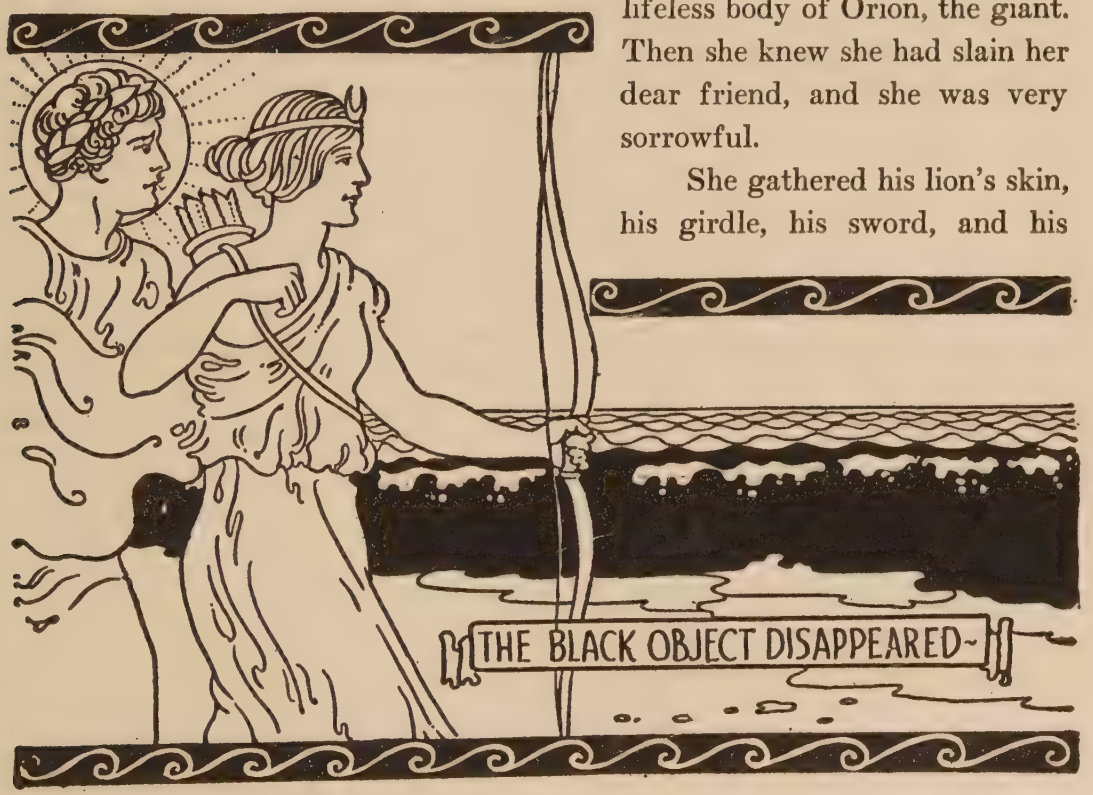
The king pursued, and when he captured the thief he was very cruel in his anger. He put out the eyes of Orion and left him alone on the shore of the sea to die. But the giant did not die. As he lay there by the sea, listening sorrowfully to the soft lap of the waves upon the beach, he heard another sound. It was the far-off booming of a monstrous hammer. He arose and, groping his way, followed the sound on and on until at last he reached a place called Lemnos. Here stood the great burning forge of Vulcan, the god of blacksmiths. Vulcan pitied the blind giant and gave him one of his men, Ke-dal′-ion, to conduct him to Apollo—the sun-god—who alone could restore his sight. The giant took Kedalion upon his back and went striding toward the East, where they met Phœ′-bus A-pol′-lo. The sun-god was kind, for he, too, pitied Orion. He shot his beams directly into the blind eyes and brought back their sight. Orion went on his way rejoicing.

After this, Orion did not return to the daughter of the cruel king, but remained with Di-an′-a, the moon-goddess, sister of Apollo. They were happy, hunting and wandering through the fields together, and the goddess became very fond of her companion. But the sun-god was not pleased that his sister should care so much for this handsome giant, and he determined to rid the land of a being so undesirable.

Now, Orion was the son of Neptune, the ocean-god, and his father had bestowed upon him a wonderful birthright. It was the power to pass through the deep waters of the sea unharmed. Day after day, through the hot summer afternoons, this son of the ocean-god would go wading

about with only his head showing above the deep blue of the waters. It was through this wonderful gift that Apollo found his opportunity for revenge.

One afternoon the sun-god was basking with his sister in a shadowed corner of the beach, when far out he saw a dark object like a ball appearing above the blue line of the sea. Apollo knew at once that it was the head of Orion, but his sister's eyes were not so keen. He pointed to the object as it came nearer, and challenged Diana to hit it with her arrows. The moon-goddess was not to be challenged. She lifted her silver bow and sent an arrow flying straight to the mark. The black object disappeared, and the goddess smiled at her skill. But when twilight fell, and the tide came rolling in, the waves tossed at the feet of Diana the lifeless body of Orion, the giant. Then she knew she had slain her dear friend, and she was very sorrowful.



She gathered his lion's skin, his girdle, his sword, and his club, and, calling his dog, Sirius, she placed Orion, with them all, as stars in the heavens. There you can still find them on a cloudless night.

When the constellation rises early, it is the sign of summer; when it rises about midnight, it heralds the time of the vintage.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE

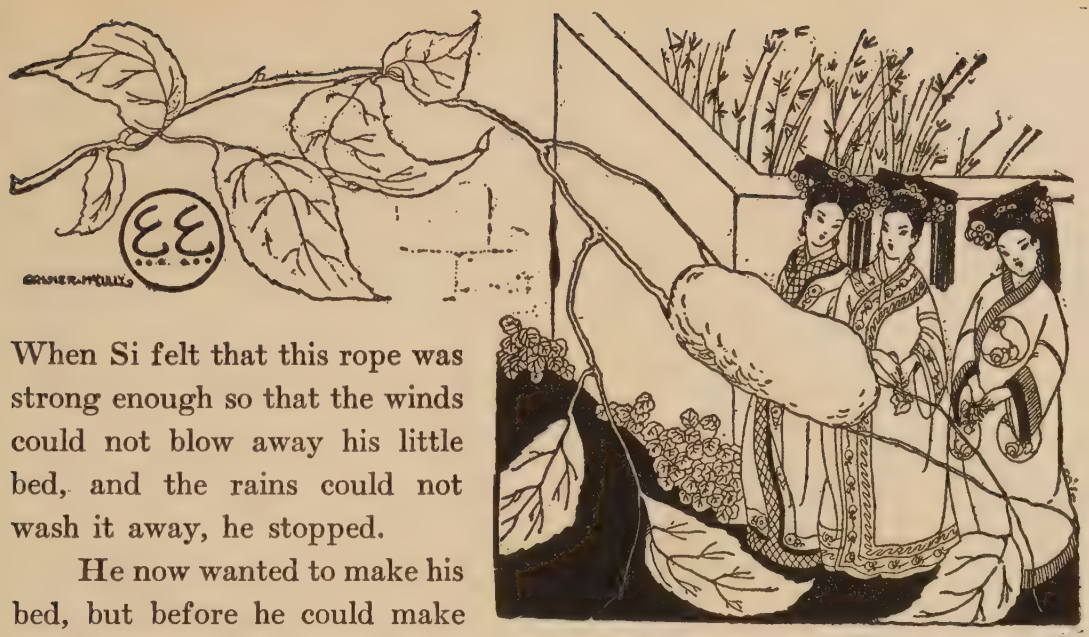
SI'S SILK INDUSTRY

ONCE upon a time there was a funny little fellow whose name was Si. He lived on the top of a Mulberry Tree away over on the other side of the world, in China.

Si was about four inches long and he had 'most a hundred little feet. He never did anything except crawl along the edge of the mulberry leaves and eat. Every time he crawled a step, he'd take a bite, a great big bite, right out of the edge of the green and juicy leaf. This is all Si ever did, all day long and all night long. He never stopped to play and he never stopped to sleep; he just ate and ate and ate. He never stopped for anything except, once in every seven days, when he had to change his clothes. Then he'd shuffle off his old gray suit and go right on eating, for his new suit grew upon his back, beneath the old one.

One day, when Si was about four weeks old, a very strange thing happened. Suddenly Si *wanted* to stop eating. He wanted to go to sleep. He rubbed all his little fuzzy fists into his little bright eyes, and he rubbed and he rubbed and he rubbed. Then he hunted till he found a quiet twig in the mulberry tree, and there he made his bed.

Si was a very wise little fellow. He knew that the winds might come and blow away his cradle, with him in it, or the rain might fall and wash it away, with him in it. The very first thing he did was to get a little rope with which to lash his bed to the quiet little twig. Where do you suppose Si found the little rope? He found it in his mouth. He fastened one end of the little rope tightly to the twig, then very slowly he began to move his head. From side to side he moved it; slowly, slowly, slowly; and as he spun it the longer grew the rope, the stronger it became.



When Si felt that this rope was strong enough so that the winds could not blow away his little bed, and the rains could not wash it away, he stopped.

He now wanted to make his bed, but before he could make his bed he had to make his bedclothes. Where do you suppose he found these bedclothes? He found *them* in his mouth, too. Slowly, slowly, back and forth he moved his head, while the soft, silken threads came from the corners of his mouth. He tied one end of them tightly to the little rope that was fixed to the quiet little twig. And then he wove his coverlets from these soft, silken threads and wound them 'round and 'round his body until he knew that when the winds began to blow he'd be safe and warm, and when the rains began to fall he would be quite dry. Then he went to sleep.

He slept and he slept, and he never knew another thing in all this world.

For while Si was up there spinning his silken coverlets and lashing his bed to the twig of that mulberry tree, a great lady stood in the garden far below and watched him. She was the wife of the Emperor of China, and her name was Se-ling-she. She was a very great lady, and her clothes were very costly, but they were dull and dingy, while the bedclothes of Si, and even the little rope of the caterpillar high up in the tree shone and shimmered in the sunlight.

"I wish some clothes like those," the Empress said to all her Maids in Waiting.

Every day she would go beneath that tree, and she would watch all the little brothers and the cousins and the uncles and the aunts of Si, the little

caterpillar. One fine day she saw the soft and silken beds torn open and brown moths come forth. She watched the moths lay eggs, and later she saw caterpillars, just like Si, come from these eggs.

Then the Chinese Empress and all her Maids in Waiting broke the branches of the mulberry tree and bore them, with the caterpillars, into the palace. They placed them in great, clean rooms, where the air was always fresh.

The Chinese Empress and all her Maids in Waiting at once sat down, and from the soft, silken coverlets of those little crawling creatures they spun fine silks. The Chinese people called the little caterpillar Si. To-day we call him *Bombyx mori,* and from the soft, silken coverlets of the little caterpillars, we make to-day—as a Chinese Empress made so many centuries ago—soft silks for queens to wear, rich velvets for palace walls, hair-ribbons for little girls, and neckties for small boys.

LOUISE H. GUYOL

Our Animal Friends

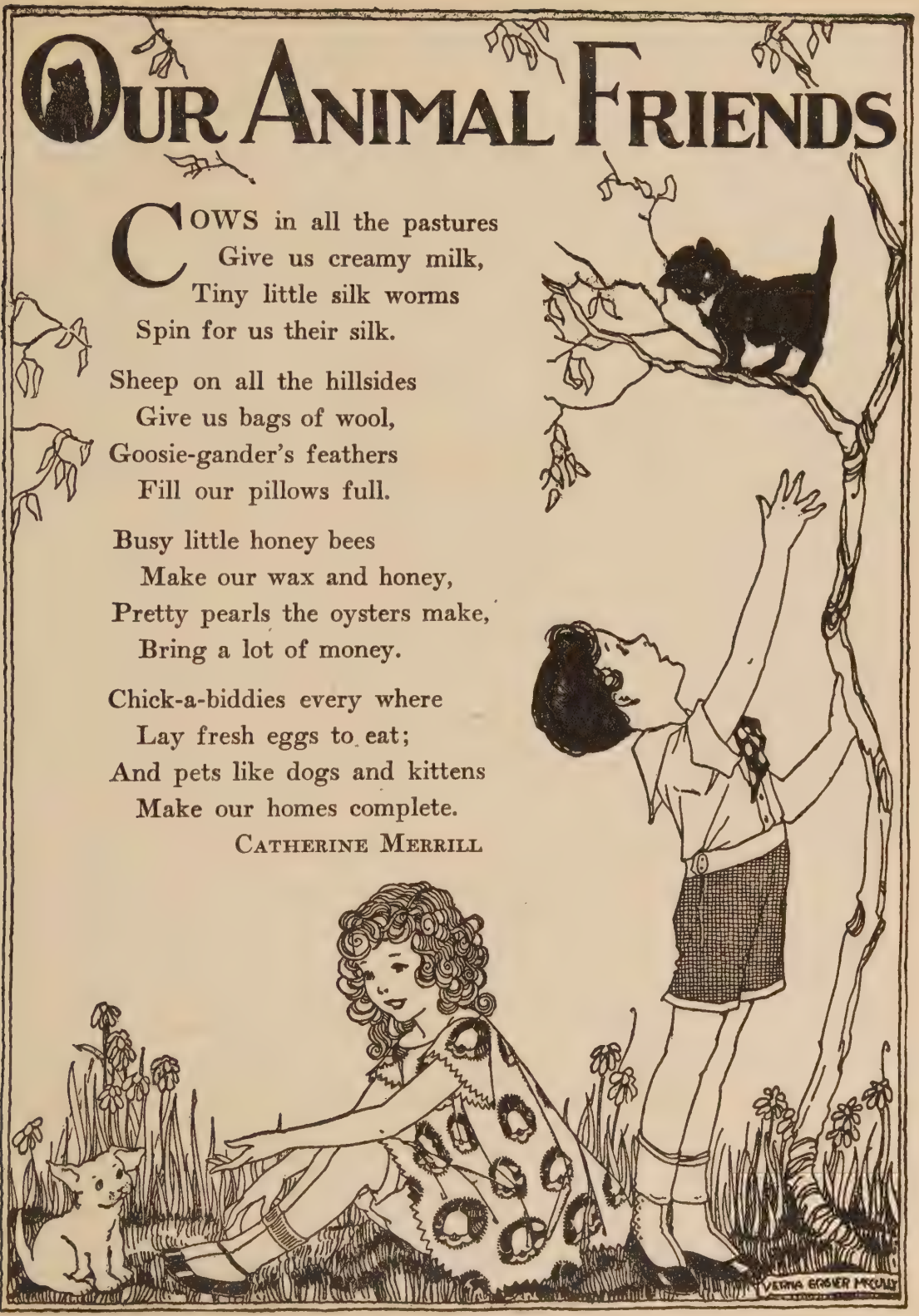
COWS in all the pastures
Give us creamy milk,
Tiny little silk worms
Spin for us their silk.

Sheep on all the hillsides
Give us bags of wool,
Goosie-gander's feathers
Fill our pillows full.

Busy little honey bees
Make our wax and honey,
Pretty pearls the oysters make,
Bring a lot of money.

Chick-a-biddies every where
Lay fresh eggs to eat;
And pets like dogs and kittens
Make our homes complete.

CATHERINE MERRILL



EASTER EGG FUN

THE Easter Egg custom is a very old one. In Egypt eggs were sacred because the people thought they represented the renewal of life after the Deluge. The early Christians said the egg was the symbol of the Resurrection. All over the world, in Italy, Spain, Germany, Bohemia, and Russia there are special Easter egg customs, but little American children enjoy their fun as well as their little neighbors across the sea.

Either boil your eggs very hard, or blow them. Perhaps Mother will let you blow all the eggs she needs for cooking until Easter comes. A tiny hole in each end of the egg and a good blow will empty the egg of its contents.

At a drug store you can buy lovely dyes for a few cents. Little children who have no drug store to go to can make just as beautiful colors in this way:

Eggs boiled in spinach water will become green. Onion skins will make beautiful yellow and brown eggs. Mauve comes from violet blossoms or purple ink; blue from washing blue, and red from fruit basket tarlatan. Eggs boiled with figured calico sewed on them come out with gay-colored decorations.

If you want a picture, or some initials, or even a motto on the egg, trace your design with melted tallow or paraffin before boiling in dye. The dye will not color on the greased places. So, when the paraffin is scraped off, your design remains white. Or, you may draw designs on the eggs with melted wax or varnish, and dip the eggs in strong vinegar. The vinegar will eat away the shell and leave a raised design under the varnish, which can be removed by alcohol. Wax may be scraped off. It would be better to do your engraving before blowing (if you intended to blow the eggs) so you will not crush the shells.

Very funny surprise Easter eggs may be made for the breakfast table with a pen or paint brush, and bits of cloth or tissue paper. It would be great fun to prepare a different character for each member of the family. The little row of pictures at the bottom of the page will suggest a few that are easy to make. You will think of others.

On Easter Monday the annual Egg-rolling takes place on the White House Grounds in Washington. Children from all over the city come with baskets of hard boiled Easter eggs to play games with them. Two children roll their eggs together and he whose egg is not broken, takes the other egg. Several thousand children often attend this White House Egg-rolling.

JANE ODLAW.

There was a Young Lady of Welling,
Whose praise all the world was a-telling:
She played on the harp,
And caught several carp,
That accomplished Young Lady of Welling.

SHE HAS LANDED THREE CARP---CAN YOU FIND THEM ? Edward Lear

On the Nature of Things

DID you ever stop to wonder
Why the Pug-dog's nose is pug;
Why the Dachshund is the longest
Of the canine catalog?

If you'll give me your attention,
I'll endeavor to explain
Just how all these things peculiar
Came to be and so remain.

Long before the time of Noah,
Mr. Pug-dog had a tail
That was straight as any other
And a nose thin as a rail.

But, kind friends, one day the doggie,
Roaming through the quiet wood,
Spied a hare and set upon him
Just as quickly as he could.

In their path a tree was standing
Which the rabbit dodged perforce,
But the Pug was most unlucky
And ran into it, of course.

When, at length, were separated
Nose of dog from bark of tree,
Puggie-dog's most handsome feature
Was a sorry sight to see.

And his tail had, in the meantime,
Just through force of the impact,
Curled up in a foppish manner
Near the middle of his back.

Quickly to his home he scurried,
Woeful figure to behold,
And his story he recited;
Then again 'twas *told* and TOLD.

All the puppies heard with wonder
For each one of them was bred
To give very close attention
To what elder canines said.

But the Dachshund,—an exception
To the morals of the day—
While his playmates showed their breeding,
Let *his* mind roam far away.

Far it wandered and still farther
Till at last, my dears, we find
That his head went on without him
While his *heels* were left behind!

CHESTER M. COGSWELL.

PARSON WEEMS

The Man Who Recorded The Cherry-Tree Story

YOU all know the tale of George Washington and the cheery-tree, but do you know about "Parson" Weems, the man who recorded the story?

Mason Weems was born in October, 1759, at "Marshes Seat," the old family home in Anne Arundel County, Maryland. On his father's side he could trace his ancestry back to the Earls of Wemyss, members of the English nobility who descend from the MacDuff of Shakespeare. He was one of nineteen children, but beyond that we know nothing of his childhood, with the exception of one story. Tradition tells us that his father became uneasy because young Mason was so often away from home at night. Searching for him about the plantation, he found his son in a shanty in the woods, teaching a group of poor children to read and write.

We have nothing to fill in the gap between Mason Weems' boyhood and young manhood but we know that he went abroad to study, as did all young men of the colonies who could afford the higher education. For three years he studied medicine in the University of Edinburgh and in London. Then came the Revolution, and we have no record of young Weems during that stormy time. What a story we might make if we

knew of his adventures during those years! But history is silent and we can only guess at the exciting life he led. It is safe to take the excitement for granted, from our knowledge of this restless, brilliant youth.

In 1782 he suddenly appeared in London, asking for the permission of the Church of England to become a clergyman. But the bishops of that church would not consent unless Weems would swear loyalty to the Crown of England. This was more than the young American would stand, and, with his usual reckless haste, he dashed back to America to ask the advice of Benjamin Franklin on the subject. Franklin told him to preach in America, without the blessing of the English bishops. However, just at this time (in 1784), the "Enabling Act" was passed, and on September 5th young Weems was ordained as a minister and became the rector of All Hallowes Parish, in Anne Arundel County, near his boyhood home.

Peace and quiet were not for "Parson" Weems, as he was affectionately called by the people of Southern Maryland. He was always making new plans, always shocking the dignified members of his church. He founded a school for girls, when education for females was frowned upon. He preached to negro slaves, when negroes were looked upon merely as animals. He preached in taverns, on court-house steps, once even in a ballroom, when religious services were used to being held only with pomp and dignity.

Now began his real life work. He thought that the people of his state, and of her sister state, Virginia, needed books, and as there were few books to be had in those days, he wrote them, published them, and then traveled from place to place selling them. Can you not picture the eager welcome of the people wherever he went? His books were only cheap little pamphlets, but they were written in fresh and vivid style and

were popular for every one wanted to see what the parson had to say.

These little books sold so well that, in 1794, Parson Weems had Samuel and John Adams, of Wilmington, Delaware, print for him *Wilson's Account of the Pelew Islands,* and he peddled this crudely written and printed book from door to door. It was while on this trip through the state that he courted and married a Maryland belle, Miss Fanny Elwell, and settled down for a time, opening a bookshop in Dumfries.

But Parson Weems could never wait for people to come to his books. He must take the books to them. This roving life suited him exactly and in fancy we can see him, harnessing his old horse and setting out on the "good brown road," with a load of books for the people in the counties of lower Maryland or for his friends in the Valley of Virginia. He sold every book he could lay his hands on, whether it pleased the bishops or not, because he himself had a thirst for knowledge, and he believed that others wanted a draught from the same clear spring. In 1796 he was peddling Benjamin Franklin's *Way to Wealth,* and later on we hear of him, selling books on election day in Fairfax Court-House, Virginia, offering the famous skeptic, Tom Paine, with one hand, while he sold the works of an English bishop with the other.

It was not alone in the sale of his books that Parson Weems found delight. He loved God, and because of that he loved men and nature. It is pleasant to think of this country parson, jogging along the quiet roads of Fairfax, whistling some old hymn as he took in the changing colors of tree and hillside, or stopping his hymn to listen in silence to the call of a bird or the music of a waterfall. How many nights he must have wrapped himself in his blankets and lay down before a campfire to read some favorite book, with no sound to be heard but the sleepy note of a distant bird or the movements of his horse tethered nearby. Perhaps, af-

ter awhile, he closed his book, and lying on his back so that he could look up into the sky, repeated to himself the majestic Psalm, "The Heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork," then commending his soul to God, fell asleep while the stars kept watch.

It was in 1800 that he wrote his masterpiece and gave to the world what was to become the greatest legend of American childhood. George Washington died in December, 1799, and two months later, on February 22nd, 1800, Parson Weems was offering for sale the *Life of George Washington.* It was only a thin little volume, hastily gotten up and poorly printed, but it served its purpose, and to the maker of that cheap pamphlet the American people owe much.

Parson Weems, with his keen insight into human minds and his wide acquaintance with every walk of life, realized the danger in which the American people stood,—that of making a god of their dead hero, rather than loving and revering him as a great and human man. He gathered quickly all the material at hand and wrote his "Life," showing Washington as the schoolboy, the son, the friend, the man; pointing out the loveliness of character that raised him above others, rather than the warlike traits of a demigod which the public was beginning to worship.

The little book is full of tales of human interest, even picturing the Father of His Country with the sins of the average small boy. But the

wisdom of the elder Washington is shown, too, and here is the anecdote of the cherry-tree in the very words of Parson Weems' little book, which he said he got from "an aged lady who was a distant relative who, when a girl, spent much of her time in the family."

> "When George ..... was about six years old he was made the wealthy master of a hatchet; of which, like most little boys, he was immoderately fond, and was constantly going about chopping everything that came his way. One day, in the garden, where he often amused himself hacking his mother's pea-sticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful young English cherry-tree, which he barked so terribly that I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning, the old gentleman, finding out what had befallen his tree, came into the house, and with much warmth asked for the mischievous author, declaring at the same time that he would not have taken five guineas for the tree. Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. 'George,' said his father, 'do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the garden?' This was a *tough* question, and George staggered under it for a moment, but quickly recovered himself, and looking at his father, with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth, he bravely cried out, 'I can't tell a lie, Pa. I did cut it with my hatchet.' 'Run to my arms, you dearest boy,' cried his father in transports. 'Glad am I, George, that you killed my tree; for you have paid me for it a thousandfold. Such an act of heroism in my son is worth a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver and their fruits of purest gold.' "

The *Life of George Washington* played a far more important part in early American history than was ever dreamed of by its author. He wrote for love of country and of the great man, and the influence of his book spread through the colonies, teaching patriotism and right thinking at a time when there was grave danger of losing our American ideals, teaching love of God to a country that was beginning to doubt. After any great war there is need for faith in God, and Parson Weems turned the eyes of America back to their old beliefs.

We can thank this Maryland clergyman for his books, of which the *Life of George Washington* was the last. But most of all we owe him a debt of gratitude for giving to American childhood the story of the cherry-tree.

ALBERTA REGESTER DUFFEY

DAME WIGGINS OF LEE
AND HER
SEVEN WONDERFUL CATS

A HUMOROUS TALE

Written Principally by a
LADY OF NINETY

Reprinted from
An Old Book
of
1823

DAME WIGGINS of Lee
Was a worthy old soul,
As e'er threaded a nee-
dle, or wash'd in a bowl:
She held mice and rats
In such antipa-thy;
That seven fine cats
Kept Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The rats and mice scared
By this fierce whisker'd crew.
The poor seven cats
Soon had nothing to do;
So, as any one idle
She ne'er loved to see,
She sent them to school,
Did Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Master soon wrote
That they all of them knew
How to read the word "milk"
And to spell the word "mew."
And they all washed their faces
Before they took tea:
"Were there ever such dears!"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

He had also thought well
To comply with their wish
To spend all their play-time
In learning to fish
For stitlings; they sent her
A present of three,
Which, fried, were a feast
For Dame Wiggins of Lee.

But soon she grew tired
Of living alone;
So she sent for her cats
From school to come home.
Each rowing a wherry,
Returning you see:
The frolic made merry
Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame was quite pleas'd,
And ran out to market;
When she came back
They were mending the carpet.
The needle each handled
As brisk as a bee;
"Well done, my good cats,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

To give them a treat,
She ran out for some rice;
When she came back,
They were skating on ice.
"I shall soon see one down,
Aye, perhaps, two or three,
I'll bet half-a-crown,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

When spring-time came back
They had breakfast of curds;
And were greatly afraid
Of disturbing the birds.
"If you sit, like good cats,
All the seven in a tree,
They will teach you to sing!"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

So they sat in a tree,
And said "Beautiful! Hark!"
And they listened and looked
In the clouds for the lark.
Then sang, by the fireside,
Symphonious-ly,
A song without words
To Dame Wiggins of Lee.

They called the next day
On the tomtit and sparrow,
And wheeled a poor sick lamb
Home in a barrow.
"You shall all have some sprats
For your humani-ty,
My seven good cats,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

While she ran to the field,
To look for its dam,
They were warming the bed
For the poor sick lamb:
They turn'd up the clothes
All as neat as could be;
"I shall ne'er want a nurse,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

She wished them good night,
And went up to bed:
When, lo! in the morning,
The cats were all fled.
But soon—what a fuss!
"Where can they all be?
Here, pussy, puss, puss!"
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame's heart was nigh broke,
So she sat down to weep,
When she saw them come back
Each riding a sheep:
She fondled and patted
Each purring Tom-my:
"Ah! welcome, my dears,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame was unable
Her pleasure to smother·
To see the sick Lamb
Jump up to its mother.
In spite of the gout,
And a pain in her knee,
She went dancing about:
Did Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Farmer soon heard
Where his sheep went astray,
And arrived at Dame's door
With his faithful dog Tray.
He knocked with his crook,
And the stranger to see,
Out of window did look
Dame Wiggins of Lee.

15

For their kindness he had them
All drawn by his team;
And gave them some field-mice,
And raspberry-cream.
Said he, "All my stock
You shall presently see:
For I honour the cats
Of Dame Wiggins of Lee."

16

He sent his maid out
For some muffins and crumpets;
And when he turn'd round
They were blowing of trumpets.
Said he, "I suppose,
She's as deaf as can be,
Or this ne'er could be borne
By Dame Wiggins of Lee."

17

To show them his poultry,
He turn'd them all loose,
When each nimbly leap'd
On the back of a Goose,
Which frighten'd them so
That they ran to the sea,
And half-drown'd the poor cats
Of Dame Wiggins of Lee.

18

For the care of his lamb,
And their comical pranks,
He gave them a ham
And abundance of thanks.
"I wish you good-day,
My fine fellows," said he;
"My compliments, pray,
To Dame Wiggins of Lee."

19

You see them arrived
At their Dame's welcome door;
They show her their presents,
And all their good store.
"Now come in to supper,
And sit down with me;
All welcome once more,"
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.

20

TO MY CHILDREN

THE foregoing pages I have given you are reproduced very carefully from a most precious copy of *"Dame Wiggins"* which I have had to *wreck* so you might have them. (But what I have is *yours*, so why not?) The book I used was printed in 1885 from the original *"Dame Wiggins of Lee"* of 1825. In my wrecked copy was a most interesting *Preface* by John Ruskin, which is given below so that you may know the full history of this quaint *Old Rhyme*. J. M.

JOHN RUSKIN'S *PREFACE*

THE woodcuts which illustrate these nursery rhymes have been facsimiled with exemplary care and admirable skill by Mr. W. H. Hooper, from those which were given coloured by hand in the edition of *1823*. But I think that clever children will like having the mere outlines to colour in their own way; and for older students there may be some interest in observing how much life and reality may be obtained by the simplest methods of engraving, when the design is founded on action instead of effect. The vigorous black type of the text has also been closely matched by the care of Messrs. Hazell.

. . . In the old book, no account is given of what the cats learned when they went to school, and I thought my younger readers might be glad of some notice of such particulars. I have added, therefore, the rhymes on the *third, fourth, eighth,* and *ninth* pages—the kindness of Miss Greenaway supplying the needful illustrations. But my rhymes do not ring like the real ones; and I would not allow Miss Greenaway to subdue the grace of her first sketches to the formality of the earlier work: but we alike trust that the interpolation may not be thought to detract from the interest of the little book, which, for the rest, I have the greatest pleasure in commending to the indulgence of the *Christmas* fireside, because it relates nothing that is sad, and portrays nothing that is ugly.

J. Ruskin

4th October, 1885.

WHAT *the* JONESES LEFT BEHIND

THE Jones family were out in the woods all summer. They slept in a tent. They had a little stove. Father caught fish. Mother cooked them on the stove. The children ate them.

When the Jones family went home, they left the stove in the woods. They also left a paper of pins, a comb, and Betty's blue hair-ribbon. They forgot to take these things home with them.

A woodchuck was the first one to find these things. The woodchuck did not know what to do with the stove, the pins, and the comb.

"That is very pretty," said the woodchuck, when she saw the blue hair-ribbon. "I will tie it around my neck." And she did so.

The woodchuck met some Millikins. Millikins are fairies.

"How fine you look!" cried the Millikins. "Where did you find the pretty blue hair-ribbon?"

"Under some trees," replied the woodchuck.

"Are there any more pretty blue hair-ribbons under the trees?"

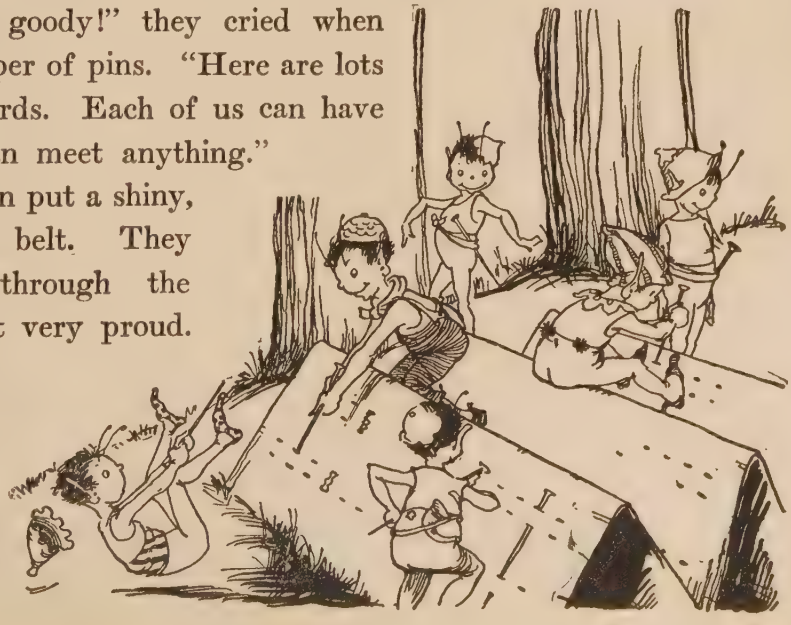
"No," said the woodchuck. "But there are some other things. I did not take any of them. I did not know what they were."

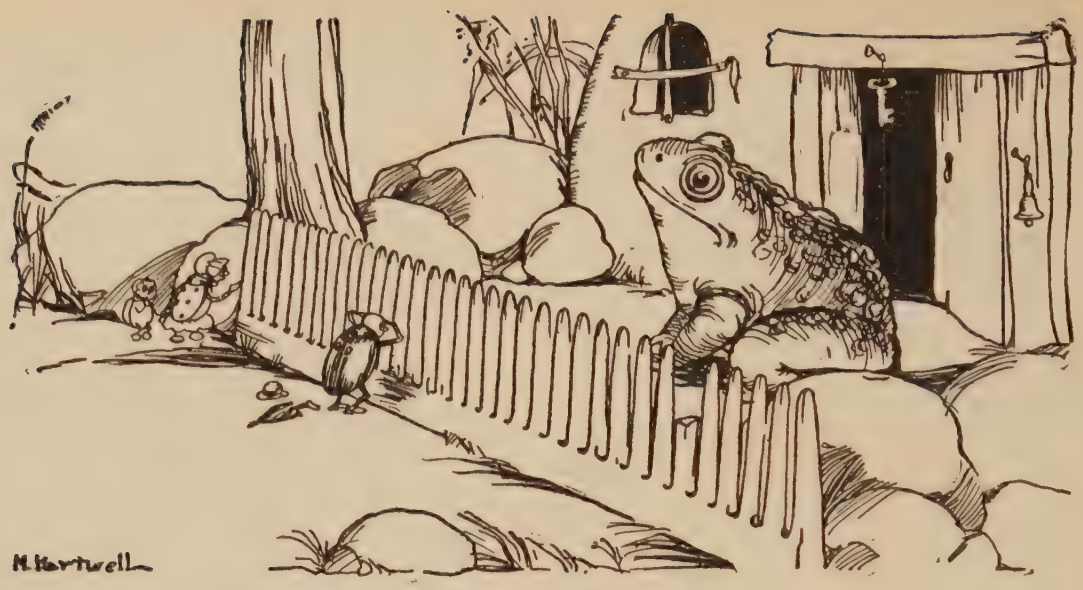
The Millikins ran over to the trees. They had never seen a stove or a comb. They did not know what they were.

"Oh, goody! goody!" they cried when they found the paper of pins. "Here are lots of shiny, new swords. Each of us can have one. Now we can meet anything."

Every Millikin put a shiny, new pin in his belt. They marched away through the woods. They felt very proud. A toad saw them.

"How fine you look!" cried the toad. "Where did you get those shiny swords?"





"Under some trees," replied the Millikins.

"Are there any more shiny, new swords under the trees?" asked the toad.

"No," replied the Millikins. "We took the shiny swords. The woodchuck took the pretty blue hair-ribbon. But there are some other things. We did not take them, for we did not know what they were."

The toad hopped over to the trees. She had never seen a stove. She did not know what it was.

"Oh, what a splendid fence!" cried the toad, when she found the comb. "I will set it up in front of my house. Then the beetles cannot get in and eat my turnips."

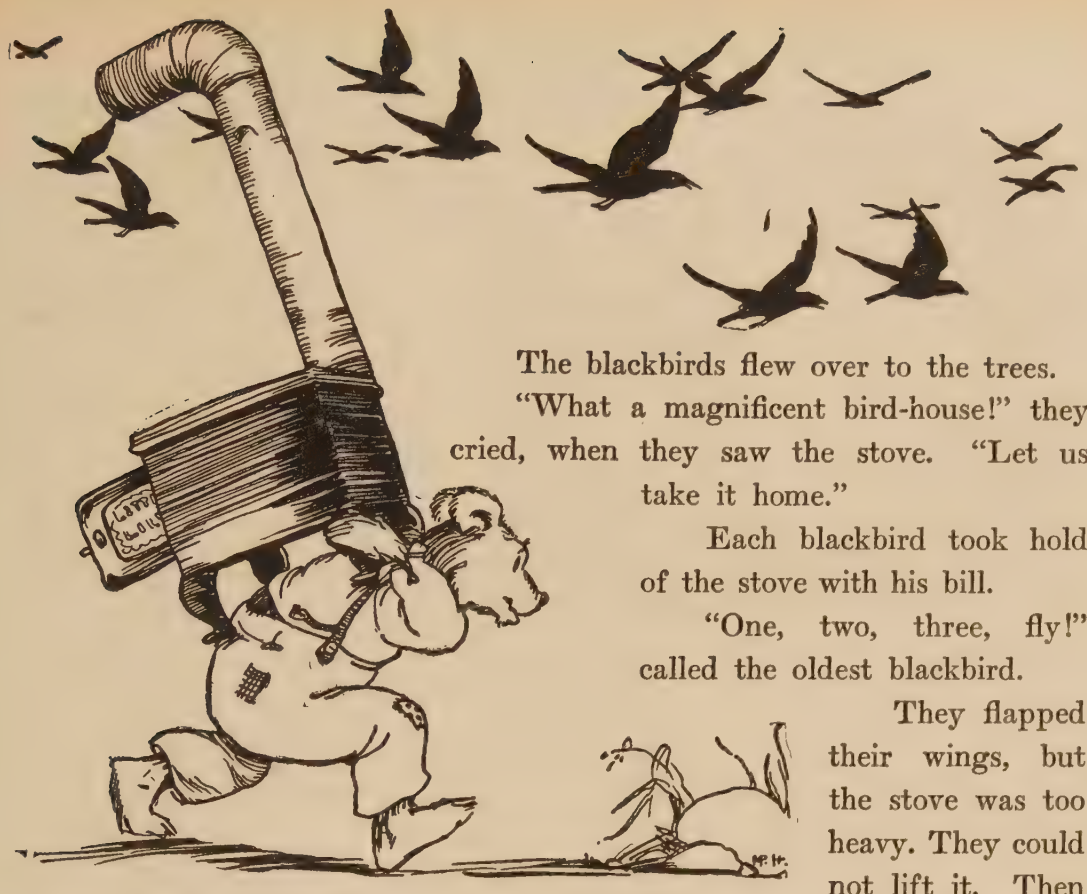
The toad took one end of the comb in her mouth. She pulled it along through the woods. The comb was heavy. It took her a long time to pull it home. She put it up in front of her house. Then she sat down to rest. A flock of blackbirds came by.

"What a splendid fence!" they cried. "Where did you get it?"

"Under some trees," replied the toad.

"Are there any more splendid fences under the trees?" asked the blackbirds.

"No," replied the toad. "The woodchuck took the pretty blue hair-ribbon. The Millikins took the shiny swords. I took the splendid fence. But there is something else there. I did not know what it was."



The blackbirds flew over to the trees.

"What a magnificent bird-house!" they cried, when they saw the stove. "Let us take it home."

Each blackbird took hold of the stove with his bill.

"One, two, three, fly!" called the oldest blackbird.

They flapped their wings, but the stove was too heavy. They could not lift it. Then the blackbirds hired the brown bear to carry the stove home for them. They paid the bear a bushel of nuts.

The blackbirds made nests in the oven. They kept nuts in the stove-pipe.

"This is the best bird-house we ever had," they said.

The Jones family came back to the woods the next summer.

"Somebody has taken the stove, the pins, the comb, and the blue hair-ribbon," said Mother.

"Who could it have been?" asked Betty.

ELIZABETH GURNEY

WHY THE SEA IS SALT

A Legend of the Northland

AMONG the folk-lore stories and myths of olden days, we find many curious explanations which we should seldom, if ever, think of telling to children. But at that time people believed everything should be explained in some way, and many interesting tales were told to the little ones.

Once upon a time two brothers, Olaf and Torvald, lived together. Olaf was rich but Torvald was poor. The rich brother often ill-treated Torvald, his poor brother, and made him very unhappy. One day Torvald found a magic hand-mill. He had only to repeat certain words and the mill would grind whatever he wished. He was a very wise young man so he had the mill grind only those things that could be used. Of course, before many months, he, too, became rich, even richer than his brother. When Olaf heard of his brother's success he grew envious and wished that he might have this wonderful mill for himself. He made such a great offer to his brother for the magic mill that much to his joy, he was able to buy it. Torvald showed him how to start the mill, but remembering how his brother had treated him in the past, he did not tell him how to stop it.

OLAF BUYS THE MILL

Olaf took the mill home and as dinner was late, he greedily told the mill to grind out gruel, "fast and plenty," because they had an extra number of hired men making the hay and all were very hungry. The mill obeyed and in a short time there was so much gruel that all the dishes and tubs in the house were filled full and the mill still kept running. So frightened was Olaf that he ran to his brother and asked him if he could stop the mill for he feared that the whole village would be buried in gruel if something was not done. The result was that he paid his brother a great sum of money to stop the mill and to take it away with him.

The legend goes on to say that one day a sea captain came to Torvald and asked him if the magic mill could grind salt. The sea captain was accustomed to go on long fishing trips and he had to have salt in which to pack his catch. This meant that sometimes he must travel great distances to get the salt, at a loss of much time and money. When Torvald said that the mill would grind salt, the sea captain was very anxious to get this wonderful mill and could hardly wait to possess it. As soon as Torvald agreed to let it go, the captain seized the mill and ran to his ship with it, not thinking to ask how to regulate it. On that trip he did not carry any salt with him, but when he got far out to sea he said to the mill, "Grind salt both fast and well; grind, grind, grind!" The mill obeyed and kept grinding until at last the vessel was filled with salt to overflowing, for the captain did not know of any way to stop it. At last the ship was capsized by the weight of the salt and with the mill on its deck it sank to the bottom of the ocean. And, it is said, to this very day the wonderful mill is still grinding. That is why, according to this old tale, the water of the sea is salt.

WALTER K. PUTNEY.

THINK OF THE EIGHT BIRDS DESCRIBED IN THIS LIST AND WRITE THEIR NAMES IN THE LITTLE FRAMES

WE welcome Spring when you can bob in
And cheer us all, dear friendly [ ]

In Princeton colors, manner droll
A rollicking singer, our [ ]

An inky thief, the farmer's foe
The restless, noisy, scolding [ ]

The music he makes is enough for ten
This cheerful, neighborly, pert little [ ]

Wilt tell us truly who ye be
Ye insect-catcher, brisk [ ]

As evening falls, from wooded hill
Comes the command to [ ]

Whose note so sweet at twilight hush?
The flutelike tones of the dainty [ ]

No night so dark but he sees to prowl,
His startling notes proclaim an [ ]

HARRIET S. ROWLEY

Jan. Tumtott

The HARE In The MOON

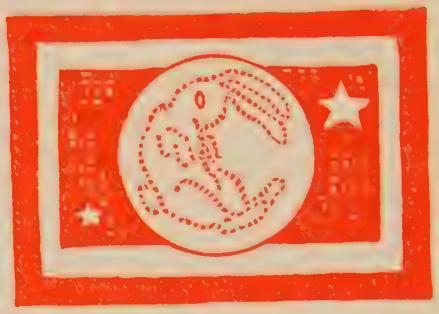
WHEN you look at the moon, what do you see in it? When I was very little, I saw nothing but a man's face. Later on, some one showed me a girl's head—a girl with a regular profile and a wealth of dark hair. Now I can see still another outline, since I heard this story which the Hindus tell to their children far out in India. When the moon is round and full, the Hindus see in it the figure of a hare with long ears. This is why the hare is there:

Once upon a time, on the banks of the largest river in India, the Ganges, there lived four friends—a monkey, an otter, a jackal, and a hare. These animals were very intelligent and virtuous. They obeyed the same laws of religion that the men and women living in India obeyed at that time. One of these laws was that on Sunday one must eat nothing all day long, but must give whatever one could to any beggar who asked for help during the day. On Saturday, people would take care to prepare things to be given to beggars who might ask for alms the next day. Our four friends always spent Saturday looking for food which they could give away.

One Saturday, the monkey climbed many mango trees and gathered their delicious fruit. These and cool water he set aside.

The otter spent the day wandering along the river bank. He was beginning to give up hope of finding anything when his keen nose told him some fish were buried in the sand near the spot he was passing. He dug and found seven which some fishermen had probably hidden, expecting to return later in the day to get them. The otter knew that

it would be a sin to steal anything. To guard against this, he called out three times in a loud voice, "Does any one own these fish?" As no one answered,



with a clear conscience he took the fish home and put them away for the next day. (You or I might have worried a little for fear the fisherman who had caught them was deaf or was too far away to hear the call. Perhaps people didn't worry so much then. At any rate the otter—and he was a very nice otter—felt that the fish belonged to him.)

Meanwhile the jackal had not had much trouble in finding something he could use as alms. Near the part of the river where they lived, he came across an empty hut. On entering it, he found on the table a piece of roasted meat and a jar of curds. He, too, called out three times in a loud voice (at least I hope it was a loud voice), "Does any one own this meat and these curds?" No one answered, and he slung the jar around his neck by its rope handle, took the meat in his mouth, and went home.

But the poor hare found nothing at all. Sad and distressed at nightfall he sat thinking: "I have no sesame or rice, or wheat,—nothing but grass and leaves. These I cannot offer a beggar. What shall I give? There is nothing but my own body. Let it, then, be the alms I shall give."

Far away in the dwelling-place of the gods, sat Indra, the chief one of them all, on his white marble throne. It was so arranged that whenever any one on earth had an especially generous thought or did an espe-

cially generous deed, this throne would grow warm. Indra, feeling the heat, would then look to see who was so generous.

Therefore, the minute there came into the hare's mind the thought that he would give his own body as alms, Indra's throne grew warm, and the great god looked to see who was the cause.

"That was indeed a generous and noble thought," said Indra to himself, "but I wonder whether the hare would actually carry out his good intention if he had an opportunity to do so. I will test him!"

Indra was so powerful that he could take whatever form he pleased. Now he took the appearance of a poor man, a Brahman, his clothes torn and dusty. Early on Sunday morning he went to the place where the four friends lived.

First he went to the monkey, saying, "Alms, kind sir, alms for a poor man!"

"Certainly," replied the monkey.

"Cool water have I here, and mangoes sweet;
I give you them, O Brahman. Take and eat!"

"Thank you!" answered the Brahman. "I will return for them later."

He next went to the otter.

"Alms, kind sir, for a poor man!" he cried.

"Certainly!" replied the otter.

"Seven river fish I have, a dainty treat;
I give you them, O Brahman. Take and eat!"

"Thank you!" answered the Brahman. "I will return for them later."

Then he went to the jackal.

"Alms for a poor man, kind sir!" he begged.

"Certainly!" replied the jackal.

"A jar of curds I have, and roasted meat.
I give you them, O Brahman. Take and eat!"

"Thank you!" answered the Brahman. "I will return for them later."

Last of all he came to the hare.

"O sir," he cried, "a poor man at your door begs alms!"

The hare was filled with joy. "Brahman," he exclaimed, "you have made me happy! To-day I shall give you such alms as have never been given before. Gather some wood, kindle a fire and call me. Then I shall throw myself into the flame. When my flesh is cooked, eat it!

"No rice have I, or pulse, or sesame.
My body, though, I'll cook. Then eat of me!"

In a trice Indra, by his divine power, had collected a pile of sticks and lighted a fire. After doing so he summoned the hare.

Without a moment's hesitation the hare leaped upon the burning coals. But, strangely, the fire did not burn him. He sat there as cool as though on a snow-bank.

"Brahman," he cried, "this is a strangely cool fire. Not a hair on my body is scorched."

Then Indra cast off his disguise as a poor Brahman and stood before the startled hare in his true form, splendid and beautiful.

"O generous hare," he said, "I am no Brahman; I am Indra, chief of the gods. I came to see if your deeds were as good as your words. Never shall your generous nature be forgotten, for a reminder of you shall be put where men may see it forever."

Then Indra squeezed a mountain until the juice ran out of it, and with the juice he drew the likeness of a sitting hare on the surface of the moon.

That is why, if you look very carefully, you can see the hare in the moon even to this day!

HELEN H. BROWN

TSING TED!

ONCE Ted looked in
A hive of BBB
And thought their honey
He would CCC.

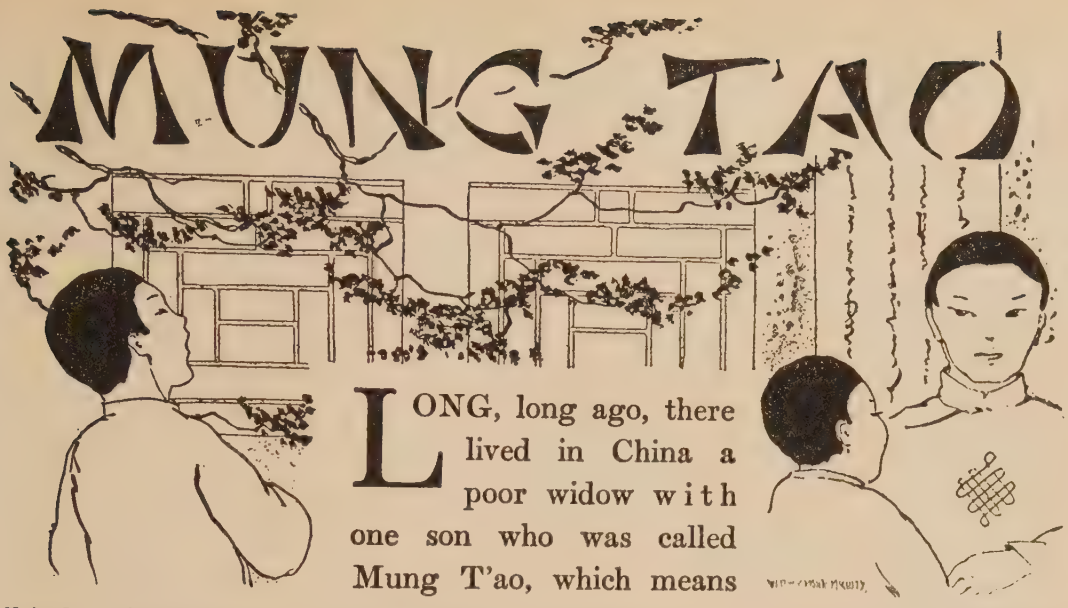
The BBB stung Ted
On III and n-OOO,
And from poor Ted
Came cries of "OOO"!

Ted learned
'twas better
Not to TTT
But leave alone
The busy BBB.

ROBERTA SYMMES

HEU! Iter didilum,
Felis cum fidulum,
Vacca transluit lunam.
Caniculus ridet
Quum talem videt,
Et dish ambulavit cum spoonam.

MUNG T'AO



LONG, long ago, there lived in China a poor widow with one son who was called Mung T'ao, which means Little Blockhead. He was a good, obedient son to his mother, however, and that is the great thing in China, or anywhere else, for that matter.

One day he came into the little hut where they lived and found her crying.

"What is the matter, my mother? Tell your Little Blockhead!"

"Alas, my son, we have nothing in the house to eat. We shall starve if some one does not give us a few handfuls of rice."

"Dear mother, is that all? I am tall and strong now. I will go out and get work. Surely some of the farmers will give me work so that I can buy rice for my dear mother."

Soon Little Blockhead went out to ask for work. Their hut was on the river side, and he had to go through the town in order to reach the fields and find farmers to whom he might offer his services. In the town, he saw the coolies carrying brimming buckets of water, and the gentry of the place riding in sedan chairs carried on the shoulders of men. He went through the street where they made paper umbrellas and the one where they made chop-sticks. At last his way took him past the stone lions that guarded the King's palace. Here a number of people were crowded together reading a notice posted on a board with the King's arms painted at the top. Little Blockhead could not read characters, but he asked one of the men in the crowd to tell him what the notice said. The man was kind and answered,

"Why, the King has only one daughter and she has a strange affliction. From the day of her birth until now she has never laughed, and this notice offers a hundred silver taels to any one who can make her laugh."

"Never laughed!" said Mung T'ao, whose white teeth were always showing in a gay smile. "Poor little Princess! I should like to make her laugh for her own sake, besides having all that money to take home to my mother."

"*You* make her laugh!" said a less good-natured bystander. "A fine chance you have to make her laugh when all the doctors in the kingdom have tried and failed."

The crowd all scoffed at Mung T'ao, but he did not get angry; he only laughed, himself, and then ran on because he must hurry to find work if his mother was not to go hungry.

After he had gone through the city gate where soldiers were walking up and down to keep guard, he was soon in the open country. Great fields of rice were green, growing in water below the level of the little footpath along which he was walking. Presently he came to a farm and asked for work.

"What is your name?" asked the farmer.

"Mung T'ao."

"Go away, I do not want any blockheads to work for me."

At the next farm he heard the same thing. He was beginning to feel discouraged, but then he had a good thought. When the third farmer asked him who he was, he said,

"My mother is the widow Mung."

The farmer's wife heard the answer and said to her husband,

"Give the lad work; a blessing will follow a boy who works for his widowed mother."

The farmer set him to treading the water-wheel which pumped water up to irrigate the crops. But because he was only a boy, he said,

"Instead of paying you regular wages, I will give you each day what your work is worth."

At the end of the first day the farmer gave him a penny. It seemed a great deal to Little Blockhead who had never had any money of his own before, and he put it into his mouth to keep it safe.

When his mother saw him coming home, she cried out to him,

"Oh, my dear son, what did the farmer pay you for your work to-day?"

"A penny, mother. I put it in my mouth. But when I tried to get a drink on the way home, it fell from my mouth into the pond."

"Oh, you foolish boy, you are indeed Little Blockhead. You should have put it into your pocket."

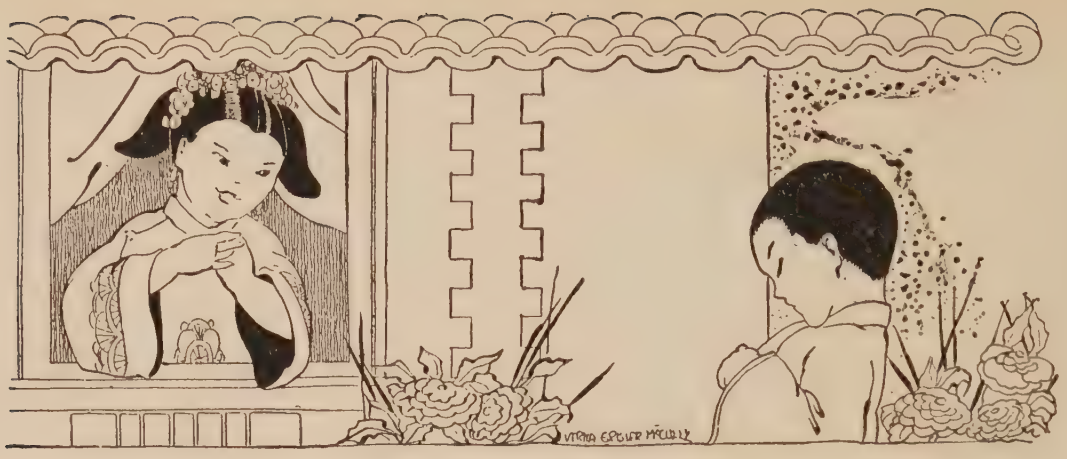
"Next time, whatever the farmer gives me, I will put it into my pocket."

But when the farmer heard that Mung T'ao had lost the penny, he thought, "This boy is too stupid to be trusted with money; I will give him something else." That night he gave the boy a pitcher of milk. In order to obey his mother, Mung T'ao put it into his pocket. When he came home, his clothes were dripping with milk, and again he had nothing to show for his day's work. But his mother did not scold him. She only said to him kindly,

"You should have put the pitcher on your shoulder and held it with your hands."

"Very well, mother. Next time, whatever the farmer gives me, I will put it on my shoulder and hold it with my hands."

The farmer was vexed with Mung T'ao's stupidity, but his



wife urged him to give the boy something especially fine for his third day's work because he had lost all he had gained in the other two. So the farmer gave him a fine little donkey. Mung T'ao hoisted the animal up upon his shoulder and started home, holding him up with both hands. Every one who saw him laughed at him, and all the children and many grown people followed him along the street, mocking him and teasing him. The noise the crowd made was so great that the Princess looked out of her palace window and when she saw the boy carrying a donkey on his shoulder, she began to laugh. She laughed and laughed as if she would never stop. The King sent out a messenger at once and had Little Blockhead brought into the palace. He asked Mung T'ao why he was carrying the donkey and laughed again at the tale of his three days' work. Then he gave the lad the hundred silver taels, and the Princess, tears still in her pretty eyes from having laughed so hard, brought him some bonbons and a warm jacket, saying,

"Look, Little Blockhead; put these in your mouth, hold this on your shoulders, fill your pockets with the silver; then ride the donkey home and tell your mother you have brought her all these things and one more, the best of all—a loving, obedient son."

MARGARET WENTWORTH

Fairy Clothes

BIG people call them spider webs,
But we know, you and I,
They are the fairies' new-washed clothes,
Spread on the ground to dry.

On sunny summer mornings we
Can see them as we pass.
They glitter on the rose bush and
They sparkle on the grass.

Big people call them spider webs;
But when the dew has gone
The spider webs have vanished, too,
For fairies put them on.

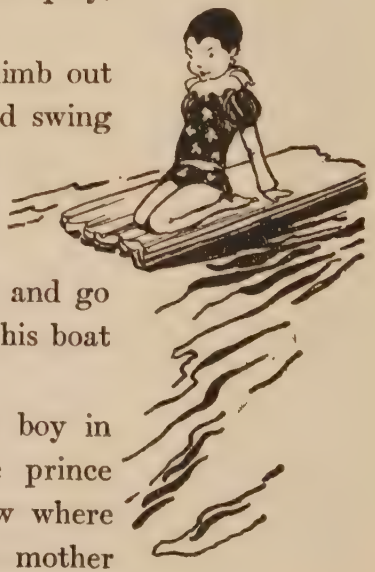
LILLIAN MAYFIELD ROBERTS

VERNA GREIPP MCCULLY

The STORY of ROBIN GOODFELLOW

ONCE upon a time there was a boy who lived with his mother in a little country house. He was a lively little chap, with cheeks and lips as red as cherries, and teeth shiny white. His black hair was cropped close to his head, and he had tiny lines of eyebrows pointing up into his forehead, and little black eyes, sparkling and twinkling with fun and laughter all the time. Like most boys, he hated to work and loved to play; and when his mother sent him to work in the garden, he sometimes forgot all about it and went to play among the poppies. You will soon see what a funny boy he was, and maybe you will see why he was different from other boys.

One funny thing about this boy was that he was so *little*. The truth was that he had not grown an inch since the day he was born. He had grown strong, so that he could run and jump and play, but he had not grown the least bit bigger.



He was so tiny that sometimes he would climb out to the very ends of the branches of the trees and swing back and forth with the wind whistling in his ears without ever being afraid that the branch would break.

Sometimes he would sit on a piece of wood and go floating around the pond, with never a fear that his boat would sink.

His mother was poor, but she dressed her boy in beautiful clothes, suits more befitting a little prince than a little peasant. He was curious to know where all the pretty clothes came from. But his mother

only told him that his father gave them to him. The boy had never seen his father and did not know who he was.

One day the boy saw old Madam Pennypacker washing clothes in her garden across the way. Madam Pennypacker was very fat and very fussy, and she looked so funny on her knees bending over the wash-tub that the boy laughed at her. He sprang over the garden fence and ran up behind her very gently on the grass and snatched one of her great shoes from her foot.

Then he rushed away, shouting, "Ho! Ho! Ho!"

After him came fat Madam Pennypacker, hopping on one foot. Her face was very red and her arms were all splashed and soapy.

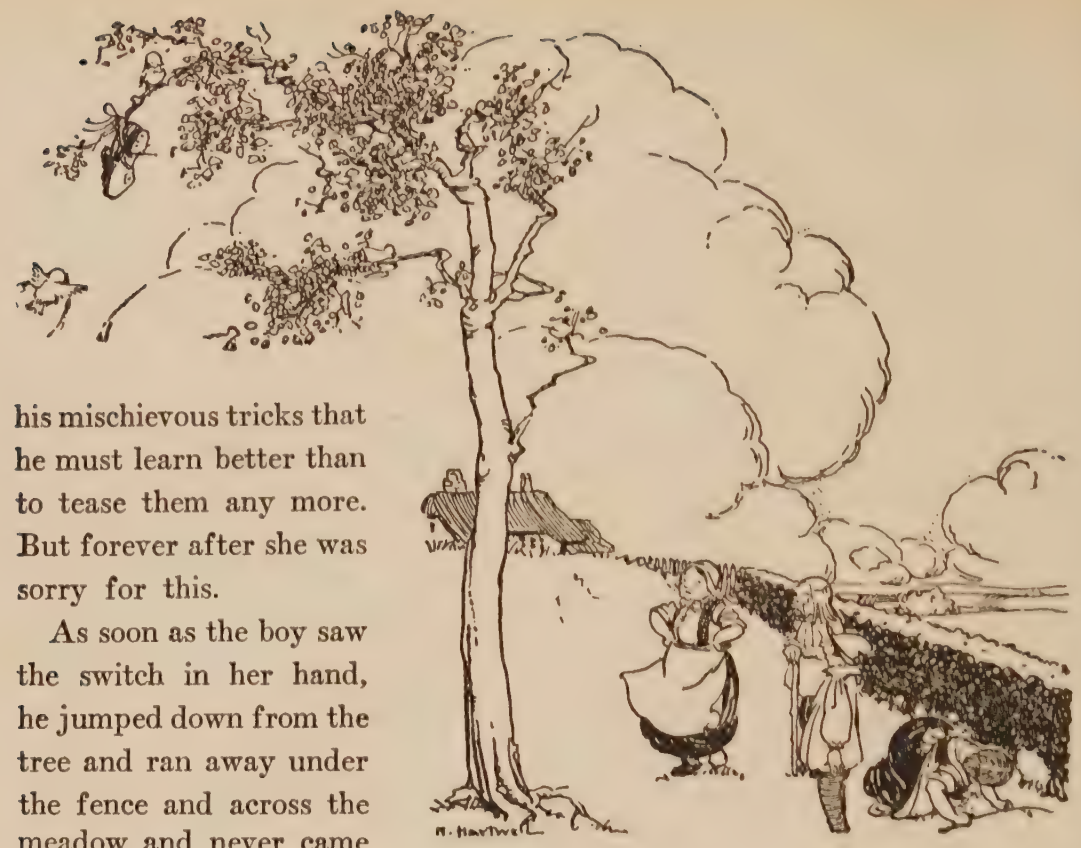
"Come back with my shoe, you naughty boy!" she screamed.

NOW what did the boy do but climb up a tall tree and hang Madam Pennypacker's shoe from the very topmost branch. It swung back and forth in the wind while she stood on one foot and watched it.

The boy's mother came out of the house and found Madam Pennypacker shaking her finger angrily at the boy, who was laughing at her from up in the tree.

"Your boy is wicked! He should be punished," said Madam Pennypacker. "Wait till I get hold of him!"

Now the boy's mother hated to punish him, because she knew that he was not really a bad boy. But the neighbors complained so often about



his mischievous tricks that he must learn better than to tease them any more. But forever after she was sorry for this.

As soon as the boy saw the switch in her hand, he jumped down from the tree and ran away under the fence and across the meadow and never came back any more.

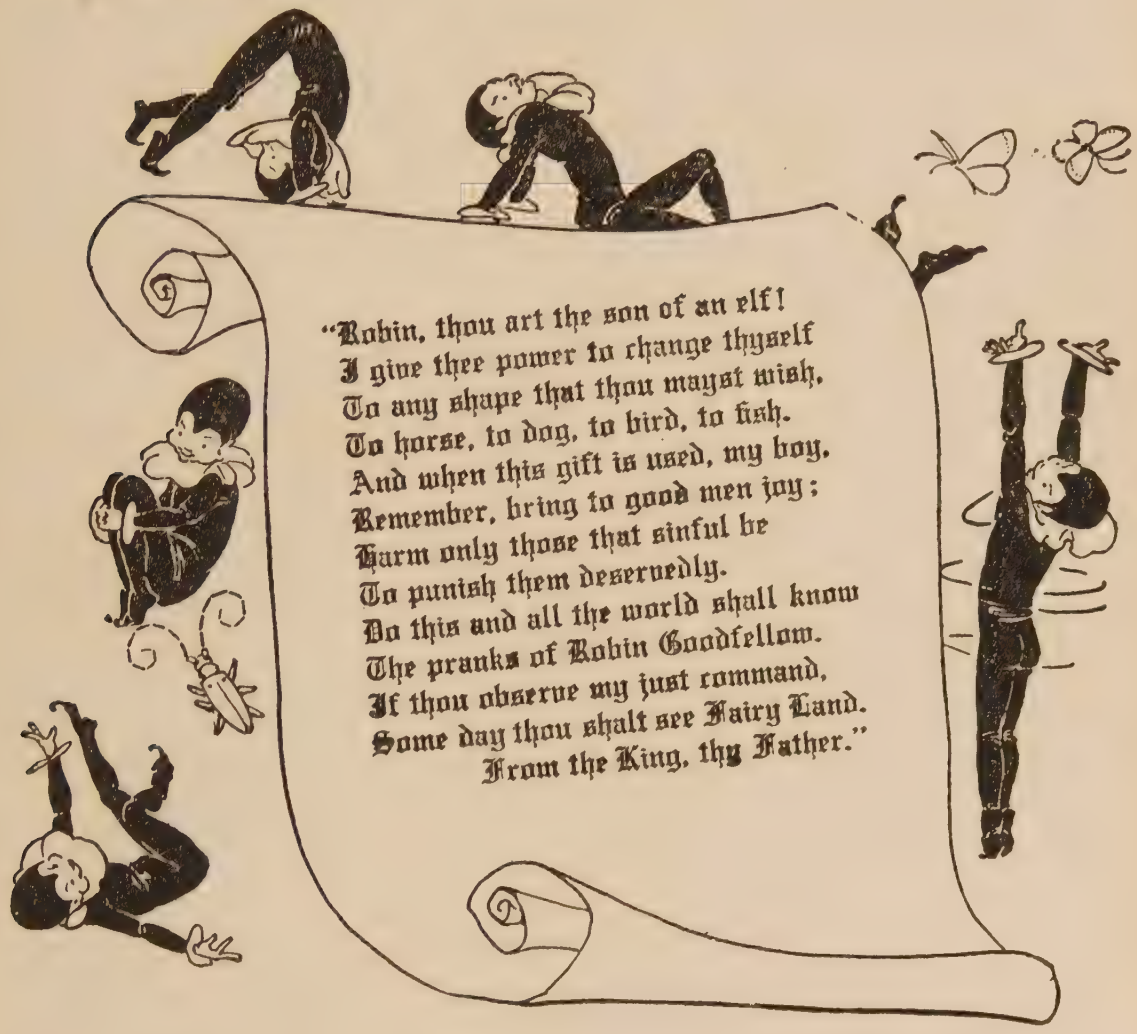
His mother was very sad, but she only said, "He will be safe. I know his father will take care of him."

Madam Pennypacker's shoe waved all day from the topmost branch of the tall tree, because no one was little enough to climb so high to get it. And in the meantime the boy was running far, far away from home.

He played all day in the fields and meadows he passed through. He fooled the bees by sucking the honey out of the bottoms of the honeysuckles while they tried to suck from the tops. He whistled and chirped at the birds until they thought he was a bird himself. Every old cow and horse he came upon, he pinched with his little fingers and then watched them swish their tails, thinking a fly had bitten them.

By night he was very tired and lay down in a forest and went to sleep. A pile of pine needles was his pillow. As he breathed in their fragrance, he dreamt of tiny, dainty figures tripping around him, and of bagpipe music that tingled in his ears and made him want to dance.

At last the morning sun woke him up, streaming down upon him and making him blink. He sat up and found something beside him which had not been there the night before. It was a scroll, and on it was written in golden letters:


"Robin, thou art the son of an elf!
I give thee power to change thyself
To any shape that thou mayst wish,
To horse, to dog, to bird, to fish.
And when this gift is used, my boy,
Remember, bring to good men joy;
Harm only those that sinful be
To punish them deservedly.
Do this and all the world shall know
The pranks of Robin Goodfellow.
If thou observe my just command,
Some day thou shalt see Fairy Land.
From the King, thy Father."

Robin, for you see, he knew now that his name was Robin, read the scroll over and over and over again. He lay on his stomach with his feet in the air, and rolled around and buried himself in the pine needles in ecstacy. Now and then he chuckled, for was not his father King of the Fairies and some day would he not go to Fairy Land? He jumped up and whirled around fast on the ends of his toes and shouted,

"My name is Robin Goodfellow!
I am a little elf. Ho! Ho!"

Just then he discovered that he had a tight, green suit on, the color of the forest, which he had never had on before. He thereupon decided to see if he really *was* an elf and could change himself into anything he liked.

He looked up at the great pine trees towering above him and said, "I wish I was a tree!"

And before he knew it, he *was* a tree. His feet grew huge and sank into the ground and clutched the warm earth all around them. His body grew big and tall and straight and hard and still. He had a great many long arms, which could feel the breeze rustling through them and swayed gently back and forth. He could look out over all the forest to where the sun was rising in the east.

When he was tired of watching the sun rise and of hearing the breeze rustle his branches, he decided to run away down the hillside. He tried, but he could not do it, and he laughed at the very thought of a tree running down the hillside.

Then he said, "I wish I was a rabbit!"

And with that he was a thin, warm, soft, little animal. He darted in every direction through the forest and ran much faster than Robin had ever run before, for four legs can run faster than two.

And then Robin changed back into himself again. He read the mysterious scroll from his father and rolled it up tight and stuffed it into his pocket. He knew that if he was a good elf, some day his father would take him to Fairy Land; but if he played naughty tricks on people, as he liked to do, he could never go there.

MARGARET M. MINER.

(*To be concluded.*)

The STORY of ROBIN GOODFELLOW

Robin Goes to Fairyland

ROBIN GOODFELLOW, as you know, was mischievous. Even now that he knew he was an elf, and that he must only do good to people, he still wanted to fool them and to laugh at them.

One day, as he was walking down a country road, he saw in front of him a young gentleman. The young gentleman wore very fine silk clothes and was swinging a walking-stick, and looked as if he were very much pleased with himself.

Robin, wanting to spoil his finery, changed himself into a squirrel and ran between the young man's feet. Then suddenly the squirrel changed into a horse and galloped away with the poor frightened gentleman on his back. Off they went down the road, the horse prancing along in fine style, the rider hanging on to the horse's mane and calling aloud for help.

They came to a lake and in splashed horse and rider. In the middle of the lake—swish! the horse disappeared. Robin had changed himself into a fish and swum away.

And on the shore, off ran a tiny boy in a green suit, shouting, "Ho! Ho! Ho!" at the dripping young man who was struggling back to shore as best he could.

THAT night Robin Goodfellow did not sleep very well. He tossed and turned on his pine-needle bed. Now and then he thought of the words on the scroll, "Remember, bring to good men joy." He had disobeyed his father, the King of the Fairies.

He thought about it hard for a long time. At last he stood up very straight, as straight as the black trees about him, and said, "From now on I shall play tricks on good people that will make them happy!"

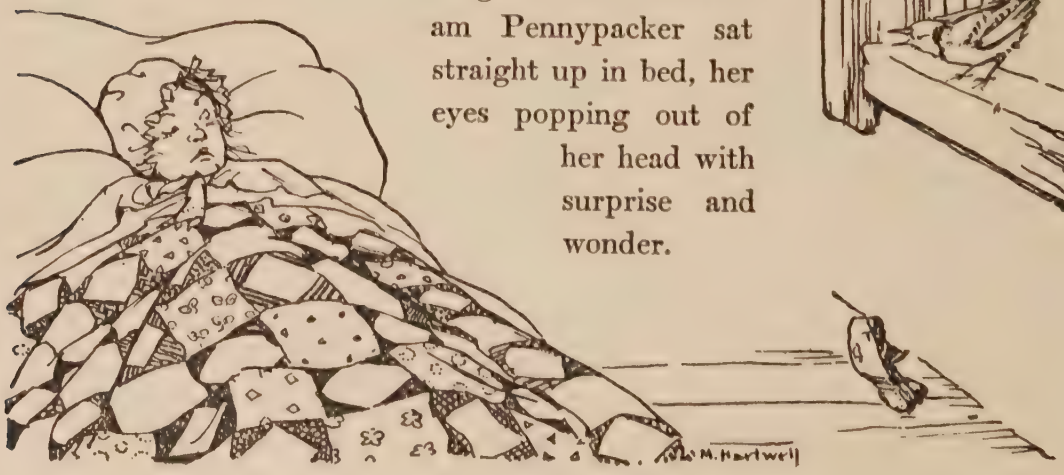
He was so afraid that he would forget what he had said before morning, that he did not wait a minute to begin.

He ran as fast as he could run far across the countryside to the big tree where one day he had hung Madam Pennypacker's shoe. Sure enough, there it was, still waving back and forth from the topmost branch. He knew that Madam Pennypacker was too poor to buy herself another shoe.

With a wink of his eye the little elf changed himself into a big bird. He flew to the branch, grasped the shoe in his bill and flew with it straight to Madam Pennypacker's window-sill. The old lady was still asleep in bed, with her nightcap cocked on one side.

The bird perched on the window-sill and chirped loudly and saucily, and Madam Pennypacker opened one eye.

Then he dropped the shoe on the floor with a bang and flew off. Madam Pennypacker sat straight up in bed, her eyes popping out of her head with surprise and wonder.

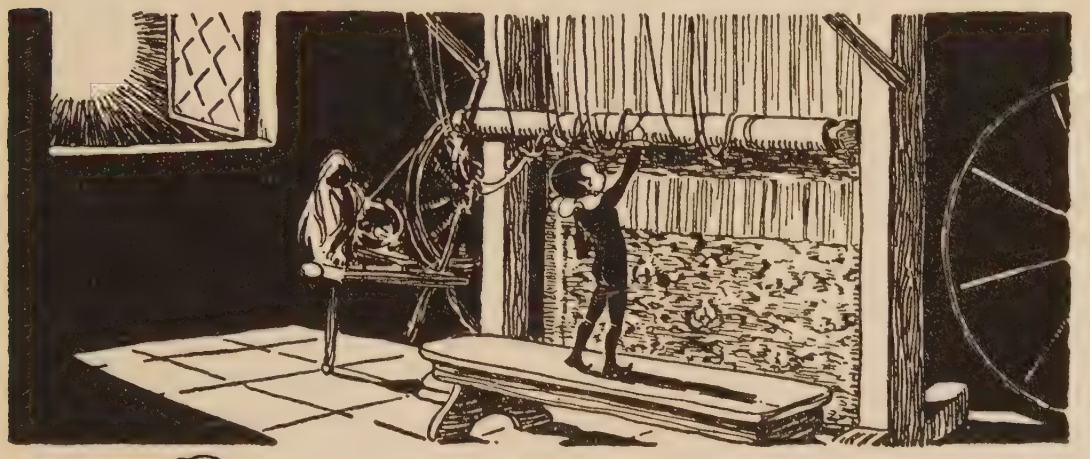


And off across the countryside ran Robin Goodfellow, shouting "Ho! Ho! Ho!"

He could hardly stop laughing all day, he felt so much better to think that Madam Pennypacker had her shoe again.

Now that he had learned how, he had no trouble at all finding good tricks to play on people.

He found a maid who was working very hard all day long, spinning and weaving, and even when night came her work was not done. When she was sleeping soundly, Robin jumped in through the window. All night long with his nimble fingers he spun and wove cloth. And in the morning the tired maid found that her work was done, and could not guess how it had happened.



AND so Robin Goodfellow played his days away, making good people happy and bad ones wretched, and having a good laugh on them all himself. Sometimes he played tricks on his own dear mother, and she would find her garden neatly weeded, or her hedge trimmed, and would wonder who could have done her work. He was known throughout all the countryside, and stories are told about his pranks to this day. But no longer is he seen in his tight, green suit, playing with the squirrels in the trees of the forest, or romping on the meadows with the lambs, and I will tell you why.

One night Robin was awakened by a funny little voice singing in his ear:

"Robin, my son, come quickly, rise!
First stretch, then yawn, and rub thine eyes;
For thou must go with me to-night,
To see and taste of my delight.
Quickly come, my wanton son;
'Twere time our sports were now begun!"

Robin sat up and rubbed his eyes and saw the King of the Fairies standing beside him. He was clad in green silk, which shone and sparkled the way dewdrops do on the springtime grass, and he wore a crown of gold and gleaming jewels upon his head.

Robin followed the King through the forest, across the black shadows and spots of bright moonlight, to an open place where the moon streamed down. Here Robin rubbed his eyes again, for he could hardly believe what he saw. Fairies, dainty, lovely, little fairies, were dancing there in the moonlight. Tom Thumb, a round, brown fairy, sat on a toadstool and played a bagpipe made of a wren's quill and the skin of a greenland louse. The music was shrill and sweet, and to the time of it, all the fairies—there were scores of them—danced, whirling around in a great circle, making a "fairy ring" beneath their feet. They took Robin Goodfellow into the circle, and the King stood in the center as they danced around him.

After they had danced, the King stood on a toadstool and turned to Robin and said,

"I love thee, son, and by the hand
We'll take thee now to Fairy Land,
To go where none save fairies go,
Where thou shalt see what no men know."

With that Tom Thumb began to play his bagpipe again with great zest and marched ahead of the throng of fairies following with Robin in their midst. Pinch and Patch and Gull and Sib and Peasblossom and Cowslip and Mustardseed and many other fairies took Robin by the hands, pushed him from behind and ran ahead beckoning to him, all laughing gleefully. At last Robin saw through the forest, among the great, black trunks of the pines, a beautiful white gate, looking as if it were made of moonlight—the gate of Fairy Land.

As the King and his train came near, the gate swung wide open and the throng of fairies trooped through, shouting and singing, and above all their little voices could be heard Robin Goodfellow's merry "Ho! Ho! Ho!"

MARGARET M. MINER.

FIR-BALSAM PILLOWS

EVERY morning while they are in Maine, Judith and Bud go out with their baskets to pick fir-balsam for pillows. In June and July the tip ends of the stems of the fir-balsam trees have feathery, light-green shoots, much lighter in color than the last year's growth. It is these new shoots that Judith and Bud nip off with their fingers. They can tell fir-balsam trees from other evergreens by the softness and the bluish color of the foliage and by the sweet balsam odor of the needles when they are crushed between the fingers.

The new needles are not stripped from their stems, because the tender stems will never be felt in a pillow. Judith and Bud soon have their baskets full; but they must pick many basketfuls, since the fir-balsam shrinks and shrinks as it dries. Not until they have gathered a large flour sack full will they have enough to fill a fair-sized pillow. They let the fir-balsam dry slowly in the flour sack, to preserve its sweetness.

Judith makes the pillows about twelve or fifteen inches square. She covers them with gay cretonne. From the scraps of the cretonne she makes little pillows about five inches square. These are doll pillows to give to her friends at Christmas time.

Some people say that having a fir-balsam pillow next to an ordinary pillow in one's bed will make one sleep as restfully as in pine woods. However that may be, on damp days the pillows smell as sweet as do the woods themselves.

HELEN S. WATERHOUSE

My Pet

THE day that I was six years old
My mother said "A girl your
Should surely have a pet to love.
And gave me Dicky, in a
He's such a darling yellow bird:
I feed him bits of hard-boiled
He likes a piece of apple, too,
And you should hear him chirp and
His eye is black, and oh, so bright!
It sparkles like a little
I get up early every day,
Because I have my bird to
Now and have a pup;
A fluffy little kitten, too,
But still, I think a pet that sings
Is much the nicest one—don't you?

J. LILIAN VANDEVERE

LITTLE SCARFACE THE

CINDERELLA is known and loved by children all over the world, for the story of the good and beautiful, but unloved, little sister is told in almost every language. In France and Germany and even in Egypt, Cinderella, under other names, has won the love of the handsome prince and lived happily ever afterward. Among the American Indians Cinderella is known as Little Scar Face. This is the story of the Indian maiden whom the prince chose for his wife.

The name of the Indian prince was Big Moose. One day Big Moose's sister, White Maiden, called together all the squaws of the tribe and said to them:

"Big Moose, my brother, wishes to marry. He will choose for his wife only a maiden who can see him, and it is only by the good that he may be seen."

All the Indian maidens were glad when they heard this. They had all heard how big and strong Big Moose was, what a great hunter, and how kind and good and wonderful in every way. Each maiden hoped with all her heart that Big Moose might choose her for his wife, and each was very sure that she, alone, could see him. So, every day the Indian maidens went to the wigwam of Big Moose, down among the pine trees by the lake, and tried to see him when he came home from the hunt. Every day they would hear the door of his wigwam open when he entered. But no one, except White Maiden, the prince's sister, ever saw him come in.

At the far end of the Indian village lived an old Indian with his three daughters. The youngest little sister was made to do all the

INDIAN·CINDERELLA

housework by the two older ones, and she was given little to eat, and no beads at all to wear. Once, when the eldest sister was angry, she threw a pail of hot ashes at the little one, and the child's pretty face was so burned that she became known as Little Scar Face. But the little girl was always sweet and unselfish,

One winter day, when the first snow lay on the ground, the eldest sister said: "Come, Scar Face. Bring me my shell beads and help me to dress for I am going to marry Big Moose." Little Scar Face did as she was bid, and at sunset the eldest sister went down to the wigwam of Big Moose beside the lake. White Maiden asked her to come in. After a while they heard the sled of Big Moose running through the snow.

White Maiden took the eldest sister to the door of the wigwam and said to her: "Can you see my brother?"

"Yes, I can see him very well," answered the eldest sister.

"Then look and tell me what his sled string is made of," said White Maiden.

"It is made of moose-skin," replied the eldest sister.

"No, it is not made of moose-skin," said White Maiden. "You have not seen my brother, and you must go away." And White Maiden drove out the eldest sister.

On the next day, the second sister said to Little Scar Face: "Bring me my shell beads and help me to dress. I am going to marry Big Moose." Little Scar Face did as she was bid, and at sunset the second sister went down to the wigwam by the lake.

"Come in," said White Maiden, in answer to her knock. Soon they heard Big Moose coming.

"Can you see my brother?" asked White Maiden.

"Yes, I can see him very well," replied the other.

"Then tell me, of what is his sled string made?" said White Maiden.

"It is made of deer-skin," replied the second sister.

"No, it is not made of deer-skin. You have not seen my brother, and you must go away," said White Maiden, and drove the second sister out.

The next morning Little Scar Face worked very hard. She built the fire in the wigwam, carried out all the ashes, and brought in the wood. Then she waited upon her sisters. When all was done she said: "Sisters, let me take your beads. I, too, should like to find whether I can see Big Moose."

The two older sisters laughed long and loud. At last one agreed that Scar Face might take her old string of beads. So Scar Face tied the broken string of beads together and put it on. Then she made a queer little dress of birch bark, washed herself all fresh and clean, brushed her hair and went down through the village to the wigwam of Big Moose. She was not pretty, for her face and hair were burned, but White Maiden asked her to come in and treated her kindly.

Soon they heard Big Moose coming. White Maiden took Scar Face to the door of the wigwam and said, "Child, can you see my brother?"

"Yes, indeed," exclaimed Little Scar Face. "And I am afraid, for his face is very wonderful and very beautiful."

"What is his sled string made of?" asked White Maiden.

"How wonderful, how wonderful!" cried the child. "His sled string is the rainbow."

Big Moose heard all that Little Scar Face said, and he at once told his sister to wash the maiden's face and hands in magic water. And when this was done, lo, every scar faded away, and the youngest sister's hair grew long and black, and her eyes were like twin stars.

White Maiden dressed her in a wonderful dress of softest deer-skin, with a string of golden beads around her neck. And Big Moose made the youngest sister his squaw.

MARY BOLTON ROBERTS

DIFFERENCES

HARRIETTE WILBUR.

1, 2—
Let me tell you:
Slow is not fast,
First is not last;
Round is not square,
Dark is not fair;
Well is not sick,
Slender's not thick.

3, 4—
Let's try some more:
False is not true,
Many's not few;
New is not old,
Warm is not cold;
Soiled is not clean,
Fat is not lean.

5, 6—
Others we'll fix:
Hard is not soft,
Seldom's not oft;
Loose is not tight,
Heavy's not light;
Gay is not sad,
Sober's not glad.

7, 8—
Certain as fate:
Smooth is not rough,
Tender's not tough;
Rich is not poor,
Doubtful's not sure;
Strong is not weak,
Proud is not meek.

9, 10—
Try it again:
Sharp is not dull,
Empty's not full;
Bent is not straight,
Early's not late;
Great is not small,
Squat is not tall.

11, 12—
Now dig and delve:
Wet is not dry,
Low is not high;
Stout is not frail,
Fresh is not stale;
Short is not long,
Right is not wrong.

The GIANTS STORY

YOU want to hear about some of the Irish giants? I remember a good story about one of them. You know they used to live all over Ireland, but there is one place where they left their mark more distinctly than anywhere else. Up in the north of County Antrim there is a beautiful place, so wild and wonderful that every year hundreds of people go to see it. You could never believe how beautiful it is until you have seen it for yourself.

Once upon a time, a mighty giant lived there. His name was Finn Macoull, and he has left the remains of his work all over that part of the country. There is a Great Causeway and a Little Causeway. Perhaps, as the rocks rise up to such a tremendous height, he made these places for his wife to get into his boat in an easy way; at least, that is what the Little Causeway is for. Then there is his magnificent Organ, with the wonderful pipes, all perfect still, but alas! no one can play on it now. No more can his Loom ever be used again. I wonder what kind of web he wove on that great Loom! He had a Fan, too, but maybe that was for his wife, for it lies in the stones of the Causeway near the Wishing Well. Is it not strange that, although so close to the great sea which rushes in over the rocks, the water in that well is as sweet and fresh as if there were no salt sea within miles of it? His Chair is still there just as he left it, and his Needles,—perhaps he used them when his Loom was working. The Chimney Tops of his house still rise high above Port-na-Spania, and there is the Nurse and Child,—in fact, all in that wonderful place bears record in stone

to the memory of Finn Macoull. But when he had finished—and I cannot remember all the things he left—he made a beautiful Entrance Gate to his demesne. It is so wonderful that to this day it is called "The Enchanted Portal." We can see only part of it now, but when his amphitheatre was perfect, and his own house, it was no wonder all the world talked about it and wanted to come to see the beautiful place. There is nothing left now of Finn Macoull's house except the tops of his great chimneys. It was here that the *Gerona* (one of the ships of the Spanish Armada) was lost, dashed to pieces on the cruel rocks at Port-na-Spania. Some time, perhaps, the little John Martiners would like to hear that story.

There was another giant called Fingall, who lived in Scotland, but he never had such a residence as our giant. He lived in a cave on an island. Staffa is good enough, you know, but still it was just a cave Fingall lived in.

When he heard such great accounts of the Irishman's grandeur, he was very angry and said he would come over to see for himself. He began to build a place at Staffa to make a bridge across the sea. When Finn Macoull heard of that, why, he began to build, too. That was how he happened to make the Great Causeway, which is all built of the most wonderful pillars of stone.

Finn was delighted to hear the Scotchman was coming over, for he was just yearning for a fight. However, Fingall could not wait to finish his bridge, and he came across in a boat with fifty of his bravest soldiers.

When he landed on the Causeway, no one was to be seen. All was still and peaceful that glorious summer day. He told his men to wait while he went on, taking only two of his finest soldiers with him. They climbed the hill and went through the gate and on up to the house, wondering greatly at the silence.

FINGALL CAME WITH FIFTY SOLDIERS

Now, Mrs. Finn was a very clever woman, and when she saw Fingall and his fifty men on the shore, she knew Finn was not prepared for such a fight as that would be. She made him go and lie down in bed and leave it to her to manage the Scotchman.

When Fingall and his two bravest soldiers came up to the door, Mrs. Finn was sitting just inside, knitting.

"Good morrow to you, Mistress," said the giant. "Is the good man at home?"

"No," said she, "I am sorry he is away to-day helping some friends to lift the rocks at Dunluce Castle. They fell into the sea, and it takes a hand like his to lift them. Who shall I say was wanting him?"

"Well," said the stranger, "just say it was Fingall, the Scotchman, who called, and I will come back again."

Now, Fingall's voice was like a storm, it was so loud and rough.

"Speak softly, your Honor, she said, "for my baby is asleep. Just step inside and rest yourselves, but don't waken the baby."

They went into the house, and there was the giant lying on his bed, and he looked an enormous size.

"Is not that the fine well-grown child now, to be only a year old?" said Mrs. Finn. "But faith, it's a pity you can't see his father. He is the man!"

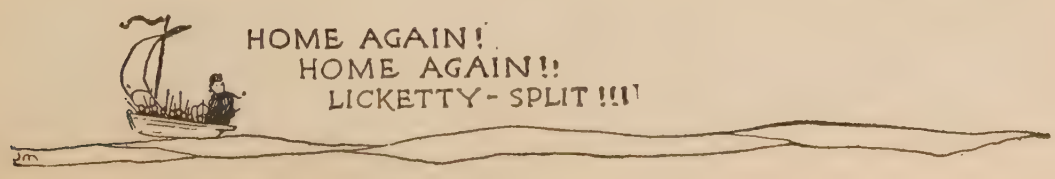
The strangers went over and looked at the figure on the bed. "If that is the baby," thought they, "what can his father be like?" Then to Mrs. Finn they said, "We think we will not wait to see him. Good-bye."

Thus Fingall and his men sailed away home again as quickly as ever they could, for they thought if that baby's father was big in proportion to the child, they would be safer to have the sea between them.

Finn Macoull and his wife had a great laugh to themselves, and the story of the baby was told all over Scotland.

To this day, hundreds of Scotch people come over every year to see the remains of the giant's house and the Giant's Causeway.

MARY LOWRY



The King ... and ... The Lame Prince

ONE day in the long-ago time a little boy was playing by himself on the flat roof of his home in Palestine. He was only five years old. His name—it is a hard one—was Me-phib-o-sheth.

Mephibosheth was playing on the roof because the roofs of the houses are the playgrounds for the children who live in Palestine. He was playing alone because he had no brothers or sisters. What he was playing, no one in the world can tell you.

Whatever it may have been, he stopped his play to listen when he heard some one hurrying up the staircase that reached from the ground to the top of the house. His kind old nurse, looking so frightened that he hardly knew her, appeared at the top of the steps. The next minute she wrapped a goat's-hair shawl around him, took his hand, and led him down the stairs so fast that his feet scarcely touched the steps.

As soon as they reached the foot of the stairway, the nurse began to run down the village street, half carrying, half leading the little lad and urging him to "hurry! hurry!"

Everybody in the village was running, too,—some one way, some another. Some drove their sheep before them; some carried bundles on their backs; some shouted orders; and others called out the names of kindred or friends from whom they had become separated. But in whatever direction they were going or whatever else they might be doing, all were trying

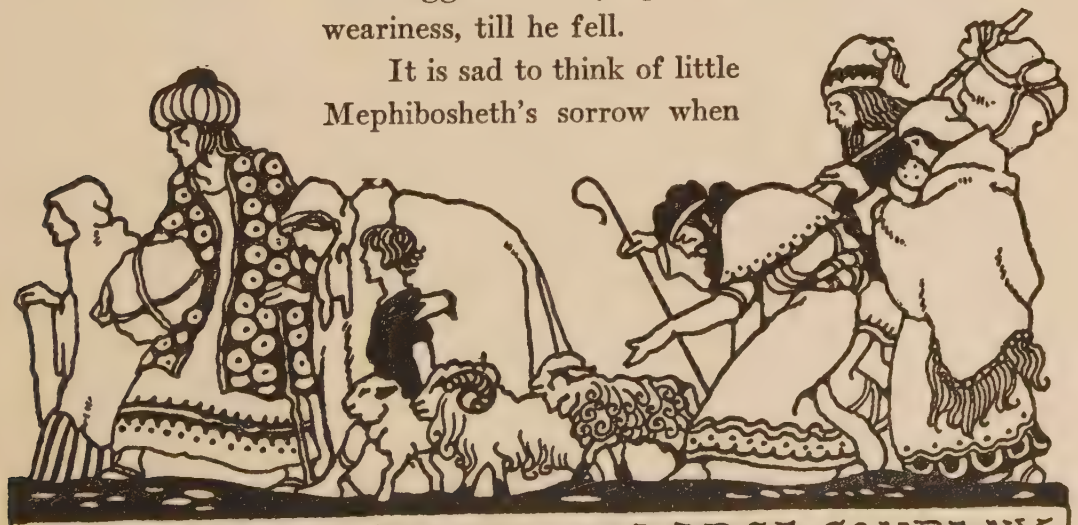
to get away from the village. The nurse joined a large company moving toward the east. Mephibosheth began to cry from weariness and fright. He begged the nurse to tell him where they were going. She, however, was walking so fast that she had no breath left with which to answer questions. She pushed him ahead of her, or, if he lagged behind, took his hand and pulled him along.

When they had been traveling in this way for several hours, they came to a long stretch of rough and stony ground through which there was no road. The tired little boy stumbled over a stone and fell. He could not get up again. Poor little Mephibosheth! Both ankles were twisted and broken. For the rest of the journey into the strange land they sought, he had to be carried.

Now, Mephibosheth was the son of David's friend Jonathan, the son of King Saul. Therefore, he was a prince of the house of Benjamin. He had been living in the village with his nurse while his father was away fighting the enemies of King Saul. Jonathan was slain in battle. It was when this news reached them that the people of the village fled. They feared, now that Jonathan could no longer hold them back, that Saul's enemies would march against the village and slay every man, woman, and child they should find there.

But the young prince, clinging to his nurse's hand and trudging along the hard road, knew nothing of all this. Thus without knowing why, he struggled on, crying from weariness, till he fell.

It is sad to think of little Mephibosheth's sorrow when



THE · NURSE · JOINED · A · LARGE · COMPANY

CRYING · WITH · WEARINESS · TILL · HE · FELL

he learned that he could never see his father again. And it is sad to think of all he suffered while his ankles were healing. After a while, however, they gave him no more pain. But this prince of the house of Benjamin was lame all the rest of his life.

The lame prince was also very poor. For, when Jonathan and Saul had been slain, the enemy took all their houses and lands, their gold and silver, their jewels and clothes. There was nothing left for Mephibosheth even if he had dared to go back to his own country and claim it. But Jonathan's friend David would have helped the lame prince if he had known where to find him.

Not long after the death of Saul, David became king of Israel. For many years King David was kept busy fighting the enemies of Israel. Yet nothing that he had to do could make him forget his friend Jonathan. Whenever he conquered a city, he would inquire if any of Jonathan's kin had been found there. But he found no kin of Jonathan's—that is, not for a long time.

At last David subdued all his enemies so that there was peace in Israel. Then King David rested in his palace in Jerusalem. But he did not forget Jonathan. He asked again:

"Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul that I may show him kindness for Jonathan's sake?"

This time a page answered, telling the king that an old man who said he had been a servant in the house of Saul had come into the city. David commanded that the man be brought before him at once. When the old man appeared, the king asked:

"Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul that I may show him kindness for Jonathan's sake?"

And the old servant answered King David, saying: "Jonathan hath yet a son, who is lame on his feet."

"Where is he?" inquired the king.

The servant replied: "He is in the house of Sold, in the land of No-Pasture."

Then King David sent messengers to the land of No-Pasture and fetched the son of Jonathan to the king's palace. When the poor lame prince came into the presence of the mighty king, he kneeled and bowed his forehead to the floor to do him reverence. The gentle David bade him rise, and said:

"Fear not; for I will surely show thee kindness for Jonathan thy father's sake. I will restore to thee all his lands, and thou shalt eat at my table continually."

The lame prince bowed again, and answered: "What is thy servant that thou shouldest look upon such a dead dog as I am?" The son of Jonathan said this to show how very useless and undeserving he thought himself compared to so great a king and so kind a man as David.

Then the king commanded that all the land and houses and gold and silver that would have been Jonathan's should be given to Mephibosheth. After that, the lame prince no longer lived in the barren land of No-

HE · KNEELED ..... TO · DO · HIM · REVERENCE

Pasture, but dwelt in Jerusalem as one of the king's sons and ate at the king's table continually.

But there came a time when he lost part of his land to Ziba, Saul's servant, the man who had told David that Jonathan's son dwelt in the land of No-Pasture. This is how it happened:

One of King David's sons was trying to take the kingdom away from his father. He marched an army against Jerusalem. As David had no warriors ready to fight for him, he said to his servants and to the members of his household: "Arise, and let us flee!" Then the king went forth from Jerusalem and all his household with him—all but Mephibosheth.

When David was a little past the top of the Mount of Olives, Ziba met him with two asses laden with bread and fruit and wine. And the king said, "What are these for?"

Ziba answered, "They are for the king's household."

Then said the king unto Ziba: "Where is thy master's son?"

The old servant said unto the king: "He abideth at Jerusalem."

Then Ziba told David that Mephibosheth had stayed behind in Jerusalem because he thought the Israelites would make him king, now that David had fled. This news grieved and angered the king so sorely that he said to Ziba: "All that belonged to Mephibosheth is now thine."

David's enemies were quickly overcome, and he and his household made their way back to Jerusalem. Men from that city came as far as the river Jordan to meet him, and among them came Mephibosheth.

The lame prince was a sorry sight with his uncombed beard and

ZIBA·WITH·TWO·ASSES·LADEN·WITH·BREAD,..FRUIT·AND·WINE

soiled clothing as he came limping into the presence of the king. The king did not receive him, as was his custom, with a kindly smile and a friendly word, but coldly asked: "Why wentest not thou with me, Mephibosheth?"

Mephibosheth told King David that he had not followed him because he was lame, and Ziba had taken the ass on which he had meant to ride. David thought of Jonathan, and that he would never have stayed behind when his friend was in danger, and then make excuses after the danger was past. But he forgave the lame prince although he could not love him so well as he had before.

Thus it came to pass, when Mephibosheth begged the king to restore the land he had given to Ziba, that the king said: "Speak no more of the matter. Thou and Ziba divide the land between you."

Yet, as David had promised in the beginning, the lame prince continued to eat at the king's table as long as he lived.

EVIE CORNEY

THE·KING·AND·HIS·THREE·SONS

WHEN Me-phib-o-sheth, the lame prince, came to dwell among the sons of King David, one of the sons was a handsome boy about thirteen years of age. That was Absalom. His brother Adonijah was a year younger.

The lame prince had been dwelling in the house of the king for seven years when David the king brought home a wondrously beautiful woman to be a queen in his palace. Her name was Bath-sheba. To David's great sorrow, her first little boy died. When their second son was born, David promised the lovely Bath-sheba, saying:

"Thy son shall reign after me, and he shall sit upon my throne."

While this son was a baby, David his father called him Jedidiah, which means beloved of the Lord. Now all the world calls him Solomon.

Although King David loved the baby Solomon, and his other children, too, yet his favorite son was Absalom. "And in all Israel there was none to be so much praised for beauty as Absalom. From the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head there was no blemish in him," the Bible says.

Absalom was proud of his fine looks, and especially proud of his thick hair, which flowed in golden waves from his forehead to his shoulders. His winsome manners endeared him to everybody. But he was impatient of restraint and just reproof. This prevented him from growing wiser as he grew older, so that when he was a man, he could not tell the difference between good advice and bad advice, nor between his enemies and his friends. He was brave, but so unforgiving that he caused the death of a brother who had offended him.

Much as he loved Absalom, David could not overlook this wicked deed and he banished his son from Jerusalem. But every day that Absalom was away, his father longed to have him back. At the end of three years he allowed Absalom to return to Jerusalem, but he would not permit him to come to the palace. This did not suit the pleasure-loving Absalom at all. For, so long as he was in disgrace with the king, he could not share the amusements of the kindred and friends who dwelt in the king's palace.

Soon Absalom sent for David's chief captain, Joab. Joab paid no attention to the message. Absalom sent again, and again Joab paid no attention. Then Absalom set fire to Joab's barley field. Joab went in haste to demand why his barley field had been burned. Before he left, Absalom had persuaded Joab to take him to David.

When Absalom came into the presence of the king, David kissed him and pardoned his evil deed, and gave back to him his place as the king's favorite son.

·DAVID · KISSED · HIM·

But Absalom was not satisfied to be the favorite in the court of the king; he wanted the honor and the glory that belong only to the king. And he set about to rob his father David of the kingdom. He prepared chariots and horses, and fifty men to run before him, as though he were already a king. He flattered those who came to the judgment gate so as to make them think he would be a better

king than his father. Or, as the Bible says, "Absalom stole the hearts of the men of Israel."

Thus it happened that one day, four years after David had forgiven Absalom, a messenger came to the king, saying: "The hearts of the men of Israel are after Absalom." Then David fled from Jerusalem and all his household with him.

Very soon Absalom and the men of Israel that were with him entered Jerusalem, and Absalom proclaimed himself king in the place of David.

David gathered his army together and sent it out against his rebellious son. But he commanded the captains, saying:

"Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom."

The battle was fought in a great forest—because Absalom listened to his enemy instead of to his friend, and took the wrong advice. The men of Israel in Absalom's army were sorely smitten by the servants of David. Absalom, mounted on a mule, chanced to meet some of his enemies. As he fled from them in fear, the mule ran under an oak. Absalom's beautiful hair caught in the branches of the tree. It was so thick and strong that it held Absalom hanging in the air while the mule that was under him went on.

A certain man told Joab that Absalom was hanging by his hair in an oak. And Joab took three darts, and when he had come to where Absalom was hanging by his golden hair, he thrust them through the heart of the young man. Then Joab blew the trumpet and his men returned from pursuing the men of Israel. And they cast the body of Absalom into a great pit in the midst of the forest.

After this Joab sent a messenger to the king, who sat between the two gates of the city. When he heard that Absalom was dead, David wept, and went up to the chamber over the gates that he might be alone with his sorrow. David forgot all the wrong Absalom had done, and remembered only how much he had loved this son who was now dead. He

wept bitterly as he went up to the chamber over the gates, and lamented, saying:

"Oh, my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee! Oh, Absalom, my son, my son!"

Next to Absalom, David loved Adonijah. "Surely, Adonijah to whom I have denied nothing, will always love me and will care for me in my old age," thought the king.

But Adonijah had never been taught to wait for anything he wanted. He wanted to be king. So it was that when David became old, instead of helping him, Adonijah exalted himself, saying, "I will be king!" Just as Absalom had done before him, Adonijah prepared a chariot and horses, and fifty men to run before him. Joab, the chief of David's captains and the one who had killed the rebellious Absalom, took sides with Adonijah against the king. But the prophet Nathan was faithful to the king.

Now, of all David's sons, Solomon was Nathan's most beloved pupil. It was his hope that Solomon should reign after David. To bring this about, he reminded Bath-sheba of David's promise to her when Solomon was born, and told her what to do.

Thus it came to pass, when Adonijah exalted himself saying: "I will be king," that Bath-sheba went into the presence of the king. Bath-sheba bowed before David and said:

"My lord, thou swearest unto me, saying, 'Solomon thy son shall reign after me, and he shall sit upon my throne.' And now, behold! Adonijah reigneth."

Now, King David was old and feeble, and it grieved him so deeply to hear these evil tidings of the son he loved next to Absalom that he found it hard to believe them. But while Bath-sheba was still speaking, Nathan the prophet came in. He bowed himself before the king with his face to the ground. Then he, too, told David that Adonijah had set himself up in the king's place.

When Nathan stopped speaking, the king said to Bath-sheba: "As the Lord liveth, even as I did swear unto thee by the Lord God of Israel, saying, 'Assuredly Solomon thy son shall reign after me, and he shall sit upon my throne in my stead,' even so will I certainly do this day."

Then David called Nathan and the chief priests and said unto them: "Cause Solomon my son to ride upon my mule and bring him down to

THE·BEAUTIFUL·QUEEN·OF·SHEBA·CAME·BEFORE·SOLOMON

the river Gihon. Anoint him there king over Israel. And blow ye the trumpet and say, 'God save king Solomon!' "

Nathan and the chief priests did as David commanded. All the people shouted with them, "God save King Solomon!"

When Adonijah heard that, he fled to the altar of the temple, for he feared Solomon the king. But Solomon sent messengers who brought Adonijah from the altar into the presence of the new king. Adonijah bowed in submission to the king, and Solomon forgave him and sent him home in safety.

Adonijah, however, soon forgot Solomon's kindness and tried to make trouble in the kingdom, so that Solomon at last had to order him put to death. But before that came to pass, David was dead, and he was spared the sorrow of mourning for this beloved son as he had mourned for Absalom.

Solomon was as proud as Absalom and Adonijah had been, but he was also wise enough to obey the words of his father David and to heed the warnings of Nathan. But he did not trust his own wisdom alone. He prayed God to help him rule justly. And God appeared to Solomon in a dream and asked: "What shall I give thee?"

Solomon answered: "Give thy servant an understanding heart that I may discern good and bad, for without that who is able to judge this thy great people."

It pleased the Lord that Solomon should ask for wisdom, and the Lord said unto him:

"Because thou hast not asked for thyself long life, nor riches, nor the life of thine enemies; but hast asked understanding to hear judgment, behold, I have done according to thy words. I have given thee a wise and understanding heart so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee."

God also said that Solomon should have the riches and honor he had not asked for, so that there should be no king to equal him in splendor. Everything happened just as the Lord promised it should. Solomon was wiser than any other king, and his fame was in all nations. People from far lands came to Jerusalem to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and to see the wonder and glory of his court, and to admire the magnificence of the temple he built.

The beautiful queen of Sheba came across the desert with a train of camels that bore pungent spices, and refined gold, and precious stones, as gifts to the great king. When she came before Solomon, she asked him all the hard questions that no one had been able to answer for her; and Solomon answered them.

Besides building the temple and ruling his kingdom, King Solomon wrote three thousand proverbs and one thousand and five songs. Here are three of the proverbs:

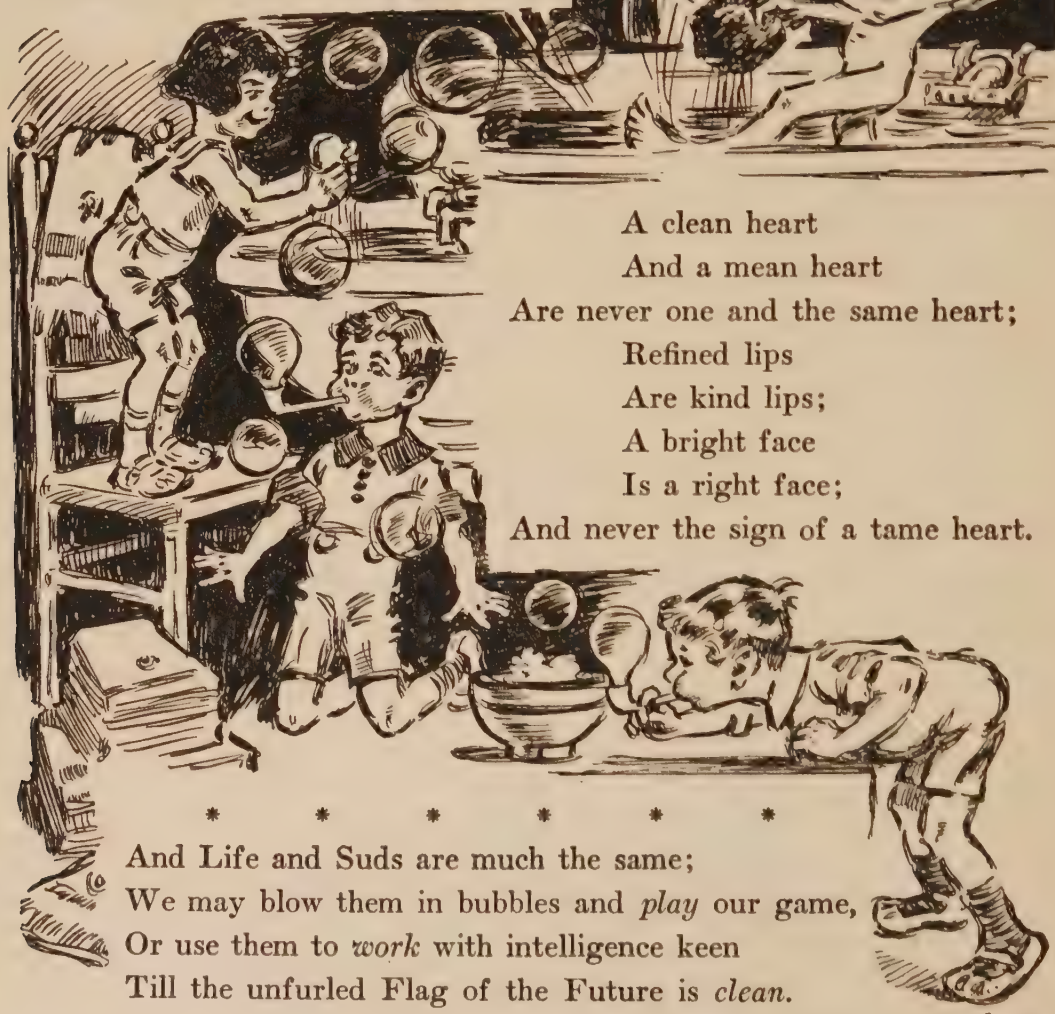
Be not wise in thine own eyes.
Wisdom is better than rubies, and all things that may be desired are not to be compared to it.
A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Solomon ruled over Israel many years in peace and honor. When he died he was buried in Jerusalem, the City of David.

EVIE CORNEY

SOAPSUDS, BUBBLES, BOYS

A CLEAN boy
And a mean boy
Are never one and the same boy;
Clean ears
Are keen ears;
Clear eyes
Are dear eyes;
And these are the marks of a game boy.



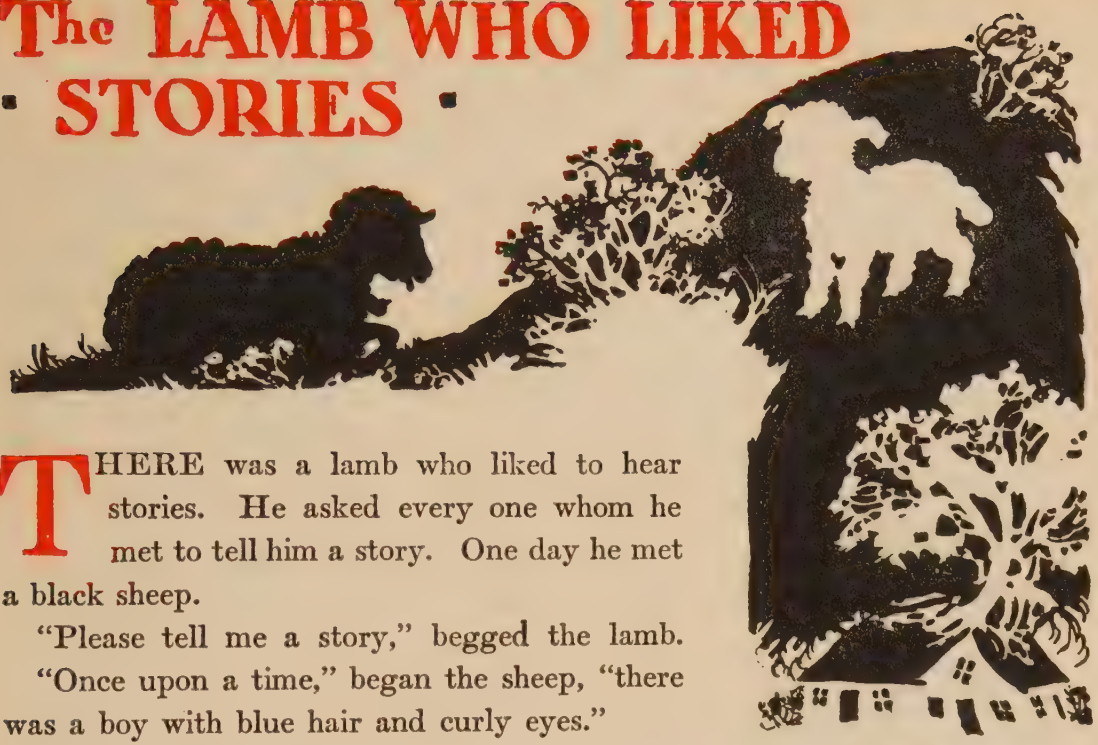
A clean heart
And a mean heart
Are never one and the same heart;
Refined lips
Are kind lips;
A bright face
Is a right face;
And never the sign of a tame heart.

* * * * * *

And Life and Suds are much the same;
We may blow them in bubbles and *play* our game,
Or use them to *work* with intelligence keen
Till the unfurled Flag of the Future is *clean.*

HATTIE OLDS HENDERSON

The LAMB WHO LIKED STORIES



THERE was a lamb who liked to hear stories. He asked every one whom he met to tell him a story. One day he met a black sheep.

"Please tell me a story," begged the lamb.

"Once upon a time," began the sheep, "there was a boy with blue hair and curly eyes."

"Dear me, that does not sound quite right," said the lamb.

"I mean he had blue eyes and curly hair," the sheep went on. "He lived in a hill which was on top of a house."

"Oh, but a hill on top of a house would squeeze the house flat," the lamb told the sheep.

"I mean he lived in a house which was on top of a hill," the sheep went on. "A pony sat in a wagon and drove him. Then his dinner ate him."

"Oh, dear! That sounds all wrong!" cried the lamb.

"So it does," replied the sheep. "I mean that he sat in a wagon and drove a pony. Then he ate his dinner. I don't know what is the matter with my stories this morning. They tell themselves all topsy-turvy. Come next week and I will tell you a story that sounds all right."

The lamb trotted along. He met a goat.

"Please tell me a story," begged the lamb.

The goat put his front hoof into one of his pockets.

"There are no stories left in that pocket," declared the goat. He felt in every one of his pockets. He also felt up his sleeves.

"I am very sorry," said the goat, "but I have no stories left, not a single one. I gave a baby rabbit the last story I had."

The lamb trotted along. He met a brown bear.

"Please tell me a story," begged the lamb.

The bear was carrying a large bag filled with stories. He put in his paw and took one out. He gave it to the lamb. Then the brown bear went away. The lamb sat down and began to read the story.

"Once boy cat was dog not hat," was the way the story began.

"That does not make any sense at all!" cried the lamb. "The brown bear let the words get all mixed up in his bag and I cannot put them right."

The lamb threw away the story. He trotted along until he met a goose.

"Please tell me a story," begged the lamb.

"Certainly," replied the goose. "Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone, but when——"

"Oh!" cried the lamb, "I have heard that story before. Please tell me a new story."

But the goose was cross. She said he was a rude lamb to call her stories old. She would not tell him another story.

The lamb trotted along. He met a fox.

"Please tell me a story," begged the lamb.

"Come with me," replied the fox.

He took the lamb out into the garden. There were rows of plants there. The plants were covered with buds. But there were no flowers in blossom.

"No stories have blossomed yet," said the fox. "Each bud will blossom into a story-flower."

"Will all of them be new stories?" asked the lamb.

"Every story will be new. This garden is where all the stories come from."

"Will you please give me some story seeds to plant?" asked the lamb.

The fox gave him a bag of black seeds. They would grow into story-flowers about boys. The fox gave him a bag of white seeds. They would grow into stories about girls. The fox gave him a bag of brown seeds. They would grow into stories about animals. The fox gave him a bag of green seeds. They would grow into stories about fairies.

The lamb took the four bags of seeds home and planted them in four rows.

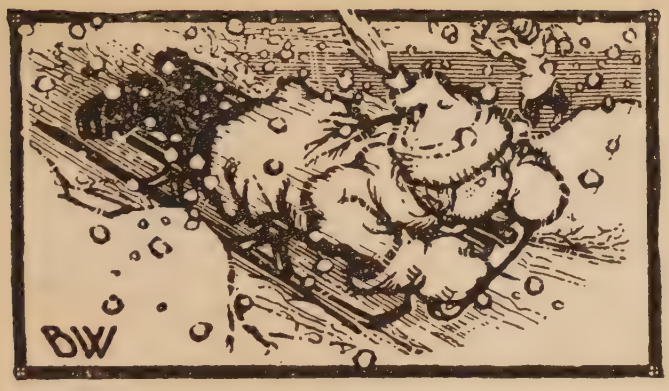
He has a story-flower about a girl that will blossom to-morrow. A story-flower about a boy is almost ready to blossom. The lamb is sitting on the ground beside the story-flowers, waiting for the stories to get ripe.

ELIZABETH GURNEY

A LITTLE round house is under a tree;
It hides from you, it hides from me;
But if we can find it, we'll have a treat;
For little round house is full of good meat.

(A Nut)

MARY FLORENCE STEBER



PRINCE and the BABY PUPPIES

LITTLE Tommy loved the snow, and when he saw the big flakes begin to fall he laughed and shouted and kicked out his legs, and cried, "Mother, look! snow! Now we shall have coasting!" Then off he hurried to the cellar to find his sled.

Such fun! All the children were out, shouting and laughing over every spill, for they had many of them, you may be sure. Once, when Tommy wasn't looking, something suddenly hit him, whack!!! Over he went, head first, into a huge snowdrift; all you could see of him were two kicking legs waving in the air. Every one rushed to pull him out, and they had to pull hard, too. Out he came, but so suddenly that his rescuers fell over backward, with Tommy on top. Then how they did laugh!

Tommy's beautiful collie dog, Prince, had been having as good a time as the children. He chased them down the hill and back, caught mouthfuls of snow and tossed it into the air, and barked and raced about until he was covered with snow.

Tommy loved Prince dearly, and they always played together. When it was time for Tommy to go home, he whistled for Prince to come, too. But Prince did not come.

After supper, Tommy's father said, "Why, where is Prince, son?" Then Tommy remembered that Prince had not come when he had whistled. He skipped to the door, expecting to find his playmate on the mat. But Prince was not there.

Poor little Tommy! He could not go to bed without Prince! He sat up far beyond his bedtime, but when he was so sleepy he could not keep his eyes open another minute, he agreed to go, with Mother's promise to wake him if Prince came.

After a while, Tommy's father heard a scratch at the door and hurried to open it. There stood Prince with something in his mouth, and when he came in they saw it was a tiny puppy.

"Prince, where have you been, and where did you get that darling puppy?" exclaimed Tommy's mother, as she gathered the baby in her arms. The puppy was glad of the warmth, and cuddled his nose in her arm.

But what was Prince doing? He had gone to the door and was scratching to get out.

"No, Prince, you cannot go out again," said Tommy's mother. "We have been waiting and waiting for you, and besides, it's snowing very hard."

But Prince continued to scratch and whine, and look at them with his big brown eyes as if to say, "I must go!"

Finally they let him out. In about twenty minutes they heard a little noise on the steps and then a scratch. When Tommy's father opened the door, there stood Prince with another puppy in his mouth! This time he came in only to drop the puppy; then he turned and ran down the steps.

"Well, well," said Tommy's father, "where in the world is Prince getting these baby dogs?"

"It must be all right," said Tommy's mother, "but we can only wait and see." Indeed, soon he was back again with another puppy, then was gone like a flash!

Tommy's mother had brought in a large clothes-basket, lined it with a blanket, and put the three babies into it. My, they loved that! After smelling it all over, they curled up and went to sleep.

This time Prince had been gone a long time when they heard a sound at the door. It was not a scratch, but a sharp bark, which always meant, with Prince, "Come at once!"

When Tommy's mother and father opened the door, Prince was at the foot of the steps, and beside him, lying in the snow, was another collie dog. Prince barked, and pulled at the dog's collar to make her climb the steps. But she was too tired to stand. Tommy's father very gently lifted

her and carried her into the house, laying her in the basket beside her babies. With a little whine, she gave each a lap, which was, I am sure, her way of kissing them.

Prince was standing near, watching, with his ears cocked forward and his mouth open, smiling. Tommy's mother had waked him; and when he saw the mother dog and her puppies, and had been told how Prince had brought them, it was a happy family indeed. They all hugged Prince, and told him he was a wonderful dog, for they knew that somehow the mother dog and her babies had needed help, and Prince had been the one to help them. The two dogs and the puppies all had a fine supper; and Tommy went happily to sleep.

When Tommy's father reached the station in the morning, he heard the baggage-master say, "My! I wish I knew what had become of those dogs. I fear some harm may have come to them in the storm of last night."

Tommy's father stepped forward and asked, "What did you say about dogs?" The baggage-master repeated what he had said. Then Tommy's father told about Prince and the dogs he had brought home.

"Well, well, well!" said the man, "That is wonderful. Do you know, those dogs were sent out from town last night on a late train; and because of the heavy storm I did not see them on the truck. This morning I found the crate marked, "Four Dogs. Take care of them. They have no home." The board on top of the crate was pushed off, and the dogs gone.

"Well, I declare!" said the baggage-master, "your dog must have heard the mother dog crying, and came and rescued them all. Well, well, your Prince is a mighty fine dog, sir, a mighty fine dog! You may tell your little boy that the dogs are his if he wants them."

That is how Tommy has five dogs, two big ones and three puppies, all his own.

MARION PRESCOTT BROWN

The BANDED SPIDER'S NEST

THE Banded Spider builds a wonderful nest. It looks like a tiny balloon swaying gently between twigs, to which it is securely fastened with ropes of strong, delicate silk. It hangs close to, but does not touch, the ground.

The top of the balloon, or bag, is closed with a thick pad of silk. The whole nest is enclosed in a casing of white satin, with ribbons and markings of brown and black. This outside is waterproof, and protects the nest from rain and snow.

The inside of the nest is beautiful and even more wonderful than the outside. Mother Spider spins blankets of silk that are soft and warm to cover her babies through the winter days.

If you could peep inside, you would see a thick layer of red-brown silk rippling in soft, warm folds about a pocket in the middle of the nest. This pocket is closed at the top with a padded lid, and is made of the finest white satin. If you look down into the pocket you will see a number of tiny objects that look like orange-colored beads. These are the Banded Spider's eggs.

The Banded Spider Babies

The Banded Spider leaves hundreds of orange-colored eggs in her wonderful nest. These eggs are so tiny that it takes a great many of them to form a mass about the size of a pea.

The eggs hatch in March. The baby spiders are not so gaily dressed as Mother Spider. They are light yellow on top, and brown and white underneath. They have not yet put on their lovely dresses with the yellow, black, and silver sashes.

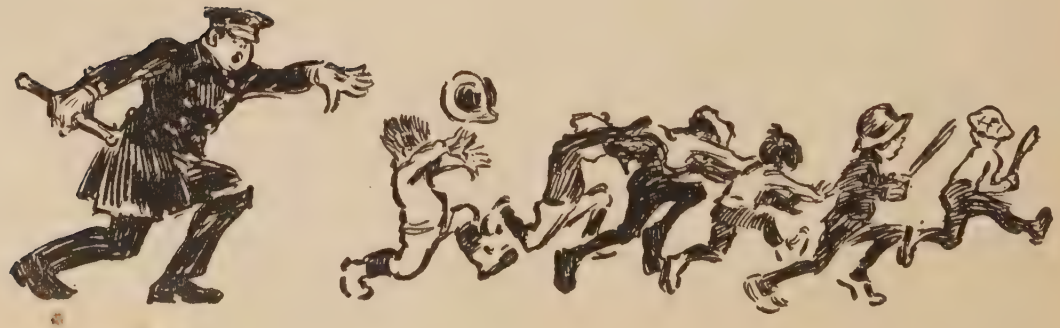
The baby spiders remain in the nest until July. They could not get out, no matter how much they desired, for the nest is still tightly closed. But there comes a day in early summer when the sun is very hot. It shines on the wonderful satin bag. Then, quite suddenly, pop! the bag bursts open. Some of the tiny spiders come running out. Others crawl out more slowly.

As each one comes forth from the nest, it climbs a twig, throws a slender silk thread, which floats in the sunny air for a second, then breaks and sails away with the baby spider.

MAUD A. NEWCOMB

POLICEMEN travelling their beats
Both day and night upon the streets,
Are guarding with a watchful eye
The welfare of the passer-by;
They keep your house and mine secure,
Protecting people, rich and poor.

Policemen are like other folks,
They laugh and sing and have their jokes,
Yet I know boys who think a "cop"
Is like an ogre, shouting "stop!"
And interfering with their play
By always chasing them away.



When boys are bad, they must be taught
To be good children, as they ought,
And that is why policemen run
To tell them what they think is fun
Is really wrong and bad to do,
Which I think reasonable, don't you?

That big policeman dressed in blue,
Has little boys and girls like you;
Don't be afraid of him, but say,
"Good Morning" to him every day;
Be just as friendly as you can
To every faithful policeman.

If you should ever stray away
And lose the road back home some day,
Walk bravely to the man in blue
And he will tell you what to do;
For he knows just exactly where
Your house is, and he'll take you there.

FRANK ADAMS MITCHELL.

The OBJECT GAME

ANY little boys or girls can play the object game if they have bright eyes and know how to use them. The leader takes them into the library and lets them look at the table for a few seconds. Then they must return to the hall and write down on paper all the things they saw on the table.

The little boys and girls who have not yet learned to write can whisper the things they saw to the leader and he will write their grade down on their paper. If they can name ten objects they will have a grade of ten.

When all the papers are graded the children may be taken back to look at the mantlepiece, the piano, the china cabinet or the kitchen table. Anything that has a number of objects on it will answer.

After three grades are given they must be added up, and the one having the highest grade will be the next leader. He may take the children upstairs for a peep into a dresser drawer or into a closet. He may even ask them to go to the window for a minute and then write down all they saw. There are many pictures in magazines that can be used in this game. Try it with your very own magazine.

MYRTLE JAMISON TRACHSEL

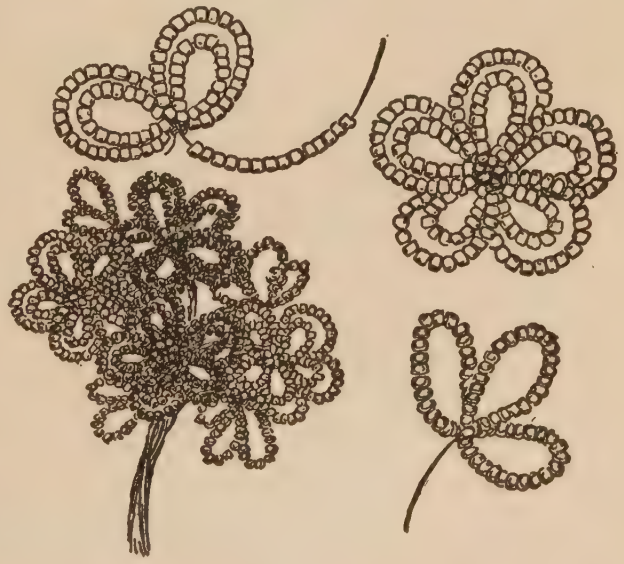
BEAD BOUQUETS

WHAT would you do if you had only fifty cents left of your Christmas money and six gifts yet to find? "Hopeless," you would say, just as the twins, Jessie and Jerry, did. But Aunt Jane, when she found they were all for women relatives, knew better.

"Take your fifty cents," said she, "and go to the Five and Ten cent Store. Buy six five cent bunches of beads, two bunches of a pretty leaf green, and four bunches of some colors you like—say two shades of rose and two of blue; or two of orange and two of purple. Also get a spool of fine wire, for five cents, and three five-cent bunches of flower stems. To-morrow morning I'll come in, and we'll make our presents."

The next morning the two children were waiting for Aunt Jane. She went to work at once to show them how to make lovely little bead boutonnieres for their aunts and the girl cousins and women friends.

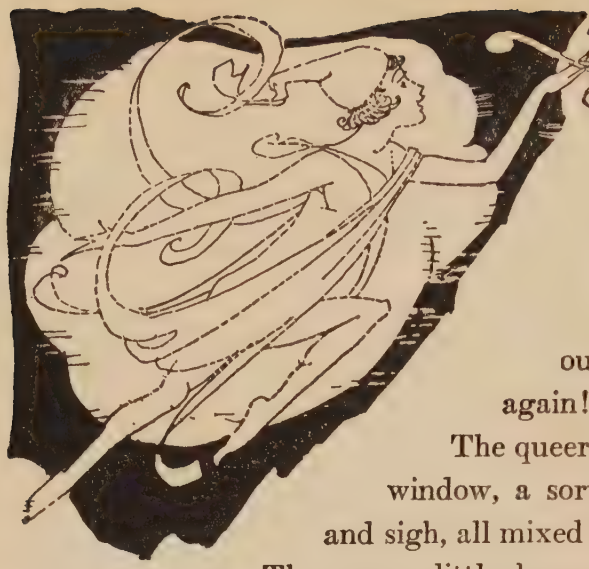
If you want to make gifts like those the twins made, this is what you will do: Take a piece of the fine wire, about ten inches long, and string beads upon it; then twist it around and around, into five double petals like this diagram. A few yellow beads are put on the end of the wire and fastened securely. These make the center of the flower. The flower stems are fastened to the back of the little blossom.



Four or five flowers are put together—two of one shade and three of another, and the stems twisted around to hold them all firmly. Then a wire filled with green beads is twisted to look like leaves and fastened at the back of the small bouquet.

You will have plenty of beads for six or eight bouquets and a morning's work will finish them all.

OLIVE BURT



The SONG

"OH, DEAR, oh, dear," sighed the merry little breeze, as he listened outside the window, "there it is again! What shall I do?"

The queerest sound was coming through the window, a sort of growl and scowl and squeal and sigh, all mixed up together in a little girl's voice.

The merry little breeze blew up to the window again and peeped inside. "Br-rr-ee" he shivered as he saw Ellen May's face. "Whatever could have made a morning face look so scary?" wondered the little breeze, "when there's a bright sun shining, and the leaves are dancing and the puffy white clouds are playing chase over the big blue sky, and all my merry brother and sister breezes are blowing around to make people wake up happy?"

Again came that shivery, scowling sound from Ellen May's room, and then a thud told that Ellen May's feet were getting out of bed, not in a skipping, dancing way, but in a dull, heavy plump! Then some bureau drawers banged and some chairs bumped and some water splashed over and some tears spilled down and some cross words tumbled out—but that was all the merry breeze could stand to see and hear, and he hurried away over to the next street.

"Something must be done at once," he decided, as he played in the tree tops. "That child doesn't know how to wake up in the morning. I'll call a meeting in the woods this very day and see what can be done."

When twilight came, and the soft night winds came out for the night, the merry morning breeze hurried away to the big woods to talk over his problem with his friends.

"She needs a big strong wind to blow her scowls away," laughed the boisterous north wind.

"She needs lots of fresh water to wash off the wrinkles," smiled the

that FITTED

broad, slow moving river.

"She needs to get up quickly and dig for her breakfast," decided the robins.

"She needs a dose of laughter to roll her out of bed," rippled the brown brook.

The merry little breeze nodded to all, but said thoughtfully, "She needs them all, but how can we give them all to her at once? I am afraid that one at a time won't make her glad to get up in the morning."

"Is she too little to take all these things at once?" asked the north wind curiously.

"She is a little girl just made for smiles and dimples and laughs and —and"—the merry morning breeze stopped and thought a minute, and then he cried happily, "and made for songs! That's the answer. She needs a song to pop out of her mouth when she wakes up in the morning!"

"To be sure, to be sure," agreed the north wind and the big river and the robins and the brown brook.

"How shall we make it?" asked the merry little breeze.

"I'll give her some of my cheeriest morning notes," said the robin pleasantly.

"I'll give her some of my softer and deeper tones," agreed the slow, dreamy river.

"I'll give some of my ripply, gurgly ones," offered the rollicking brook.

"I'll let her have some of my highest and lowest whistles," said the north wind.

"And I'll add some of my best jolly, dancing whispers," said the merry little breeze. "Now is there any one else that will give something to make a morning song to fit Ellen May's mouth?"

"Take my sweetest tunes," urged the song sparrow, and the others were glad to get them.

"There's a bit of my murmuring music you may have," said a pine tree standing near, and the merry breeze thanked him.

"I think we shall make a wonderful song with all these good things," said the merry breeze, whisking the leaves around in delight.

"How are you going to give it to her?" asked the north wind.

"I am usually outside of her window when she wakes up," planned the little breeze, "and to-morrow I'll have the song all ready. When she opens her mouth to—well, to make that queer shaky, shivery, wailing sound, I'll pop the song right in."

"That will be fine," agreed all the wood friends. The merry little breeze hurried to gather the gifts that had been offered, and went deep into the forest to make a song that would fit the pink mouth of Ellen May.

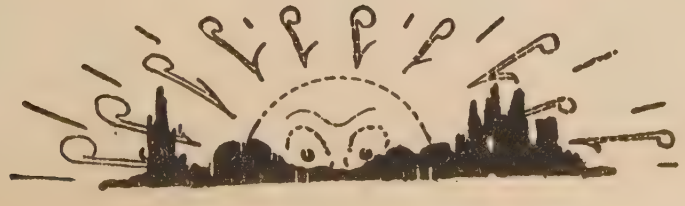
The next morning, just after the stars went in for the day, the merry morning breeze was waiting outside the little girl's window. He felt so good that he teased the little green leaves until they were all shaking with laughter and the sun was smiling broadly at his antics.

Every few minutes the little breeze blew into Ellen May's room to see if she was going to wake up. Finally, just as he blew in for the tenth time, the little girl moved her curly head, tossed one arm outside the bedclothes, wiggled her toes and blinked her eyelids and then—she opened her mouth.

The little breeze was all ready, and plop! the song was pushed right into the little pink mouth and slipped down the little red throat, and it stayed there.

Ellen May opened both brown eyes, sat up in bed, stretched her arms, and looked at the blue sky and the puffy white clouds playing tag. She watched the leaves playing on the big trees, felt the warm, sunny air pouring into her room, and saw a breeze just going out of the window. Then she opened her pink lips—and a song tumbled out! Such a merry, gurgly, happy little tune, made up of birds and brooks, rivers and pine trees, such a rollicking little song that a big smile came over the face of every single person in that house where Ellen May lived. There was a light plump, and Ellen May's two feet danced lightly over the floor, and still the song kept coming out of the pink little mouth. Every person in that big house drew a deep sigh of relief, for the merry little morning breeze had made a song that fitted perfectly, and after that Ellen May knew how to wake up in the morning.

LYDIA LION ROBERTS



THE CROOKED MAN

THERE was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile;
He found a crooked sixpence beside a crooked stile.
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse.
And they all lived together in a crooked little house.

"HOW was the man crooked, and what made him so?" Ethel asked, looking up from her new book of nursery tales. Ethel was a little girl who was always wanting to know about things, and who was always asking *why*.

Sometimes her mother would say, "Ethel, you ought to have one mother who had nothing to do but to answer your questions." But this question about the crooked man Ethel asked of her Uncle Harry. He was an editor who always seemed to know everything, and to have time to tell what he knew. So Uncle Harry answered:

"The crooked man? Oh yes, I remember now. It was funny about him. He was not always that way, you know. He was a little boy in the good old days when there were all sorts of elves, and fairies, and goblins to make life interesting for everybody. Did you ever think, Ethel, how hard it must have been to be a little girl or boy in those days? Besides having to be good to your brothers, and sisters, and schoolmates, and cousins, you would have had to please a whole army of fairy folk, who might have been your friends or might not.

Asked Uncle Harry

Uncle Harry answered

"The crooked man was called Jack when he was a boy, and he was sometimes called Lazy Jack because he did not like to work. One

Then why do you ?

day, when he was lying on the grass under a big tree eating an apple, his mother called to him. She needed some sugar from the store, and she wanted him to go for it at once.

"'Oh dear,' sighed Jack, 'I wouldn't mind going if my head did not ache, and if my back were not so tired.'

"'Then why do you take your head and back?' asked some one. Jack was startled to find a little brown fellow sitting on a bush beside him. At first sight he might have been taken for a large cricket, but Jack knew it was one of the elves.

"'Why, how could I leave them?' he cried in astonishment.

"'As simple as can be,' replied the little brown fellow, 'when you go to the store all you need is your feet and one hand to carry the sugar. Well, then, just say a little charm that I will tell you, and you can take off your feet and one hand, and send them alone. The same charm will bewitch the storekeeper, and any one else who sees you. They will imagine that they see all of you, when, really, only your feet and one hand are there.'

Sent them to the store

"'Jolly,' said Jack, 'tell me the charm, and I will say it.'

"'I must whisper it to you, and *you* must always say it in a whisper. *Now remember it.*' The little man said something in Jack's ear and was gone.

"The lazy boy repeated the charm very softly, and then he grasped his foot. Sure enough only a little twist was needed to tumble it right off. Then he took off his other foot and one of his hands, and sent them to the store to do the errand.

"By and by Grandma called, 'Jack, dear, won't you run upstairs and look for my glasses?' Here was another chance to try the charm, and in a minute

They were afraid and scampered

his two eyes were upstairs looking for Grandma's spectacles. Before they got back, some one else wanted him to carry some wood from the wood-house, so he sent his other hand to do that; then his aunt asked him to try on a new jacket. If the fairy charm had not been working, what a fright dear aunty would have had, wouldn't she? But it looked to her as though all of Jack were there. You see now that there was not much of him left, under the tree, except his ears and his mouth.

"Then his ears heard this call from over the way, 'Come on, Jack, and go fishing with us,' how his mouth did call for the rest of him to come back! His feet and one arm came running from the store; his eyes came tumbling down the stairs, his other arm came in from the back yard, and the rest of him from Aunt Jane's room.

"Alas, he was in such a hurry that he made a mistake in what we call at the office, assembling; he did not get his parts together right. One foot was on backwards, his left arm was on the right side, and his eyes were crossed. Jack made a dreadfully bad mess of himself and, when he ran out to the boys, they were afraid, and scampered away. He tried to take himself apart to try again, but he found that, as he had forgotten the charm, he couldn't. And to this day he has not been able to remember the charm nor to find the elf that gave it to him, so he has always been crooked."

"But what made the cat and the mouse crooked?" asked Ethel. Her uncle laughed and said,

"It is time I went to the office, so we really must leave the cat and the mouse until next time."

ORA C. CLEMENT.

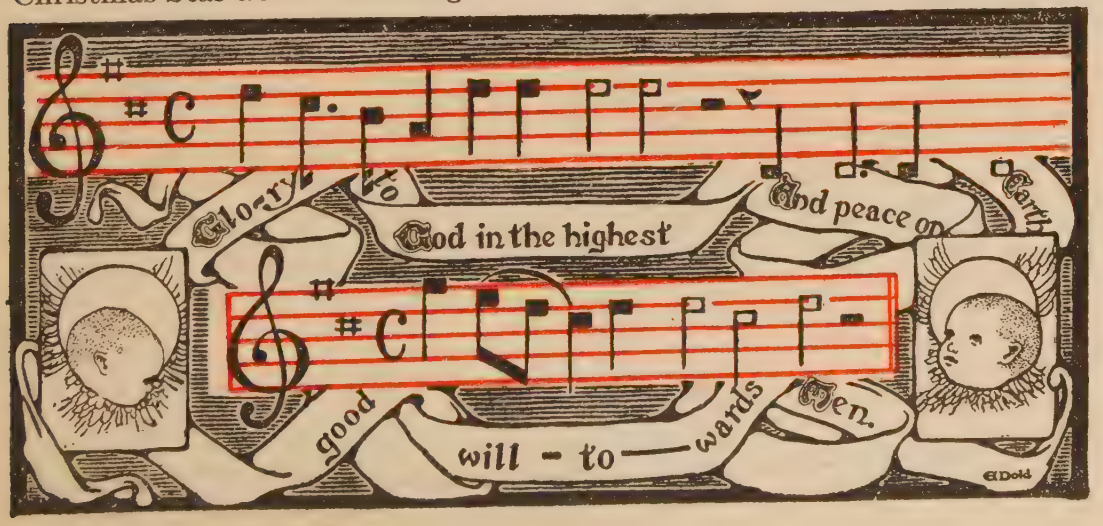
The Christmas Shepherds

Made from an Old-old Christmas Play

by Theodora Eliot McCormick

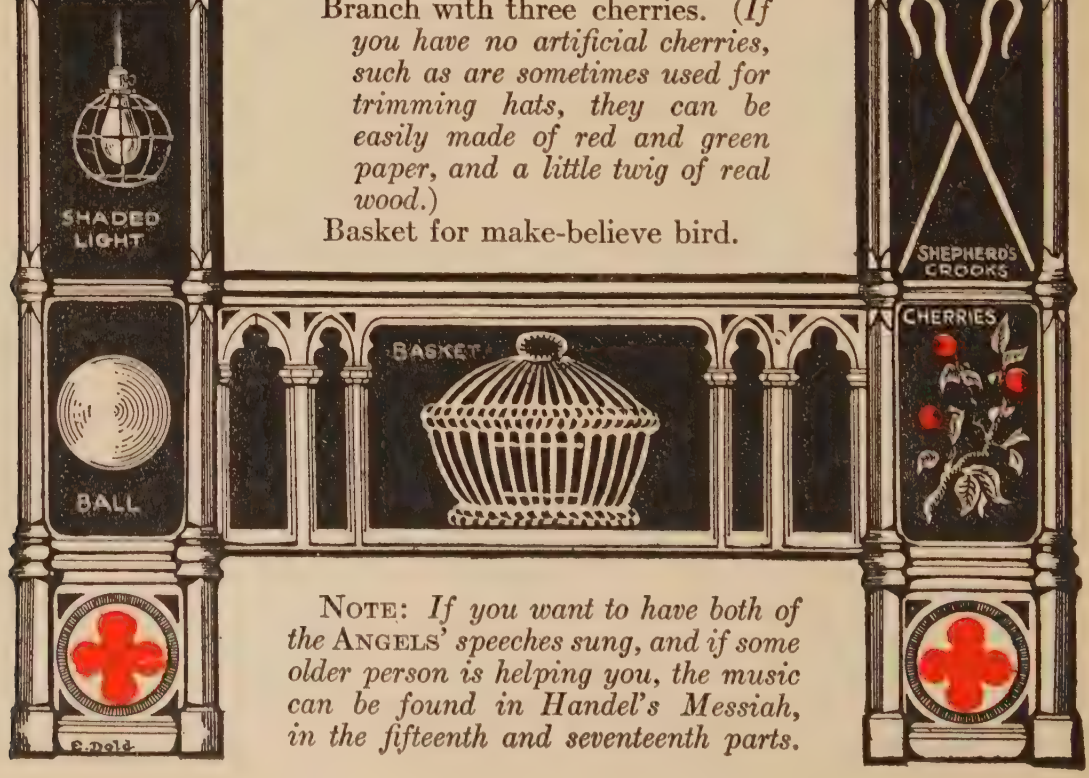
If any one wants to know what old Christmas play this is like, say that it is the miracle play, Secunda Pastorum of the Towneley Cycle.

Merry Christmas, every one! Here is a play for you somewhat like the plays that people used to act at Christmas time, many hundreds of years ago. They had no beautiful theaters in those days, so sometimes they gave their plays in a church, or barn, or in the courtyard of an inn. But usually they acted out of doors in the streets of little English towns. Their stage was a platform on wheels very much like a flat wagon, and, since it was so small, much of the acting was done around it on the ground. When the actors came on they often walked right out from the audience. Of course there was almost no scenery at all.

If you want to make this play very like the old time plays, screen off one side of your space for the manger, and leave the other side bare for the field where the shepherds were sleeping. In the manger make a rough pile of rugs, or wraps for a bed, and have a few plants, or branches in the back ground to show that the scene is out of doors. Then fasten a silver Christmas Star above the manger.

COSTUMES: MARY wears a soft, white gown, with a long, white veil, or shawl, over her head fastened under her chin, so as to frame her face as you have seen it in many pictures. JOSEPH wears a rough, dark colored robe. The SHEPHERDS wear short tunics, and skins thrown over one shoulder and fastened to the waist on the opposite side. The skins can be made of dark Canton flannel, or you may use fur rugs if you have them. The SHEPHERDS carry staffs. The FIRST ANGEL is not seen. The SECOND ANGEL wears a long, white gown, and has wings cut from white paper. If you have any gold paint, the wings might be gilded in long splashes. All these costumes must be very simple.

PROPERTIES
(Things used in the play)

Shaded light
Staffs for shepherds
Gold Ball
Branch with three cherries. (*If you have no artificial cherries, such as are sometimes used for trimming hats, they can be easily made of red and green paper, and a little twig of real wood.*)
Basket for make-believe bird.



NOTE: *If you want to have both of the* ANGELS' *speeches sung, and if some older person is helping you, the music can be found in Handel's Messiah, in the fifteenth and seventeenth parts.*

The Play

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

MARY
JOSEPH
FIRST SHEPHERD
SECOND SHEPHERD
THIRD SHEPHERD
FIRST ANGEL
SECOND ANGEL

The presence of the Christ Child in the manger may be suggested by a screened lantern, or electric light bulb that will shed a soft glow on Mary's face.

[WHEN THE PLAY BEGINS

MARY *and* JOSEPH *are resting in the manger caring for the Child. The* SHEPHERDS *are sleeping in the field. From behind the audience the* FIRST ANGEL *sings the chant written at the beginning of this play. If no one can sing it, it may be spoken. The* SECOND ANGEL *enters from behind the audience, as soon as the* FIRST ANGEL *finishes singing.*]

SECOND ANGEL

(*Walking up slowly through the audience toward the stage*): Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

[*The* SECOND ANGEL *steps to the stage. As he has been speaking the* SHEPHERDS *have awakened and looked around in wonder. Now they fall on their knees before him in fear.*]

SECOND ANGEL:

Be not afraid, O Shepherds, rise,
Look up! There, glowing in the skies,
The Great Star gleams.
Its glory streams
O'er all the earth, and points the way
To where the little Christ Child lies.
Go seek the Child, . . . and pray.

[ANGEL *goes out.*]

FIRST SHEPHERD:

Was it a dream?

SECOND SHEPHERD:

What did he say?

THIRD SHEPHERD:

To seek out where the Christ Child lay
Beneath the Star.

FIRST SHEPHERD:

The beams point far,
And we must hasten, or the dawn
Will drive the Silver Star away.

SECOND SHEPHERD:
Come, haste, we must be gone.
[SHEPHERDS *walk about field.*]
THIRD SHEPHERD:
Be glad, be glad, for Christ is born!
FIRST SHEPHERD:
The Angel said that those who mourn
Will find great peace.
SECOND SHEPHERD:
And grief will cease.
And joy will come when Christ is King.
ALL:
For Jesus Christ to-day is born.
We heard the heavens ring!
FIRST SHEPHERD:
Our best gifts in our hands we bring.
SECOND SHEPHERD:
And in our hearts His praise we sing.
THIRD SHEPHERD:
The Star shines clear.
FIRST SHEPHERD:
And we are near.
SECOND SHEPHERD:
It hangs above that stable there.
THIRD SHEPHERD:
His palace, such a humble thing,
Which should have been so fair!
This is too lowly, poor, and bare.
FIRST SHEPHERD:
But see! the Mother's face—in prayer.
SECOND SHEPHERD:
She bends it down,
And, lo, a crown
Of glory, like a golden light,
Encircles it; 'tis strangely fair.
THIRD SHEPHERD:
It is a wondrous sight!
[SHEPHERDS *enter with bowed heads.* FIRST SHEPHERD *kneels before* MARY *and* Child, *and offers a ball to the Babe.*]
FIRST SHEPHERD:
Hail, Babe! I give thee at thy birth
A ball, a round ball, like the earth.
[*He lays it in* MARY'S *lap where the audience cannot see it.*]
MARY:
He takes it in His hand, and see,
He holds it up, how easily!
[FIRST SHEPHERD *kisses* Christ Child's *robe; then rises.* SECOND

[SHEPHERD *takes his place and offers a little branch bearing three red cherries.*]

SECOND SHEPHERD:

Hail, Jesus, hail! Here at Thy bed,
I lay a branch of cherries red
Like three great drops.

MARY:

He shrinks in fear.
I pray thee, do not leave it here.

JOSEPH:

He grasps it bravely now.

FIRST SHEPHERD:

He smiled.

MARY:

But sadly, for a little child.

[SECOND SHEPHERD *kisses* Christ Child's *robe, then rises.* THIRD SHEPHERD *takes his place, and offers a little closed basket supposed to hold bird.*]

THIRD SHEPHERD:

Hail Babe! This bird I bring to Thee
Just let it go, it will soar free
High into heaven.

[THIRD SHEPHERD *also kisses robe, and rises.*]

MARY:

Now His hand
He reaches out. I understand
These gifts of His. The earth He clasps,
And then the red, red drops He grasps,
Until, at last, a homeward flight
He'll upward take!

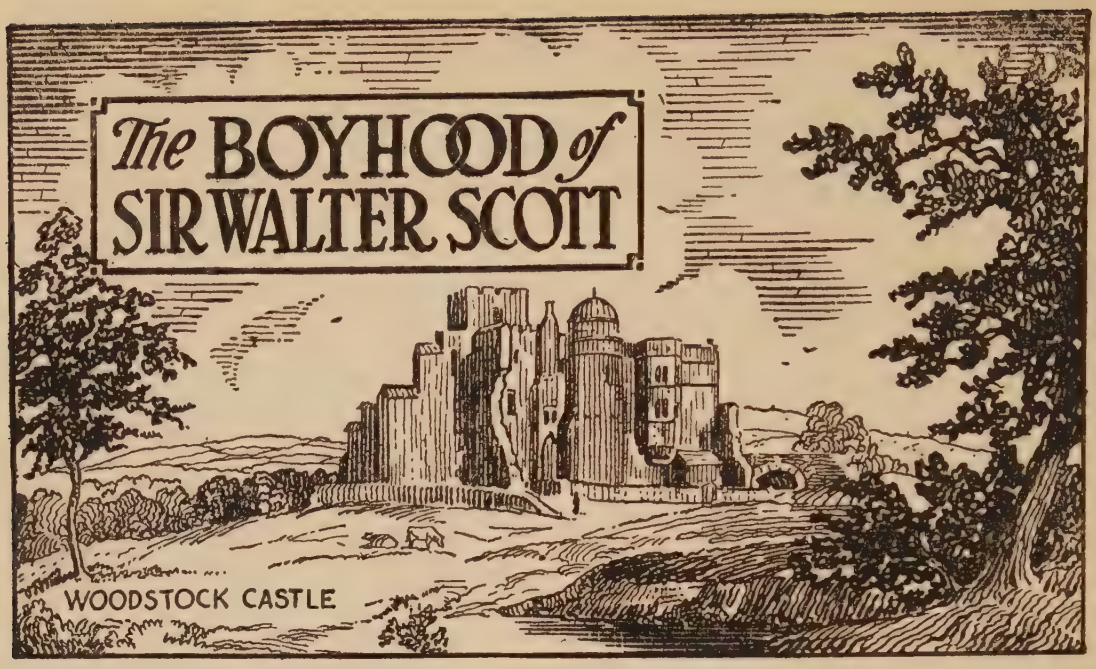
JOSEPH:

Oh, see the light
Now when He smiles!

MARY:

O Shepherds, see,
He wants the poor bird to be free!
There, let it fly.
Hark, from the sky
Its song, like to the Angel's voice,
Rings down to earth in ecstasy.
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!

[*While* MARY *is speaking, the* THIRD SHEPHERD *opens basket as though releasing bird. All, apparently, watch its upward flight.*]



SIGNS of a revolution in America were near at hand, when Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1771. Benjamin Franklin, then a man of sixty-five, was in England to protest against the Stamp Act. The idea of "taxation without representation" was becoming intolerable to the Colonists. It was not until Walter was eighteen that peace was restored and George Washington made first President of the United States. (It is by stringing events together, like beads, that we remember.)

Until he was about a year and a half old, Walter Scott was a remarkably healthy child. Then he was stricken with a fever which left him unable to walk. By the advice of one grandfather, who was a physician, he was sent to the farm of the other grandfather, at Sandy-Knowe. Living outdoors in the fresh air of the Scottish hills did wonders for his health. Although he never quite overcame his lameness, he became a good walker and used to stroll about the country for days at a time, taking in every detail of the scenery and the life of the people. His constant attendant was an old shepherd who had an unfailing supply of Scottish folk-lore of which Walter never tired.

One day the little boy was missing during a heavy thunderstorm. He was found "lying on his back on the rocks, kicking his heels in the

air and clapping his hands with delight as he watched the vivid lightning. Just as one flash followed another, each more brilliant than the one before, he would shout, 'Bonnie! Bonnie! Dae it again!'"

In the winter, within the old farmhouse, could be seen "old Mrs. Scott, sitting with her spinning-wheel at one side of the fire, in a clean, clean parlor. Grandfather, a good deal failed, sat in his elbow chair opposite; and the little boy lay on the carpet at the old man's feet, listening to the Bible or whatever good book Miss Jennie was reading to them."

And ever, by the winter hearth
Old tales I heard of woe and mirth,
Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms,
Of patriot battles won of old
By Wallace Wight and Bruce the Bold,
Of later fields of feud and fight,
When, pouring from their Highland height,
The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,
Had swept the scarlet ranks away.

His mother always said that Walter's lameness had been the making of him, since otherwise he would have been a soldier in Wellington's army and probably have been killed. The making of him began on this farm where he was allowed to "live in fantasy" and read whatever he could lay his hands upon, after his Aunt Janet had taught him to read. When this faithful aunt was not reading him stories of Bible heroes and great men of Scottish history, his grandmother was telling him other tales that held him entranced and impressed his childish mind. In the introduction to *Marmion,* he later refers to this time:

While stretched at length upon the floor,
Again I fought each combat o'er,

Pebbles and shells, in order laid,
The mimic ranks of war displayed;
And onward still the Scottish lion bore,
And still the scattered Southron fled before.

When Walter was about four years old, his Aunt Janet took him to try the waters of Bath for his lameness. They stayed about a year, and his memories of that time are very distinct. Among them he recalls being taken by his uncle to see his first Shakespeare play, which happened to be *As You Like It.* His intense love of Nature made him greatly appreciate the scenes in the Forest of Arden, but when he saw Orlando quarreling with his brother Oliver, little Walter screamed out loud, "Why, they're brothers!" We regret to add that when he went back to Edinburgh where his brothers were, he was less surprised at the attitude of brothers.

At six he was taken to visit his Aunt Janet who was then at Prestonpans. Here he met an old gentleman who filled his eager mind with stories of feuds and battles and gave him his first knowledge of Shakespeare. About this time, also, he was given a Shetland pony, not much larger than a Newfoundland dog, which he quickly learned to ride. He spent much time galloping over the country, with eyes wide open to its beauties as well as to the ways of the people who lived there.

At eight he was sent to school. He could not play at games with the other boys, but he made amends by his wonderful gift of telling stories and became a general favorite. But the teachers did not know what to do with him because he could not learn Latin. However, he had read more than most boys and could make himself very interesting. With his mother he had read Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey,* and had learned by heart long ballads, shouting them through the house, as boys will. His memory was most unusual and for that reason we find scattered all

THE TWO USED
TO BORROW BOOKS

through his many books references to the scenes and people of his boyhood days. To his mother he gave the credit,—"If I have been able to do anything in the way of painting the past times, it is very much from the studies with which she presented me."

When he was about twelve, he went to Kelso to visit his aunt. Nearby there was a large gypsy camp and he was not long in finding it. The Queen of the gypsy tribe introduced herself to the boy by giving him a fine, large apple. It was her granddaughter, Jean Gordon, who later figured as the famous Meg Merriles, in *Guy Mannering.*

While attending college at Edinburgh, he was laying up more stores for his future writing. He found a congenial friend in John Irving. The two used to borrow books from the library and, walking to Salisbury Crags, climb up to some pleasant nook and read them together. For several years they kept up this practice and devoured many volumes. Scott wanted very much at this time to become a painter, but painting with the pen proved to be more in his line. He was only fifteen when he went into his father's law office, chiefly to please his father who was anxious to have his son "attain the proudest of all distinctions,—the rank and fame of a well-employed lawyer." Here he found another friend in a relative of John Irving's named William Clerk. This friend undoubtedly is the original of Darsie Latimer, in *Redgauntlet,* the novel that is said to contain more of Scott's life than any other. He himself figures as

Alan Fairford while his father is portrayed as Saunders Fairford. In *Waverly,* he tells of his love of literature, his vivid imagination, and his pleasure in his uncle's library where he read Milton, Spenser, and Shakespeare when but a child. The country of Rob Roy was also familiar ground where he had gone as a young lawyer to collect some debts from the owner of a small farm which was part of the property of Rob Roy, the Robin Hood of the Highlands.

Fond as he was of dogs, none of them figured in his novels until he pictured his favorite staghound, Maïda, as Bevis in *Woodstock,* "the noblest dog ever seen on the Border since Johnnie Armstrong's time."

Most boys like *Marmion,* with its stirring tale of

Flodden's fatal field
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear
And broken was her shield.

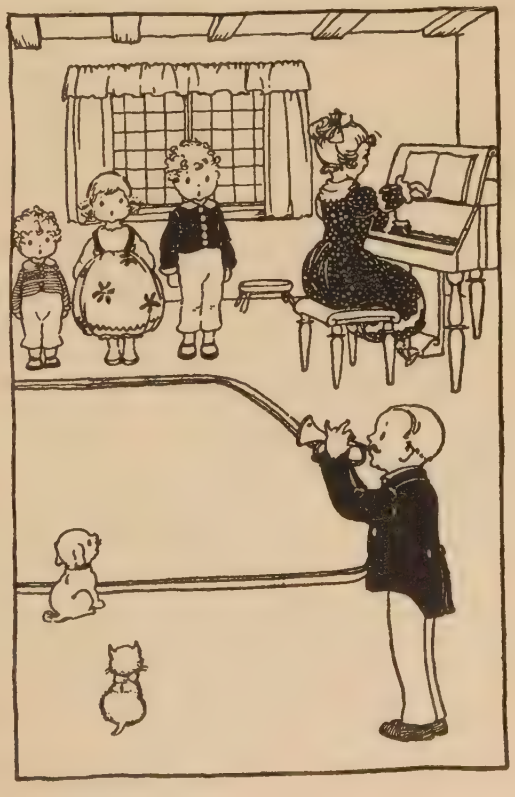
You will like *Ivanhoe,* with its picture of Merrie England in the days of chivalry; of Sherwood Forest and Robin Hood and his Merry Men, of the great tournament and the banquet in the castle; of Cedric the Saxon and the beautiful Lady Rowena; of Isaac of York and his lovely daughter Rebecca, of the storming of Torquilstone, the feudal castle of Front-de-Boeuf *The Pirate* will perhaps fascinate you with its wild scenery of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, about which you may have read recently in the Geographic Magazine. *Quentin Durward* is popular, and *The Talisman* kept Ruskin awake all night. These stories were all written long after his boyhood days were passed, but much of his preparation was unconsciously done in the days of his youth.

MINNIE OLCOTT WILLIAMS

The MIDGET FAMILY

DOWN the lane we go, and up a narrow path to a funny little house no larger than a doll house. Here live Father Midget, Mother Midget, and three Midget children—Small, Little, and Least—and Tiny the dog, and Teeny the kitten.

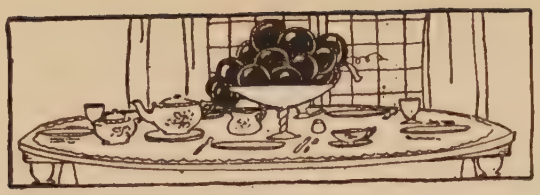
This funny little house has a thatched roof made of dried timothy grass that Father Midget lays fresh each fall when the grass has dried in the fields. There is a chimney on the roof and, of course, a weather-vane, for it is very important that the Midgets know the direction of the wind. They might so easily be blown away. There are casement windows with wee panes of glass; and on the door is a knocker as big as your thimble, and no bigger.

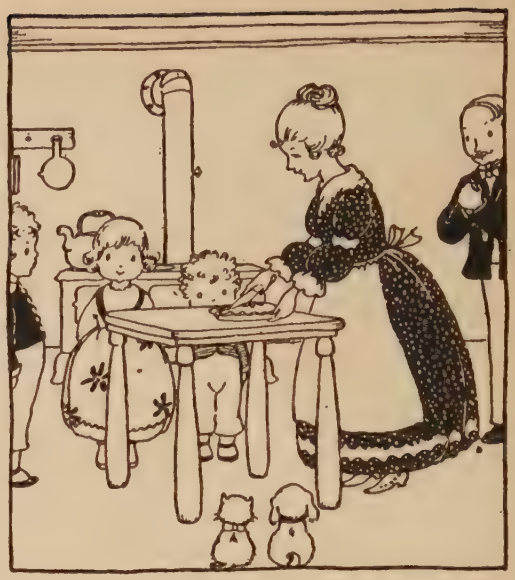


You go up the three steps—one, two, three (I am much too large to go with you), and you are on the front porch. Be careful not to bump your head!

The Midgets have great good times together. Mother Midget plays the tiny piano, while Small, Little, and Least sing. They have dear little voices. Sometimes Father Midget plays the cornet.

They have five little beds, and five little straight chairs, and two little cozy chairs—one for Mother Midget and one for Father Midget.





There is a little table where they eat their little meals. And such darling dishes! They have pink sprigs on them.

In the kitchen is a tiny stove that holds only three pieces of pea coal in its fire-box. Mother Midget does all her baking in its oven. One of her pies would be hardly a mouthful for us. But she cuts one into six pieces; one for each of the children, one for Father Midget, one for herself, and one for Teeny and Tiny together.

One morning Mother Midget went to the shoemaker's. It had snowed all night, and Small, Little, and Least wanted to go out with their sleds. But the snow was *much* too deep. Mother Midget put on her little hat with the wren feather on it, and her coat with the mouse fur collar. She took a broom to sweep a path to the street car. She had to ask the conductor to lift her into the car. When she got to the shoemaker's, Mother Midget bought three pairs of the very smallest boots he had. She tucked the bundle under her arm and hurried back home.

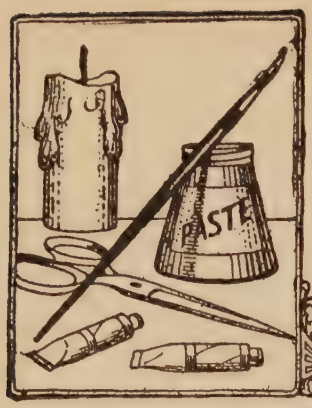
Small, Little, and Least could hardly wait for her to open the bundle. She untied the string and rolled it carefully; then she unwrapped the

paper and folded it. Three pairs of new boots! Small, Little, and Least scampered to their chairs to try them on. The boots were rather large, but after tying the tops around their waists, the children said they would stay on very well indeed.

Then Mother Midget pulled a little stocking cap over each little pair of ears, tied a muffler around each little neck, and pinned a mitten to each little coat sleeve. Small, Little, and Least ran out with their sleds into the snow. They slid down this little mound and that little mound over there, which seemed like steep hills to them.

Three rosy and hungry little Midgets came in for their supper. Quite soon Mother Midget will tuck them into three little beds, for Midgets go to bed *very* early. Tiny the dog and Teeny the kitten will curl up before the fire and everything will be as still as a mouse in the Midgets' house.

GRACE E. CLARK



MOTHER NATURE'S WONDERS
Home-Made MAGIC

BETTY and Bob had just seen a wonderful magician at the matinee. He took rabbits from hats, turned handkerchiefs into an omelette, and made things disappear in marvelous fashion.

"Wouldn't it be great to be able to do things like that?" sighed Betty to Uncle Jack at the supper table. "I wish I were a magician!"

"Magician*ess*, you'd have to be!" laughed Bob. "But it would be nice——"

"Nothing easier!" Uncle Jack smiled his quizzical smile. "If you ask Mother Nature to help, you can do magic right here!"

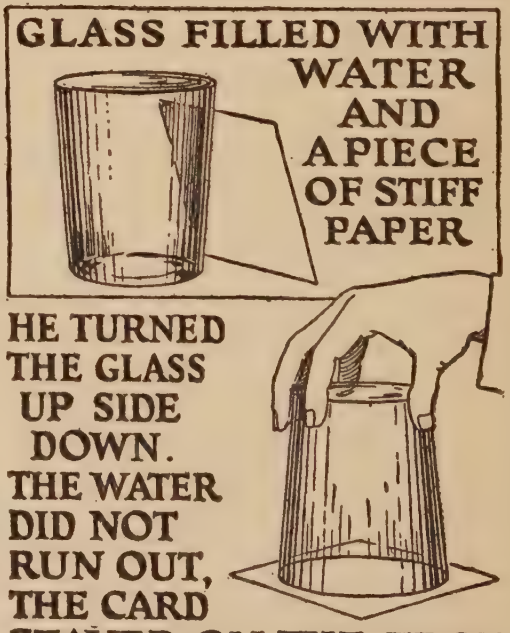
"WHAT!" cried both children together.

"Certainly! You might cause a piano note to sound without striking the key, turn a glass of water upside down without spilling the water, see around a corner, stick your finger in water without wetting it, balance a lead pencil by its point on a knife blade, or make water run uphill——"

"You can't do it!" challenged Bob, excitedly, and "Show us, do!" demanded Betty.

So Uncle Jack showed them.

"Fill a glass quite full of water," Bob reached for a glass, Betty ran for the water pitcher. The glass (on a plate in case little fingers fumbled and spilled any) was filled to the brim.


GLASS FILLED WITH WATER AND A PIECE OF STIFF PAPER
HE TURNED THE GLASS UP SIDE DOWN. THE WATER DID NOT RUN OUT, THE CARD STAYED ON THE EDGE

"Now I want a piece of stiff paper—Mother's best correspondence cards will do nicely."

Having received a nod from Mother in response to her inquiring glance, Betty ran to the desk and brought the card. Uncle Jack laid it delicately on top of the water. Putting a firm hand on it he turned the glass upside down, took his hand away and—marvel of marvels! The water didn't run out, the card stayed on the edge and——

"How in the world——!" Bob was completely mystified. Betty's eyes were like saucers.

"Perfectly simple!" laughed Uncle Jack. "Air pressure. The air presses on the card and holds the water in. Don't you try it unless over the sink, or you may have an accident."

Uncle Jack righted the glass, and walked to the piano. "Which key shall I sound without striking it?"

Betty, who takes piano lessons, pointed to A above middle C. Uncle Jack pressed on the key gently so it did not strike. Still pressing the key, he struck the A below several times, strongly.

"Now listen——"

Sure enough, the key he had pressed without striking sounded softly, but clearly, in the still room.

"Holding it down raises the little damper from the string," explained Uncle Jack, "and it sounds in sympathy with its big brother. What magic shall I work next?"

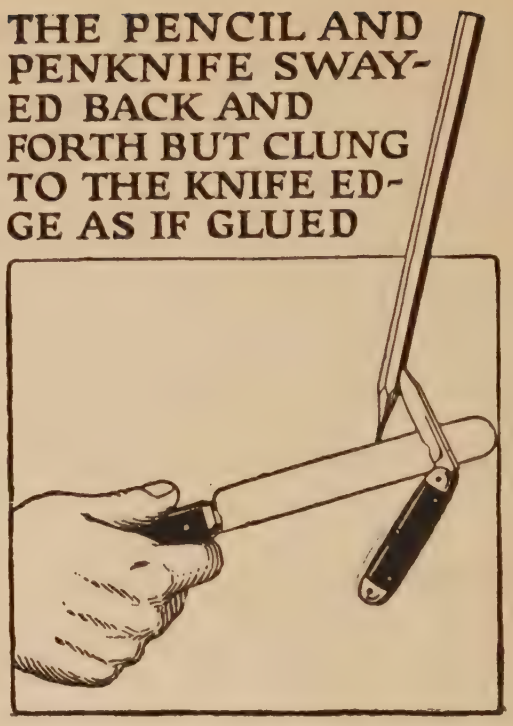
"Stick your finger in water without wetting it!" commanded Bob.

"Betty, fetch your powder puff!" was Uncle Jack's peculiar request. When Betty brought it, Uncle Jack tapped the fluffy little bunch of feathers over a glass of water. A fine white mist of powder settled on the surface. Then, slowly, Uncle Jack pushed one

finger into the water. It came out as dry as it went in!

"The powder forms a little blanket on the water. It folds up about my finger as I push it down and unfolds as I pull it back. If it weren't so messy you could do it by greasing your finger with butter. Next?"

"Balance a pencil on its point on the edge of a knife," ventured Bob, now not at all sure Uncle Jack couldn't, for it all sounded so impossible.



THE PENCIL AND PENKNIFE SWAYED BACK AND FORTH BUT CLUNG TO THE KNIFE EDGE AS IF GLUED

Uncle Jack opened one blade of his penknife half way. He stuck the point into a pencil near the lead point. Picking up a table knife, he laid the pencil point on the edge and—sure enough, the pencil and hanging penknife swayed back and forth but clung to the knife edge as if glued.

"All you have to do is have the heavy part hang lower than the support," explained Uncle Jack.

"How can we see around a corner?" demanded Betty. "This is better than the matinee!"

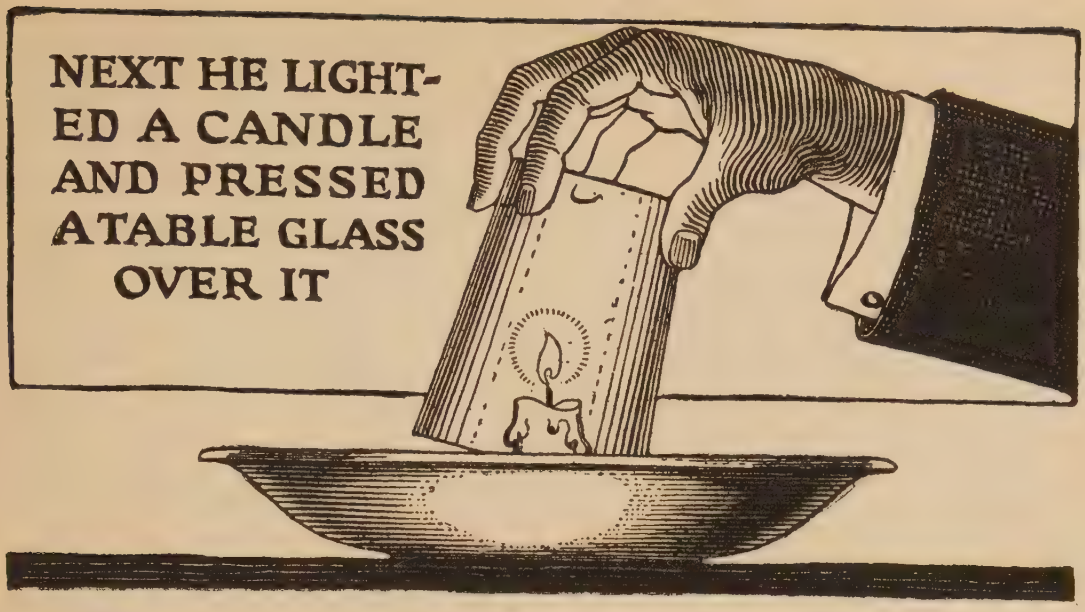
"I want a wash-bowl, a pitcher of water, a chair, a coin and strict attention!" demanded Uncle Jack.

Betty brought the bowl, Bob the water, Mother furnished a coin, and Uncle Jack set a chair in the middle of the room. He put Betty in the chair and laid the coin in the bowl on the floor in front of her. Then he moved it slowly away until she could no longer see the coin because the edge of the bowl was in the way.

"Now, pour the bowl full of water, gently, so as not to move the coin."

Before Bob had poured more than an inch Betty cried, "I see it—I see it—it came right up in the air!"

"Oh, no, it didn't. But it seemed to. You wouldn't understand even if I explained that the water bent the light by which you see the coin. But—fool your friends with it. It's a good little trick!"



"There was one more," clamored Bob. "You said you could make water run uphill."

"May I have a candle?" Uncle Jack asked. Mother brought one from the pantry. Uncle Jack cut it to three inches long, and set it in the bowl in two inches of water. Next he lighted the candle and pressed a table glass down over it. The candle smoked, flickered, and went out. And then, to the children's amazement, the water in the bowl began to rise in the glass until it stood higher than that outside.

"The flame burned up part of the air—the water creeps in to take its place," Uncle Jack told them. "After all, Mother Nature is a much more wonderful magician than any matinee performer, isn't she?"

Both children agreed that she was.

C. H. Claudy.

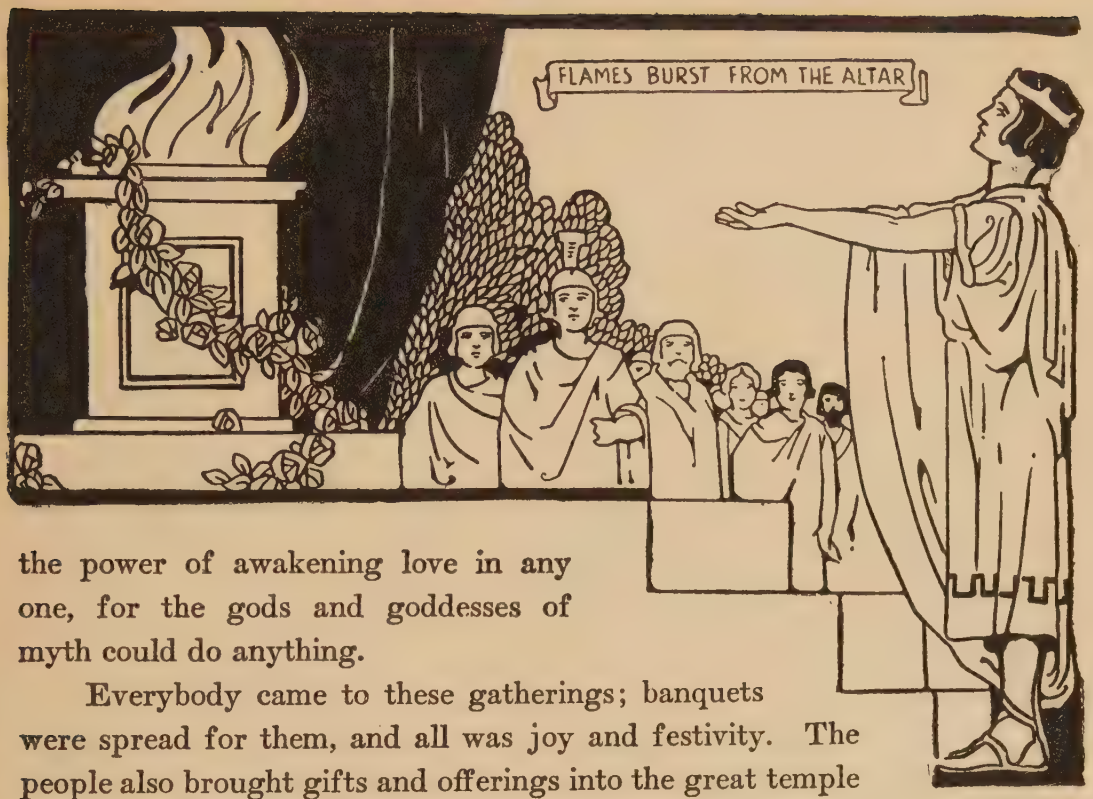
PYGMALION and GALATEA

ON the island of Cypress far off in a great sea, there lived long ago an imaginary king whose name was Pygmalion. He cared very little about being a king, for he loved best of anything in the world to carve images and figures of ivory and marble. Most of his time was passed in making statues so beautiful that his skill soon became known and was greatly admired. He was not very fond of the maidens of his land and did not believe there was one worthy to become his queen; therefore he decided he would live alone all his life.

He spent many days in making ivory and marble figures of maidens just as he would like them to be, and at last he carved one so beautiful and so perfect that it seemed to him almost to be living. Oftentimes he would stand and gaze at it long and touch it to see if it were not really alive. He grew to love this marble maiden dearly, and longed to have her breathe and speak to him. He dressed her in magnificent robes of purple, and put costly jewels on her fingers, in her ears, around her neck. She seemed more beautiful than ever to him.

Pygmalion also gave her lovely presents such as he thought would please her if she were a living maiden. He gave her the name of Galatea, and called her his queen.

On the island of Cypress great festivals were given with much splendor and pomp in honor of the goddess Venus, who lived there. She was the goddess of beauty and love, and she wore a wonderful girdle that had



the power of awakening love in any one, for the gods and goddesses of myth could do anything.

Everybody came to these gatherings; banquets were spread for them, and all was joy and festivity. The people also brought gifts and offerings into the great temple and there asked and prayed for good fortune and blessings.

To one of these festivals came Pygmalion, one wish uppermost in his heart and mind, that his beautiful statue might be able to move and speak to him. At the altar of the temple, he lifted his hands in prayer, and said, "Give me, oh gods, for my queen, one as good and beautiful as my marble maiden, or give life to my statue."

All at once, as if in answer to his prayer, flames burst from the altar upward. Venus was in the temple and had heard. It was she who had caused the flames to rise, showing her favor, and as she was the goddess of love, she decided to grant his prayer.

Pygmalion, who believed the flames were a good sign for him, left the temple and went quickly to his home, hardly knowing what he should find there. He hurried to his carven marble image.

"How lovely she is!" he cried. He took hold of her hands. They were warm and soft, and the lovely face glowed at his touch! When he looked into her eyes, they seemed to shine like stars, so pure and true, dazzling his sight. A beautiful smile parted her lips as he looked at her. Her pulses beat! She breathed! She was alive! His prayer had been

granted! His queen, in truth, was alive! A wonderful thing had happened.

Filled with great joy and happiness he stretched out his arms to her, and cried, "Galatea, come!"

Gazing steadily at him, she advanced, very shyly, and held out her hands to him, saying in a gentle voice, "Venus has done this wonderful thing and will bless us."

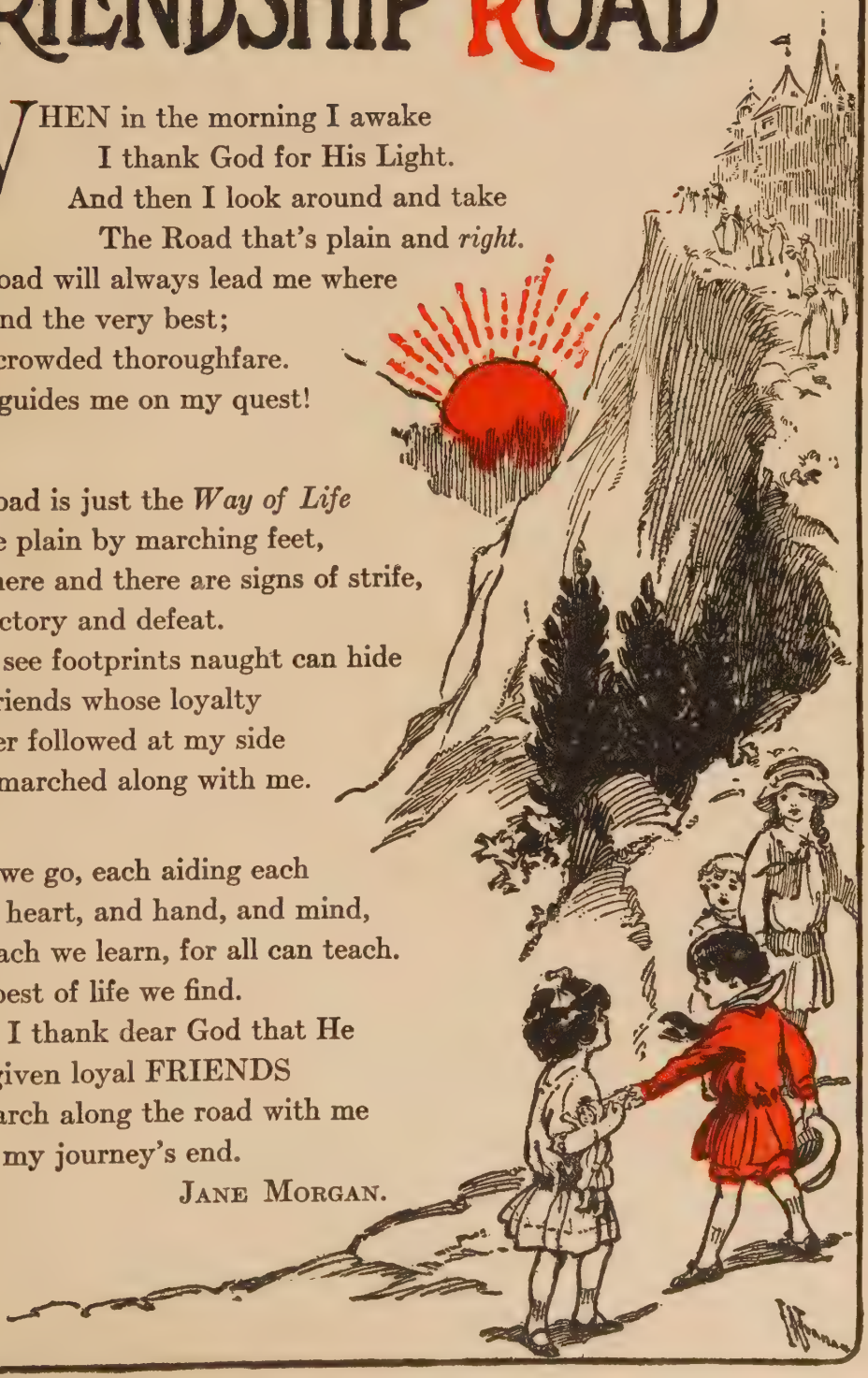
More dearly than his own life Pygmalion loved her now. He fell at her feet, pressing her garment to his lips. Forever after, they lived happily, in the land of clouds and myths.

BARBARA ARDEN

FRIENDSHIP ROAD

WHEN in the morning I awake
I thank God for His Light.
And then I look around and take
The Road that's plain and *right.*
This Road will always lead me where
I'll find the very best;
It is a crowded thoroughfare.
God guides me on my quest!

This Road is just the *Way of Life*
Made plain by marching feet,
While here and there are signs of strife,
Of victory and defeat.
Then I see footprints naught can hide
Of Friends whose loyalty
Has ever followed at my side
And marched along with me.

On, on we go, each aiding each
With heart, and hand, and mind,
From each we learn, for all can teach.
The best of life we find.
And so, I thank dear God that He
Has given loyal FRIENDS
Who march along the road with me
Until my journey's end.

JANE MORGAN.